



DELHI UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

THE GIFT OF
THE FORD FOUNDATION

DELHI UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Cl. No. 0: 2J962c A 2,2

Ac. No. 287788

Date of release for loan

Date of release for loan
4 DEC 1969

This book should be returned on or before the date last stamped below. An overdue charge of 5 Paise will be collected for each day the book is kept overtime.

[illegible]

THE
DRAMATIC WORKS AND POEMS
OF
JAMES SHIRLEY,

THE
DRAMATIC WORKS AND POEMS
OF
JAMES SHIRLEY,

NOW FIRST COLLECTED,

WITH NOTES

BY THE LATE WILLIAM GIFFORD, Esq.

AND

ADDITIONAL NOTES, AND SOME ACCOUNT OF SHIRLEY
AND HIS WRITINGS,

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. II

CONTAINING

THE GRATEFUL SERVANT

THE TRAITOR

LOVE'S CRUELTY

LOVE IN A MAZE

THE BIRD IN A CAGE.

HYDE PARK.

NEW YORK / RUSSELL & RUSSELL

1966

REPRODUCED FROM THE EDITION OF 1833
AND REISSUED, 1966, BY RUSSELL & RUSSELL
A DIVISION OF ATHENEUM HOUSE, INC
L C CATALOG CARD NO 65—17921

Reprinted from a copy in the collections of
The New York Public Library

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

THE
GRATEFUL SERVANT.

VOL. II.

B

THE GRATEFUL SERVANT] This comedy was licensed by
he Master of the Revels, on November 3, 1629, under the title
of *the Faithful Servant*, and given to the press in the following
year: it was again printed in 1637, and, I believe, a third time
in 1655 The original title is *The Grateful Servant, a Comedie*
As it was lately presented with good applause in the private House
in Drury Lane, By her Majesties Servants, with the motto .

*Usque ego postera
Crescam laude recens*

It was ushered in to the public by eleven commendatory
pieces of poetry, by Randolph, Massinger, Stapylton, and others,
these have been already given

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE,
FRANCIS, EARL OF RUTLAND,
&c.

MY MOST HONOURED LORD,

WHEN the age declineth from her primitive virtue, and the silken wits of the time, (that I may borrow from our acknowledged master, learned JONSON¹) disgracing nature, and harmonious poesy, are transported with many illiterate and prodigious births, it is not safe to appear without protection. Among all the names of honour, this comedy oweth most gratitude to your Lordship, whose clear testimony to me was above a theatre, and I applaud the dexterity of my fate, that hath so well prepared a Dedication, whither my only ambition would direct it. I am not pale to think it is now exposed to your deliberate censure, for 'tis my security, that I have studied your

¹ *our acknowledged master, learned JONSON,]* Such is the manner in which Shirley always speaks of Jonson, whom he honoured as a father, and revered as a master. The person to whom this is addressed was, I believe, the son of Roger, fifth earl of Rutland, by Elizabeth, daughter of sir Philip Sidney. This distinguished lady was the friend and patroness of Jonson, who appears to have been the cherished client of all the branches of her father's family, so that the young earl had many opportunities of being acquainted with his worth.

Lordship's candour, and know you imitate the divine nature, which is merciful above offence. Go on, great Lord, and be the volume of our English honour, in whom, while others, invited by their birth, and quickened with ambitious emulation, read and study their principles, let me be made happy enough to admire and devote myself,

Your Lordship's most humble creature,

JAMES SHIRLEY.

THE AUTHOR TO THE READER.

The reason why my play cometh forth ushered by so many lines,¹ was the free vote of my friends, whom I could not with civility refuse. I dare not own their character of myself, or play, but I must join with them that have written, to do the comedians justice, amongst whom, some are held comparable with the best that are, and have been in the world, and the most of them deserving a name in the file of those that are eminent for graceful and unaffected action. Thus much, reader, I thought meet to declare in this place, and if thou beest ingenuous, thou wilt accuse with me, their bold severity, who, for the offence of being modest, and not jostling with others for the wall, have most injuriously thrust so many actors into the kennel—now—

Panduntur portæ, juvat ire.—

¹ See vol 1

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Savoy, *lover of Leonora, and (in her supposed loss) of Cleona*

Lodwick, *his brother, wild and lascivious.*

Foscari, *a noble count, and lover of Cleona*

Grimundo, *a lord, and once governor to Lodwick*

Soranzo,

Giotto,

Fabrichio,

} *noblemen of Savoy.*

Piero, *companion of Lodwick*

Jacomo, *a foolish ambitious steward to Cleona.*

Valentio, *a religious man.*

Abbot

Gentlemen

Servants

Leonora, *the princess of Milan, but disguised as a page to Foscari, and called Dulcino*

Astella, *a virtuous lady, wife to Lodwick, but neglected.*

Belinda, *wife to Grimundo.*

Cleona, *Foscari's mistress.*

Ladies.

Nymphs, Sylvanus, and Satyrs

SCENE, the Capital of Savoy.

THE
GRATEFUL SERVANT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in the Duke's palace.

Enter SORANZO and GIOTTO.

Giot The duke is moved.

Sor The news displeas'd him much.

Giot And yet I see no reason why he should
Engage so great affection to the daughter
Of Milan; he ne'er saw her.

Sor Fame doth paint
Great beauties, and her picture (by which princes
Court one another) may beget a flame
In him, to raise this passion.

Giot. Trust a pencil!
I like not that state wooing: see, his brother
Has left him.—

Enter LODWICK.

Pray, my lord, how is it with
His highness?

Lod. Somewhat calmer; love, I think,
Will kill neither of us: although I be
No stoic, yet I thank my stars I have
A power o'er my affection; if he'll not

8 THE GRATEFUL SERVANT. [*Act I*

Tame his, let it [e'en] melt him into sonnets,
 He will prove the more loving prince to you.
 Get in again, and make wise speeches to him,
 There is Aristotle's ghost still with him,
 My philosophical governor that was :
 He wants but you two, and a pair of spectacles,
 To see what folly 'tis to love a woman
 With that wicked resolution to marry her.
 Though he be my elder brother, and a duke,
 I have more wit : when there's a dearth of women,
 I may turn fool, and place one of their sex
 Nearer my heart , farewell, commend me to
 My brother, and the council-table. [*Exit.*

Sor. Still

The same wild prince , there needs no character
 Where he is, to express him

Girot. He said truth ,
 I doubt there is no room for one, whom he
 Should place in's heart, and honour.

Sor His own lady ,
 All pity her misfortune, both were too
 Unripe for hymen , 'twas the old duke's act,
 And in such marriages hearts seldom meet
 When they grow older

Girot. Wherefore would the duke
 Marry his young son first ?

Sor. The walk of princes,
 To make provision betimes for them,
 They can bequeath small legacy , knowing the heir
 Carries both state and fortune for himself .
 His fate's before him ;—here comes Grimundo.

Enter GRIMUNDO.

Grim. The duke is re-collected; ' where's the
 prince ?

* *The duke is re-collected,*] i e he has recovered his tranquillity, and his spirits

Sor. Gone.—

I would he were return'd once to himself.

Giot. He has too soon forgot your precepts.

Sor Your example might still be a lecture.

Grim. I did not

Deceive the old duke's trust while I had power

To manage him, he's now past my tuition ,

But to the duke—

Is it not strange, my lord, that the young lady
Of Milan should be forced to marry now, with
Her uncle ?

Giot. They're unequal.

Sor 'Tis unlawful

Grim. 'Tis a trifle , reasons of state they urge
against us, lest their dukedom, by this match, be
subject unto Savoy , for the scruple of religion,
they are in hope that a dispensation may be pro-
cured to quit exceptions, and by this means they
shall preserve their principality in the name and
blood, so reports Fabrichio, whom the duke em-
ployed for treaty.—how now ?

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent The duke calls for you, my lords

Giot. We attend.—

Ha ! he is coming forth.

Enter Duke and FABRICCHIO

Sor. His looks are cheerful

Duke. Fabrichio

Fab. My lord,

Duke. We will to tennis.

Fab What your grace pleases.

Duke. Grimundo,

Because you take no pleasure in such pastimes,
Your contemplation may busy itself with that book

[*Gives him a miniature.*

Grim. Book, my lord ! it is—

10 THE GRATEFUL SERVANT [Act I.

Duke. Leonora's picture, a fair table-book :
You may, without offence to your young wife,
Look on a picture.

I have perused it ; let me see't no more.
Milan and we are parted ; our breast wears
Again his natural temper : allow me, pray,
The excuse of common frailty, to be moved
At strangeness of this news

Grot Your highness said,
You would to tennis.

Duke And 'tis time enough ,
We have the day before us —Some prince, Gri-
mundo,

In such a case as this, would have been angry,
Angry indeed, thrown off cold language, and
Call'd it a high and loud affront, whose stirring
Imagination would have waken'd death ;
And by a miserable war, have taught
Repentance to a pair of flourishing states .
Such things there have been.

Sor But your grace is wise—

Duke Nay, do not flatter, now , I do not court
Your praise so much, I speak but what our stories
Mention, if they abuse not soft posterity .
I was not come to tell you, what my thoughts,
With a strong murmur, prompt me to.

Grim. We hope—

Duke. You fear, and do not know me yet , my
actions

Shall clear your jealousy, I'm reconciled
At home, and while I cherish a peace here,
Abroad I must continue it ; there are
More ladies in the world ?

Fab. Most true, my lord

Duke And as attractive, great, and glorious
women,
Are there not, ha ?

Sor. Plenty, my lord, in the world.

Sc. I.] THE GRATEFUL SERVANT. 11

Duke In the world! within the confines of our
dukedom

In Savoy, are there not?

Grim In Savoy, too,

Many choice beauties, but your birth, my lord—

Duke Was but an honour purchas'd by another,
It might have been thy chance.

Grim. My father was
No duke.

Duke 'Twas not thy fault, nor is it my virtue,
That I was born when the fresh sun was rising,
So came with greater shadow into life,
Than thou, or he.

Grim. But, royal sir, be pleas'd—

Duke No more, we are not ignorant, you may
Take away this distinction, and allege,
In your grave wisdoms, specious arguments
For our alliance with some foreign prince,
But we have weigh'd this promising circumstance,
And find it only a device, that may
Serve time, and some dark ends, a mere state trick,
To disguise hatred, and is empty of
Those benefits it seems to bring along:
Give me a lady born in my obedience,
Whose disposition will not engage
A search into the nature of her climate,
Or make a scrutiny into the stars:
Whose language is mine own, and will not need
A smooth interpreter, whose virtue is
Above all titles, though her birth or fortune
Be a degree beneath us, such a wife
Were worth a thousand far-fetch'd brides, that
have

More state, and less devotion

Fab. If your highness—

Duke Come, you shall know our purpose, in
the last

We obey'd your directions, not without

12 THE GRATEFUL SERVANT. [Act I.

Our free and firm allowance of the lady,
Whom we'll forget, it will become your duties
Follow us now. we have not been unthrifty
In our affections, and that Milan may
Know Savoy can neglect a Milanese,
And that we need not borrow a delight,
Here we are fix'd to marry

Grim We are subjects,
And shall solicit heaven you may find one
Worthy your great acceptance.

Duke We are confident,
And, to put off the cloud we walk in, know,
We are resolved to place all love and honour
Upon Cleona.

Nor is't a new affection, we but cherish
Some seeds, which heretofore her virtue had
Scatter'd upon our heart

Grim We cannot be
Ambitious of a lady, in your own
Dominion, to whom we shall more willingly
Prostrate our duties

Sor She's a lady of
A flowing sweetness, and the living virtue
Of many noble ancestors

Girot In whom
Their fortunes meet, as their prophetic souls
Had taught them thrifty providence, for this
Great honour you intend her

Duke We are pleas'd,
And thank your general vote.
You then shall straight prepare our visit, bear our
Princely respects, and say we shall take pleasure
To be her guest to-day nay, lose no time,
We shall the sooner quit the memory
Of Leonora's image.

Enter Lodwick.

Sor The prince your brother, sir.

Duke. Withdraw, but be not at too much distance.— [*they retire.*]

Lodwick, you're welcome.

Lod I shall know that by my success ; I want
A thousand crowns

Duke. A thousand crowns ! for what use ?

Lod. Why, will these foolish questions ne'er be left ?

Is't not sufficient I would borrow them,
But you must still capitulate with me ?
I would put them to that use they were ordain'd for.
You might as well have ask'd me, when I meant
To pay you again

Duke. That to some other men
Might have been necessary

Lod. An you will not
Do that, I have another easy suit to you.

Duke What is't ?

Lod A thing of nothing , I would intreat you
To part with this same transitory honour,
This trifle call'd a dukedom, and retire,
Like a good christian brother, into some
Religious house , it would be a great ease to you,
And comfort to your friends, especially
To me, that would not trouble you with the noise
Of money thus, an I could help it.

Duke 'Tis a kind and honest motion, one of
charity,
Mere charity, so I must needs accept it.—
I'll only marry, and get a boy, or two,
To govern this poor trifle , for I am bound,
In duty, to provide for my succession.

Lod. What do you make of me ? cannot I serve ?

Duke. You that propound a benefit for my soul,

14 THE GRATEFUL SERVANT. [*Act I.*

Will not neglect your own, I know : we'll both
Turn friars together ?

Lod And be lousy ?

Duke Any thing.

Lod I shall not have a thousand crowns ?

Duke Thou shalt.

Lod Then be a duke still ; come, let's love,
and be

Fine princes . an thou hadst but two or three
Of my conditions, by this hand I would not
Care an thou wert immortal, so I might
Live with thee, and enjoy this world's felicity.

Duke Thou hast put me in tune ; how shall's be
very merry

Now in the instant ?

Lod Merry ?

Duke Yes.

Lod Merry indeed ?

Duke Yes

Lod Follow me.

I'll bring you to a lady.

Duke To a whore

Lod That is a little the coarser name.

Duke And can you play the pander for me ?

Lod A toy, a toy.

What can a man do less for any brother ?

The ordinary complement now-a-days,* with great
ones.

We prostitute our sisters with less scruple
Than eating flesh on vigils , 'tis out of fashion
To trust a servant with our private sins ,
The greater tie of blood, the greater faith,
And therefore parents have been held of late
The safest wheels on which the children's lust
Hath hurried into act, with supple greatness.

* The ordinary complement now-a days, &c] i. e. accomplishment.

Sc. I.] THE GRATEFUL SERVANT. 15

Nature doth wear a virtuous charm, and will
Do more in soft compassion to the sin,
Than gold, or swelling promises.

Duke. O, Lodwick!

These things do carry horror,—he is lost,
I fear, [*aside.*—No, I have thought of something
else,

You shall with me to a lady.

Lod. With all my heart.

Duke. Unto my mistress.

Lod. Your mistress! who is that?

Duke. The fair Cleona.

Lod. She is honest.

Duke. Yes, were she otherwise,
She were not worth my visit,
Not to lose circumstance, I love her

Lod. How?

Duke. Honestly.

Lod. You do not mean to marry her?

Duke. It shall not be my fault if she refuse
To be a duchess

Lod. On my conscience,
You are in earnest!

Duke. As I hope to thrive
In [my] desires, come, you shall bear me company,
And witness how I woo her.

Lod. I commend
Your nimble resolution—then a wife
Must be had somewhere? would you had mine, to
cool

Your appetite! take your own course, I can
But pray for you, the thousand crowns—

Duke. Upon condition, you will not refuse
T' accompany—

Lod. Your caroch quickly—stay—
Now I think better on't, my wife lives with her,
They are companions, I had forgot that?

Duke. She'll take it kindly.

16 THE GRATEFUL SERVANT. [*Act I.*

Lod. It were enough to put her
Into conceit, I come in love to her,
My constitution will not bear it.

Duke What!
Not see her?

Lod. Yet a thousand crowns—God be wi'ye—
Commend³ me to my wife [*Exit.*

[*Grimundo and the rest come forward.*

Duke. You hear [him], gentlemen?

Grim With grief, my lord, and wonder at your
sufferance

Duke. He is our brother; we are confident,
Though he be wild, he loves us 'twill become us
To pray, and leave him to a miracle,⁴—
But to our own affair

Love, and thy golden arrow,⁵ we shall try
How you'll decide our second destiny [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Foscari's Lodgings

Enter FOSCARI with a letter

Fos. A kiss, and then 'tis seal'd ' this she would
know
Better than the impression, which I made
With the rude signet, 'tis the same she left
Upon my lip, when I departed from her,
And I have kept it warm still with my breath,
That in my prayers have mention'd her —

³ *Commend*] Old copy reads, "condemn"

⁴ *And leave him to a miracle —*] To the operation of divine
goodness all human means being found ineffectual to convince
him of his errors

⁵ *Love, and thy golden arrow,*] See Massinger, vol. 1. p. 19

Enter DULCINO.

Dul. My lord !

Fos. Dulcino, welcome ; thou art soon return'd :
How dost thou like the city ?

Dul. 'Tis a heap
Of handsome building.

Fos. And how the people ?

Dul. My conversation hath not age enough
To speak of them, more than they promise well,
In their aspect , but I have argument
Enough in you, my lord, to fortify
Opinion they are kind, and hospitable
To strangers.

Fos. Thy indulgence to my wound,
Which owes a cure unto thy pretty surgery,
Hath made thee too much prisoner to my chamber ,
But we shall walk abroad

Dul. It was my duty,
Since you received it in my cause , and could
My blood have wrought it sooner, it had been
Your balmy fountain

Fos. Noble youth, I thank thee.—

Enter a Servant

How now, didst speak with him ?

Ser. I had the happiness, my lord, to meet him
Waiting upon the duke abroad , he bad me
Make haste with the remembrance of his service :
He'll bring his own joys with him instantly,
To welcome your return.

Fos. Didst thou request
His secrecy ?

Ser. I did , he promised silence *[Exit.*

Fos. So, I'll expect him.—Thou art sad, Dulcino,
I prophesy thou shalt have cause to bless
The minute that first brought us to acquaintance.

Dul. Do not suspect, my lord, I am so wicked

18 THE GRATEFUL SERVANT. [*Act I.*

Not to do that already , you have saved
My life, and therefore have deserv'd that duty.

Fos Name it no more; I mean another way.

Dul. It is not in your power to make me richer
With any benefit shall succeed it, though
I should live ever with you.

Fos I require
Not so much gratitude

Dul. There is no way
Left for my hope, to do you any service
Near my preserving, but by adding one
New favour to a suit, which I would name

Fos. To me?
I prithee speak, it must be something [*strange*]
I can deny thee.

Dul 'Tis an humble suit,
You license my departure.

Fos. Whither?

Dul Any whither

Fos. Do you call this a way to do me service?

Dul It is the readiest I can study, sir ,
To tarry were but to increase my debt,
And waste your favours: in my absence, I
May publish, how much virtue I have found
In Savoy, and make good unto your fame,
What I do owe you here , this shall survive you,
For I will speak the story with that truth,
And strength of passion, it shall do you honour,
And dwell upon your name, sweeter than myrrh,
When we are both dead?

Fos. Thou hast art to move
In all things, but in this , change thy desire.
And I'll deny thee nothing: do not urge
Thy unkind departure; thou hast met, perhaps,
With some that have deceived thee with a promise,
Won with thy pretty looks and presence , but
Trust not a great man, most of them dissemble;
Pride, and court cunning hath betray'd their faith

To a secure idolatry , their soul
Is lighter than a complement ; take heed,
They'll flatter thy too young ambition,
Feed thee with names, and then, like subtlechemists,
Having extracted, drawn thy spirit up,
Laugh they have made thee miserable

Dul Let

No jealousy, my lord, render me so
Unhappy, that preferments, or the flatteries
Of any great man, hath seduced my will
To leave you , by my life, and your own honour,
No man hath tempted me, nor have I changed
A syllable with any

Fos. Any man !

Still I suspect thy safety ,
And thou mayst thus deceive me , it may be,
Some wanton lady hath beheld thy face,
And from her eyes shot Cupids into thine,
To abuse thy sight, or wrought upon thy frailty,
With her smooth language, ' to undo thyself
Trust not the innocence of thy soul too far.
For though their bosoms carry whiteness, think,
It is not snow , they dwell in a hot climate,
The court, where men are but deceitful shadows,
The women walking flames : what if this lady
Bestow a wealthy carcanet upon thee,
Another give thee wardrobes, a third promise
A chain of diamonds, to deck thy youth,
'Tis but to buy thy virtue from thee, and when
Thy outside thrives upon their treacherous bounty,
Thou'lt starve at heart, and lust will leave thy body
Many unpitied ruins ; thou art young—

Dul. 'There is no fear, my lord, that I shall take
Such wicked courses, and I hope you see not
Any propension in my youth, to sin
For pride, or wantonness

* To abuse thy sight, - - -

With her smooth language,] For thy and her, the old copy
reads that and their.

20 THE GRATEFUL SERVANT [Act I.

Fos Indeed I do not ;
But being, my boy, so young and beautiful,
Thou art apt to be seduced

Dul Believe me, sir,
I will not serve the greatest prince on earth
When I leave you.

Fos Thou shalt not serve me, I
Will make thee my companion

Dul No reward,
Though just, should buy the freedom I was born with,
Much less base ends , if I but meet again
That good man, who, in reverence to his habit,
The thieves let go before your happy valour
Came to my rescue —

Fos He that was your conduct
From Milan, ⁶——for so, if I remember,
You named a father , what could he advantage
Your fortune, were he present, more than with
Religious counsel ?

Dul I did trust him, sir,
As being the safest treasurer, with that
Would make me welcome [here,] in Savoy, and
I know he will be faithful, when we meet
For his sake, let me beg you would discharge
A worthless servant, that, in quest of him—

Fos No more , to cut off all unwelcome motives,
I charge thee, by thy love, thy gratitude,
Thy life preserv'd, which, but to stay thee here,
I would not name again, urge no consent
From me, to thy departure , I have now
Use of thy faith, thou wilt not run away ,
I have employment for thee, such a one
As shall not only pay my services,
But leave me in arrearage to thy love :
Receive this letter —

⁶ *He that was your conduct*

From Milan,——] i e your guide, conductor Some
term descriptive of this good *pere* was probably lost at the press.

Enter GRIMUNDO

Let me embrace thee with a spreading arm

Grim I have dispens'd with my attendance on
The duke, to bid you welcome, sir, from death,
Fame so had cozen'd our belief, but thus
She has made you the more precious

Fos Then I prosper'd,
If I may call it so, for I procured
That rumour to be spread, excuse a minute,
I'll tell thee all my counsels — I need not waste
Any instructions on thee, *Dulcino*,
For the conveyance of this paper, let me
Commend it to thy care, 'tis to my mistress;
Conceal my lodgings, and do this for him
Will study noble recompense.

Dul You command me [*Exit*

Grim What pretty youth is that? sure I have
seen

That face before

Fos Never, I brought him first
To Savoy, having rescued¹ him from the
Banditti, in my passage o'er the confines
Is't not a sweet-faced thing² there are some ladies
Might change their beauties with him

Grim And gain by it

Fos Nay, to his shape he has as fine a soul,
Which graceth that perfection.

Grim You have not
Been long acquainted with him?

Fos I have skill
In physnomy: believe my character,
He's full of excellent sweetness

¹ Having rescued him] The old copy reads, "having brought him:" a mistake probably originating in the compositor's eye having caught the word immediately above.

ACT II. SCENE I

The Same. A Room in Cleona's House.

Enter JACOMO, and Servants.

Jac. So, so, yet more perfume, you are sweet serving-men! make every corner of the house smook, bestir yourselves, every man know his province, and be officious to please my lady, according to his talent, have you furnished out the banquet?

Ser. Most methodically

Jac. 'Tis well, here should have been a fresh suit of arras, but no matter, these bear the age well, let them hang.

Ser. An there were a masque to entertain his highness!

Jac. Hang masques! let every conceit shew his own face, my lady would not disguise her entertainment, and, now I talk of disguising, where's the butler?

Enter Butler.

But. Here, sir.

Jac. Where, sir? 'tis my lady's pleasure that you be drunk to-day, you will deal her wine abroad the more liberally among the duke's servants. you two are tall fellows, make good the credit of the buttery, and, when you are drunk, I will send others to relieve you go to your stations. [*Exeunt Servants*]—If his grace come hither a suitor to my lady, as we have some cause to suspect, and after marry her, I may be a great man, and ride upon a reverend mule by patent There is no end of my

preferment, I did once teach my lady to dance, she must then teach me to ride :¹ for indeed it is just, that only those, who get their living by their legs, should ride upon a foot-cloth

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Here's a young gentleman desires to speak with my lady

Jac More young gentlemen? tell him I am busy

Ser. With my lady?—

Jac. Busy with my lady, sir?

Ser. Would speak with my lady, sir?

Jac I have not done with my lady myself yet, he shall stay; 'tis for my lady's state, no time to interrupt my lady, but now¹ I'll know his business, and taste it for my lady, if I like it, she shall hear more but bid him come to me [*Exit Servant*]—Methinks I talk like a peremptory statesman already, I shall quickly learn to forget myself when I am great in office, I will oppress the subject, flatter the prince, take bribes on both sides, do right to neither, serve heaven as far as my profit will give me leave, and tremble only at the summons of a parliament

Enter DULCINO

Hum, a page, a very page, one that would wriggle and prefer himself to be a wag, 'tis so—Have you any letter of commendations?

Dul. I have a letter, sir

Jac Let me see the complexion of the face; has it a handsome title-page? is it *stilo novo*?

Dul I have command, sir, to deliver it To none but to my lady.

¹ ride,] Old copy, "rise."

26 THE GRATEFUL SERVANT. [*Act II.*

Jac. A forward youth ! I like him , he is not modest, I will assist his preferment, to engage him to my faction, a special court policy. [*Aside*]— See, my lady !

Enter CLEONA, ASTELLA, and BELINDA

Cle Yet stay, Belinda—

Bel I beseech you, madam,
Allow excuse to my abrupt departure
There is a business of much consequence,
And which you will not mourn to see effected.
Besides, the duty that I owe my lord,
Compels me to it, madam

Cle Well, but that
We are acquainted with your virtue, this
Would move suspicion you were not in
Charity with the duke.

Bel. You are pleasant, madam.

Cle. You are severe to bind yourself too strictly
From court and entertainment , sure your lord
Should chide you for it.

Ast [*aside to Bel*]— If it please you stay,
Your ladyship and I'll converse together ,
My unkind fate hath indisposed me
To these state ceremonies too

Bel You will
Oblige me by your pardon ?

Cle Use your pleasure

Ast. Nay, you shall give me leave a little further,
Here I am useless. [*Exeunt Astella and Belinda.*

Jac. May it please you, madam,
This pretty gentleman has a suit to you,
And I, in his behalf , he will be serviceable
And active in his place, a friend of mine

Dul Your steward, madam, is too full of zeal
To do me a preferment , but I have
No other ambition, than to commend
This paper to your white hands. [*Delivers the letter*

Jac Never doubt ,
'Tis done , be bold, and call me fellow.

Cle. Be
You circumspect, I pray, that all things have
Their perfect shape and order, to receive
The duke you know our pleasure, not to spare
Or cost or study to delight his highness

Jac I hope I have not been your steward so long,
But I know how to put your ladyship
'To cost enough, without study. [*Cleona reads.*

Cle Shall I credit
So great a bliss ? the date is fresh , Foscari,
Whom I thought dead ! give him five hundred
crowns.

Jac. We will divide them [*Aside to Dulcino.*

Cle Stay.

Jac You need not bid,
I use to make them stay, and long enough,
Ere they receive such bounties.

Cle Treasure is
Too cheap a payment for so rich a message.

Jac. This is the right court largess

Cle I must call thee
My better genius.—Have you known this youth ?

Jac If your ladyship like him, I have known
him long,

If otherwise, I ne'er saw him in my life

Cle The day breaks glorious to my darken'd
thoughts,

He lives, he lives yet , cease, ye amorous fears,
More to perplex me.—Prithee speak, sweet youth,
How fares my lord ? Upon my virgin heart

I'll build a flaming altar, to offer up

A thankful sacrifice for his return

To life, and me , speak, and encrease my comforts .
Is he in perfect health ?

Dul. Not perfect, madam,

28 THE GRATEFUL SERVANT. [Act II.

Until you bless him with the knowledge of
Your constancy.

Cle O, get thee wings, and fly then,
Tell him my love doth burn like vestal fire,
Which with his memory, richer than all spices.
Dispersed odours round about my soul,
And did refresh it when 'twas dull and sad,
With thinking of his absence

Jac This is strange!
My lady is in love with him

Cle Yet stay,
Thou goest too soon away, where is he, speak?

Dul He gave me no commission for that, lady,
He will soon save that question by his presence.

Cle Time has no feathers, he walks now on
crutches,

Relate his gesture when he gave thee this,
What other words? did mirth smile on his brow?
I would not for the wealth of this great world,
He should suspect my faith. What said he, prithee?

Dul He said, what a warm lover, when desire
Makes eloquent, could speak, he said you were
Both star and pilot—

Cle Not too fast—my joys
Will be too mighty for me

Jac I have found it,
That boy comes from the duke, that letter, love;
'Twill be a match—An't please your ladyship—

Cle Forbear your ceremonies, what needs all
This preparation? if the duke vouchsafe
His person for my guest, duty will teach me
To entertain him without half this trouble,
I'll have no riot for his highness.

Jac Hum!
How's this?

Cle Be less officious, you forget—
Sweet youth, go forward with thy story.

Jac Hum !

This is a fairy, and the devil sent him
To make my lady mad , 'twere well to try
Whether he be flesh and blood, ha, I'll pinch him
first [*He pinches Dulcino, who starts.*

Cle. How now ?

Jac My care shall see nothing be wanting, for
Your honour, and the duke's

Cle. Your place, I see,
Is better than your manners Go to , be
Less troublesome , his highness brings intents
Of grace, not burden to us ; know your duty.

Jac So, I were best keep myself warm with my
own office, while I may , the tide is turn'd, I see,
within two minutes , here was nothing but *look to*
the gallery, perfume the chambers, what music for
the duke ? a banquet for the duke now, *be less offi-*
cious, we'll have no riot for his highness 'tis this
urchin has undone all our preferment

Cle The sun's loved flower,² that shuts his yel-
low curtain,
When he declineth, opens it again
At his fair rising , with my parting lord
I closed all my delight till his approach,
It shall not spread itself.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent Madam, the duke

Cle. Already !

Enter ASTELLA and Ladies.

Ast. He is entered

Cle. Do not leave me ,
I shall remember more. [*to Dulcino.*

² *The sun's loved flower, &c*] Perhaps

" The *marygold*, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping "—*Shakspeare*

30 THE GRATEFUL SERVANT. [*Act II.*

Enter DUKE, FABRICCHIO, SORANZO, and GIOTTO.

Duke. Excellent Cleona !

Cle The humble duty of a subject to
Your highness. [*Kneels*

Duke Rise, high in our thoughts, and thus
Confirm we are welcome to these eyes, our heart
Shall pay a lower duty than obedience
Hath taught your knee

Cle. Your grace much honours me ;
Till this white hour, these walls were never proud
T' inclose a guest , the genius of our house
Is by so great a presence waked, and glories
To entertain you.

Duke Every accent falls
Like a fresh jewel, to encrease her value.—[*Aside*
We can but thank Cleona.

Cle Royal sir—

Duke Let me revoke that hasty syllable
But thank thee ? yes, we can do more. and will ,
We have a heart to do't —Our much griev'd sister,
I know you do not wear this sadness for
Our presence

Ast. If I have any skill in mine own eyes,
Since they beheld you, they have look'd more
cheerfully
Than they were wont

Duke And yet I see a tear
Is ready to break prison.

Ast It is of joy,
To see you, sir, in health —
I hope the prince is well.

Duke He will be so,
Astella, when he leaves to be unkind
To thee , but let's forget him

Dul Fame has not
Injured him, in the character of his person ,
And his shape promiseth a richer soul.—

I feel a new and fiery spirit dance
Upon my heart-strings.

[*Aside.*

Duke. We are come,
My fair Cleona —

Cle With your highness' pardon,
That name was never so attended ; it
Becomes your bounty, but not me, to wear
That title.

Duke What ?

Cle. Of *fair*, my lord.

Duke I said
You were *my* fair Cleona.—

Cle. Sir ?

Duke I did apply—³
I hope it does not offend to call you so,
You're yet my subject

Cle When I leave that name,
May heaven—

Duke Be pleased to change it for a better !

Cle It cannot.

Duke Do not sin , 'tis in our power,
With your consent, to work that wonder, lady.

Cle I want my understanding.

Duke I'll explain.

Cle. [*aside to Dul*]—Do not believe it, youth ;
by all the faith

Of virgins, I'll not change my service to
Thy master for his dukedom

Dul You're too noble

Duke What boy is that ?—Ha ! Giotto ?

Dul Madam, the duke observes us.

Duke. I have seen him ;
It is no common face.

Sor My lord, we know not.

Duke Where is Grimundo ?

Giot Not yet come, my lord.

³ *Duke.* *I did apply—*] Perhaps, " that term," or some similar word, was dropped at the press

32 THE GRATEFUL SERVANT. [*Act I.*

Duke. Send for him straight, and bid him bring
the picture

We gave into his keeping : yet forbear ,
It is in vain

Sor My lord, Cleona waits
Your farther courtship.

Duke Whither am I carried ?

Cle I hope, dread sir, my house affords no object
To interrupt your quiet

Duke None but heavenly,
Or could this roof be capable of ill,
Your only presence, lady, would convert it ,
There is a virtuous magic in your eye,
For wheresoe'er it casts a beam, it does
Create a goodness , you've a handsome boy

Dul The duke is troubled [*Aside*

Cle He's a pretty youth

Dul I hope he will not take me from my lady ,
I'll say I am her servant. [*Aside.*

Duke Something binds
My speech , my heart is narrow of a sudden ,
Giotto, take some opportunity
To enquire that youth's condition, name, and
country,

And give us private knowledge.—[*Soranzo whis-
pers with Jacomo*]—To cut off

Circumstance, lady, I am not your fresh
And unacquainted lover, that doth waste
The tedious moons with preparation
To his amorous suit , I have been, Cleona,
A long admirer of your virtues, and
Do want the comfort of so sweet a partner,
In your young state

Cle You mock your humble handmaid.

Sor. A stranger, sayst ?

Jac. He brought some welcome letter to my lady.

Sor. Not know his name, nor whence ?

Jac. No, my good lord.

So so, I like this well,
My lady does apply her to the duke,
There is some hopes again things may succeed ,
This lord's discoursing with me is an omen
To my familiarity with greatness.

Duke. Grimundo not come yet? I am not well.

Cle. Good heaven defend! angels protect your
highness !

Duke. Your holy prayers cannot but do me good.
Continue that devotion , charity
Will teach you a consent to my departure.

Cle. I am unhappy.

Duke. Make not me so, lady,
By the least trouble of yourself , I am
Acquainted with these passions : let me breathe
A heart upon thy lip , [*kisses her*]—farewell , again
Your pardon [*Exit.*]

Sor. 'Tis a very strange distemper,
And sudden —Noble lady, we must wait
Upon the duke [*Exeunt Sor. Fab and Giotto.*]

Jac. My bud is nipt again ,
Would all the banquet were in his belly for't !

Dul. Let not my eyes betray me

Jac. I'm sick too ,
Let not your ladyship repent your cost,
I'll have a care the sweetmeats be not lost. [*Exit.*]

Cle. Acquaint him with these passages of the
duke ,

Tell him I long to see him ; and at last,
To crown the story, say my heart shall know
No other love but his.

Dul. I fly with this
Good news [*Exit*]

Re-enter JACOMO.

Jac. Madam, here is prince Lodwick
Newly discoach'd.

34 THE GRATEFUL SERVANT. [Act II.

Cle. Attend him.

Jac. Most officiously.

Cle. Stay — [*whispers Ast.*]— It can do no harm.

Ast. E'en what you please.

Cle If he enquire for his lady, answer
She is not very well, and keeps her chamber.

Jac. I'll say she's dead, if you please, 'tis my
duty.

I'll never speak truth while I live, that shall
Offend your ladyship. [*Exit.*

Cle You may hear all,
And when you please appear [*Astella retires*

Enter LODWICK and PIERO.

Lod. Sick! where's her doctor?
I'll be acquainted with him — Noble lady

Cle Your grace is here most welcome.

Lod. I am bold.

Pier [*to 1 Lady.*]— I am happy that my duty to
the prince
Brought me to kiss your hand.

Cle Beside the honour done to me, your person
Will add much comfort to Astella, your
Weak lady.

Lod. She is sick; mend, let her mend, she'll
spend her time worse, yet she knows my mind, and
might do me the courtesy to die once, I'd take it
more kindly than to be at charge with a physician.

Cle You would not poison her?

Lod I think I must be driven to it, what shall
a man do with a woman that will not be ruled? I
have given cause enough to break any reasonable
woman's heart in Savoy, and yet you see how I
am troubled with her. but leave her to the Desti-
nies! Where is my brother all this while? I came
to meet him, what, is it a match already? when
shall we dance, and triumph in the Tilt-yard, for

honour of the high and mighty nuptials? where is he?

Cle My lord, he is gone

Lod. How?

Cle Distemper'd.

Lod. Not with wine?

Cle. Departed sick

Lod She jeers him.—By this lip I'll love thee, an thou wilt abuse him, I knew he would but shame himself, and therefore durst not come with him, for mine own credit. I warrant he came fierce upon thee with some parcel of poetry, which he had conn'd by heart out of Tasso, Guarini, or some other of the same melting tribe, and thought to have brought thy maiden town to his obedience at the first noise of his furious artillery.

Cle My lord, you understand me not, your brother

Is not in health; some unkind pain within him
Compell'd him to forsake us

Lod Is it true

That he is sick? my brother sick, Piero?

Pier I am very well here.

Lad So am not I, pray, sir, appear more civil,
Or I shall leave you

Lod. True?

Cle. 'Tis too true, my lord

Lod. No, no, truth is a virtuous thing, and we cannot have too much on't, do you hear? if I may counsel you, be wise, and stay for me, you may be my wife within this month, and the duchess too

Cle. Your wife, my lord? why, you are married,
What shall become of her?

Lod. Is she not sick?

Cle. But are you sure she'll die?

Lod What a ridiculous question do you make!
if death will not take a fair course with her, are there not reasons enough in state, think you, to

behcad her? or, if that seem cruel, because I do not affect blood, but for very good ends, I can be divorced from her, and leave her rich in the title of lady dowager.

Cle Upon what offence can you pretend a divorce?

Lod. Because she is not fruitful, is not that a sin?

Cle Would your lordship have her fruitful, and you ne'er lie with her?

Lod. Have not I known a lady, whose husband is an eunuch upon record, mother to three or four children, and no free conscience but commends her?

Cle But these things will not be easily perfect, unless you were duke to enforce them

Lod Is not my brother in the way, sick already, and, perhaps, as fit for heaven as another? I know he cannot live long, he is so well given, they never thrive and then do you think I'll keep such a religious court? In this corner lodge a covey of Capuchins, who shall zealously pray for me without stockings, in that, a nest of Carthusians, things which, in fine, turn to otters, appear flesh, but really are fish, for that they feed on no, no, give me a court of flourishing pleasure, where delight, in all her shapes, and studied varieties, every minute courts the soul to actuate her chief felicity

Cle Do you never think of hell?

Lod Faith I do, but it always makes me melancholy, and therefore as seldom as I can my contemplation shall point thither, I am now in the spring of my life, winter will come on fast enough. when I am old, I will be as methodical an hypocrite as any pair of lawn sleeves in Savoy

Cle. I dare not hear him longer — Madam, release me [Astella comes forward.

Lod How now! whence come you? were you sick?

Ast. At heart, my lord, to think of your unkindness.

Lod. At heart? I'll ne'er believe without in-

spection. Am I unkind? go to, there's not a friend in the whole world can wish you better, would you were canonized a saint! 'tis more than I wish myself yet I do not trouble thee much on earth, an thou wert in heaven, I would not pray to thee, for fear of disturbing thy seraphical devotion

Ast What sin have I committed deserves this distance?

Cle. In christian charity salute her

Lod I would not have your ladyship too vent'rous;
The air is somewhat cold, and may endanger
A weak body

Ast There is another duty, my lord, required from husbands

Lod My madam would to rut — Hath your honour no pretty dapper monkey, each morning to give you a heat in a dance? is not your doctor gamesome?

Ast If the suspicion that I am unchaste—

Lod. Unchaste? by this hand I do not know one honest woman in the dukedom.

Cle How, my lord? what do you think of me?

Lod I know not whether you be a woman or no yet.

Cle Fie, my lord.

Lod What would you have me do? I have not seen her this six months.

Ast O rather, my lord, conclude my sufferings,
Than thus with tortures lengthen out my death.

Oh kill me I beseech you, and I will kiss
The instrument which, guided by your hand,
Shall give my grief a period, and pronounce
With my last breath your free forgiveness

Lod No, kill yourself, more good will come on't:

Enter GRIMUNDO.

How now ? nay, then we are like to have a precious time on't.

Cle. The duke, my lord, enquired for you

Grim. I met

His highness in return, and he employ'd me
To bring back knowledge of his better health ,
Which, he says, shall enable him but to
Express how much he honours fair Cleona

Cle. I am his studious servant, and rejoice
In this good news.—Your brother is recover'd

Lod. Ay, ay, I knew he would do well enough.
— Now, sir.

Grim. I have some business with you, my lord,
Were you at opportunity

Lod. Some moral exhortations , they are fruitless, I shall never eat garlic with Diogenes in a tub, and speculate the stars without a shirt : prithee enjoy thy religion, and live at last most philosophically lousy

Grim. My design is of another nature.

Cle. May I obtain so great a favour, sir,
You would be my guest in absence of the duke ?
I'm but ambitious to remember
His health in Greek wine.

Lod. So this lady will be temperate, and use me but like a stranger, without pressing me to inconveniences of kissing her, and other superstitious courtship of a husband.

Cle. I will engage she'll not offend you

Lod. And yet it goes against my conscience to tarry so long in honest company , but my comfort is, I do not use it [often] : come away, Piero, you have had a fine time on't.

Cle. My lord.

Sc. I.] THE GRATEFUL SERVANT. 39

Grim. [to *Astella.*—I follow, madam ; yet have
comfort,
Though reason and example urge our fears,
Heaven will not let you lose so many tears.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Foscari's Lodgings.

Enter FOSCARI and DULCINO

Fos. Did she receive my letter with such joy ?

Dul I want expression, my lord, to give you
The circumstance, with [what] a flowing love,
Or rather with what glad devotion,
She entertain'd it . at your very name,
For so I guess'd, to which her covetous sight
Made the first haste, one might have seen her heart
Dance in her eyes, and as the wonder strove
To make her pale, warm love did fortify
Her cheeks with guilty blushes ; she did read
And kiss the paper often, mingled questions,
Some half propounded, (as her soul had been
Too narrow to receive what you had writ,)
She quite forgot.

Fos 'This was before the duke
Came thither ?

Dul Yes, my lord.

Fos And didst thou not
Observe her at his presence slack that fervour
Her former passion had begot of me ?
Was she not courtly to him, boy ?

Dul So far
As her great birth and breeding might direct
A lady to behave herself to him
That was her prince.

40 THE GRATEFUL SERVANT [Act II.

Fos. She kiss'd him, did she not?

Dul She kiss'd!

Fos He did salute her?

Dul. Yes, my lord.

Fos And didst not see a flame hang on her lip,
A spirit busy to betray her love,
And in a sigh convey it to him? Oh
Thou canst not read a woman, did he not
Woo her to be his duchess?

Dul Yes, my lord

Fos Thou shouldst have watch'd her cheek
then, there a blush
Had been a guilt indeed, a feeble answer,
With half a smile, had been an argument
She had been lost, and the temptation
Above her strength, which had I known, I could
Have slept and never been disturb'd, although
I had met her in a dream

Dul My lord, you weave
A causeless trouble to yourself.

Fos. Oh, jealousy!
I am asham'd—

Dul If ever woman loved
With faith, Cleona honours you above
Mankind, 'twere sin but to suspect so chaste,
So furnish'd with all virtue, your Cleona

Fos It were indeed, I am to blame, Dulcino;
Yet, when thou com'st to be so ripe for so
Much misery as to love, thou wilt excuse me

Dul My lord, if I might not offend with my
Opinion, it were safest that you lose
No time, your presence would confirm a joy
To either, and prevent the duke, whose strong
Solicits may in time endanger much
The quiet of your thoughts.

Fos. Why, can there be
Suspicion she will vary? do not check

The confidence thou hast ; unsettle not
The faith I have in thee, she can prove false. ²

Dul. Mistake me not ; I do not doubt her truth ;
But she's a woman, and if you delay
To interpose yourself, his greatness may
In time, without injustice to your love,
Win upon her affection : you shall do
A great impiety to neglect her now,
With so much proof and loyalty of honour.

Fos O, never, never, and I will reward
Her love beyond example ; thus, *Dulcino*,
Thou shalt return

Dul. My lord, I had much rather
Wait on you to her

Fos. Tush, thou understand'st not
What I have purpos'd ; thou shalt presently
Go back, and tell *Cleona* I am dead.

Dul How ! dead ?

Fos Ay, boy, that I am dead ; nay, mark
The issue.

Dul. But, my lord, she hath your letter
To check that

Fos Thou shalt frame something to take
That off, some fine invention may be made,
To say 'twas forged , we'll study that anon :
In the assurance of my death, which must
Be so delivered as she shall believe thee,
She may affect the duke.

Dul How, sir, the duke ?

Fos. Ay, ay, the duke, for that's the plot
I must advance.

Dul And will you thus reward
So great a love to you ?

Fos. Best, best of all ,

² *she can prove false*] This is directly contrary to the speaker's meaning. It should be—she *cannot* prove false. Perhaps it is one of the many thousand errors of the press which these plays exhibit

42 THE GRATEFUL SERVANT. [Act II.

Shall I be so ungrateful to a lady
Of such rare merit, when a prince desires
To make her great, by my unworthy interest
Destroy her blessings, hinder such a fortune
From fair Cleona? let her love the duke,
In this I will express the height and glory
Of my best service.

Dul Are you, sir, in earnest?

Fos I love her, and can never see her more:
Posterity shall learn new piety
In love from me, it will become me look on
Cleona afar off, and only mention
Her name, as I do angels, in my prayer:
Thus she deserves, I should converse with her,
Thus I most nobly love her.

Dul Doth she languish,
Expecting you, and shall I carry death
To comfort her? good heaven forbid this, sir.

Fos Heaven doth invite me to it, she shall reign
Glorious in power, while I let fall my beads
That she might prosper, be not thou an enemy
To her and me, I see thou art unwilling
To this employment, if thou hast any wish
To see me happy to preserve my life
And honour, which was never more engaged,
If I shall think thou art not very wicked,
A false, dissembling boy, deny me not
This office: use what circumstance thou wilt
To thrive in this report, and thy sad breath
Shall give a feigned, save a real, death. [Exit

Dul I'm lost i' the springing of my hope, shall I
Obey him to destroy myself? I must,
I dare not be myself. no need have they
Of other force, that make themselves away [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in Cleona's House.

Enter JACOMO

Jac. I smell a match again ; the duke will fetch her about , here was another ambassador at dinner, and his highness is again expected In confidence of my place that shall be, I will continue my state posture, use my toothpick with discretion, and cough distinctly What can hinder my rising ? I am no scholar, that exception is taken away , for most of our statesmen do hold it a saucy thing, for any of their servants to be wiser than themselves Observe the inventory of a great nobleman's house, mark the number of the learned , I'll begin with them · imprimis, chaplains and schoolmasters one , two pages , three gentlemen , four footmen , six horses , eight serving creatures ; and ten couple of dogs , a very noble family.

Enter DULCINO

Dul Worthy sir—

Jac. My lady shall be at leisure for you presently.—It may be you would speak with me first ?

Dul I only entreat my lady may have knowledge that I wait here.

Jac. I will enrich my lady's understanding ; I'll say nothing else, but that you are here, shall I ? that's enough ; if you have another letter—

Dul. What then ?

Jac I would wish you deliver it to her own

44 THE GRATEFUL SERVANT [Act III.

hand ; but under your favour, the contents of the last chapter had like to [have] undone us all, an Cupid had not been more merciful

Dul. Fear nothing, the news I bring will make you merry

Jac I'd laugh at that , howsoever you are heartily welcome, and ever shall be , you do hear no harm of the duke ?

Dul No harm ?

Jac. You shall hear more shortly , I say no more, but heaven bless my lady and his highness together, for my part, though I speak a proud word.—I'll tell my lady that you attend her [*Exit.*

Dul I prithee do, and hasten the discharge Of my sad embassy, which, when I have done, And that it prospers in mine own misfortune, I'll teach my breath to pray.

Enter CLEONA, FABRICCHIO, and JACOMO

Fab. A glorious fate Courts your acceptance, and I hope your wisdom Will teach you how to meet it , you have receiv'd His highness' bosom , now I'll take my leave.

Cle Will you not see the prince again

Fab. I saw his highness walking with Grimundo Toward the garden, and the duke expects me— Think of a duchess, madam

Cle. I'm not worthy, And needs must sink under the weight of such A title ; my humblest service to his grace, I am his beads-woman. [*Exit Fabricchio.*

Jac. Madam, here's the youth

Cle Art thou return'd already ?—Why were you So rude to make him wait ?

Dul Since I arrived 'Tis but a pair of minutes

Cle They are worth
As many days

Jac. He shall be with your ladyship
Next time before he come, when I but spy him
A mile off, I'll acquaint you in my duty
To yourself, and my honour unto him.

Cle Withdraw

Jac Here is no couch, I do not like
My lady's familiarity with a boy:
Methinks a man were fitter, and more able
To give her a refreshing but this lobby
Shall be my next remove

[Retires behind the hangings.]

Dul You will repent
This welcome, madam.

Cle What harsh sound is that?
Thy looks upon a sudden are become
Disinal, thy brow dull as Saturnus' issue,
Thy lips are hung with black, as if thy tongue
Were to pronounce some funeral

Dul It is,
But let your virtue place a guard about
Your ear, it is too weak a fence to trust
With a sad tale, that may disperse too soon
The killing syllables, and some one or other
Find out your heart

Cle The mandrake hath no voice
Like this, the raven, and the night birds sing
More soft, nothing in nature, to which fear
Hath made us superstitious, but speaks gently,
Compared with thee, discharge thy fatal burthen,
I am prepared, or stay, but answer me,
And I will save thee breath, and quickly know
The total of my sorrow. is Foscari
Dead since I saw thee last? or hath some wound,
Or other dire misfortune, seal'd him for
The grave? that, though he yet live, I may bid
My heart despair to see him?

46 THE GRATEEUL SERVANT. [*Act III.*

Dul None of these,
Since last I saw you, madam

Cle None of these ?

Then I despise all sorrow, boy ; there is
Not left another mischief in my fate ,
Call home thy beauty , why dost look so pale ?
See, I am arm'd, and can with valiant blood
Hear thee discourse of any³ terror now ,
Methinks I can, in the assurance of
His safety, hear of battles, tempest, death,
With all the horrible shapes that poets fancy ,
Tell me the tale of Troy, or Rome on fire,
Rich in the trophies of the conquer'd world,
I will not shed so many tears to save
The temples, as my joy doth sacrifice
To hear my lord is well

Dul Turn them to grief
Again, and here let me kneel, the accuser
Of him, that hath deserv'd more punishment
Than your wrong'd piety will inflict.

Cle Dost kneel,
And call thyself accuser ?

Dul. Yes

Cle Of whom ?
Thy lord ? take heed, for if I be thy judge,
I shall condemn thee ere thou speak.

Dul You may ,
But I accuse myself, and of an injury
To you

Cle To me ?

Dul Too great to be forgiven

Cle. My love to him thou serv'st hath found a
pardon
Already for it , be it an offence
Against my life

Dul. For his sake you must punish.

³ any] Old copy, *my*.

Dear madam, I have sinn'd against his ghost
In my deceiving you.

Cle His ghost?

Dul And if

His soul hath not forgotten how he loved you,
I must expect him to affright my dreams,
And prove my waking evil; the truth is,
My lord is dead

Cle How! dead? when? where? did I
Not hear thee say, since I receiv'd his letter,
He was alive?

Dul No, madam

Cle Be not impious

Dul I said that neither death, nor any black
Misfortune had befallen him, since I gave
The letter to you

Cle Grant this truth, I am
Secured again

Dul 'Las, he was dead before,
I'm sure you could not choose but hear as much:
It was my wickedness contriv'd⁴ to mock
Your credulous heart with a devised letter.
I know you are in wonder what should move me
To this imposture, sure it was no malice,
For you ne'er injured me, and that doth make
My crime the more deform'd, all my aim was,
Being a stranger here, and wanting means,
After my lord's death, by this cunning to
Procure some bounty from you to sustain
My life, until, by some good fortune, I
Might get another master, for I knew
There was no hope to benefit myself
By saying he was dead —good heaven forgive me,
And keep my eyes from weeping [Aside.

Cle Thou hast undone me,
Like a most cruel boy.

⁴ The first edition reads, *arrw'd, to mock*, &c. I know not whether I have stumbled on the genuine word.

48 THE GRATEFUL SERVANT. [*Act III.*

Dul. Madam, I hope
 I shall repair the ruins of your eye,
 When I declare the cause that leads me to
 This strange confession, I have observed
 The duke does love you, love you in that way,
 You can deserve him; and though I have sinn'd,
 I am not stubborn in my fault to suffer you,
 In the belief of my deceitful story,
 To wrong your fortune by neglect of him
 Can bring your merit such addition
 Of state and title.

Cle Dost thou mock again?

Dul. Heaven knows, I have no thought of such
 impiety,
 If you will not believe that, for your sake,
 I have betray'd myself, yet be so charitable,
 To think it something of my duty to
 The duke, whose ends, while they are just and
 noble,

All loyal subjects ought to serve for him,
 Whom I am bound to honour, and I love him,
 Else may I never know one day of comfort,
 I durst not, without guilt of treason to
 His chaste desires, deceive you any longer.
 Collect yourself, dear madam, in the grave
 There dwells no music, in the duke's embrace
 You meet a perfect happiness

Cle Begone,
 And never see me more, who ever knew
 Falsehood so ripe at thy years?

[*Exit.*

Dul. Is not yet
 My poor heart broke? hath nature given it
 So strong a temper that no wound will kill me?
 What charm was in my gratitude to make me
 Undo so many comforts with one breath?
 Or was it for some sin I had to satisfy?
 I have not only widowed Cleona,
 But made myself a misery beneath

Sc. I.] THE GRATEFUL SERVANT. 49

An orphan, I ne'er came to have a friend,
I have destroy'd my hope, that little hope
I had to be so happy. [*Jacomo comes forth.*]

Jac Is't e'en so?

My friend, what make you here? who sent for
you? begone, do you hear? begone, I say the word
too; there is a porter's lodge else, where you may
have due chastisement,⁴ you'll be gone?

Dul I am sorry
I have offended, sir. [*Exit.*]

Jac. So am not I.

Let me see, somebody is dead, if I knew who; no
matter, 'tis one that my lady loved, and I am glad
to hear it for mine own sake: now Venus speed
the duke's plough, and turn me loose to a privy
counsellor.

Enter SORANZO.

Sor. Signior Jacomo, where's your lady?

Jac. She is within, my good lord, will't please
you walk this way?

Sor. Prithce make haste, the duke is coming.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter JACOMO

Jac. I smell him hitherto. So, so, I will take
this opportunity to present myself to his highness,
that he may take particular notice of my bulk and
personage, he may chance speak to me, I have
common places to answer any ordinary question,

⁴ *There is a porter's lodge else, where you may have due chastisement*] The porter's lodge was the place usually appropriated to the punishment of servants of this our old writers afford numerous instances. See Jonson, vol. vii p. 434.

50 THE GRATEFUL SERVANT. [*Act III.*

and for other, he shall find by my impudence I come not short of a perfect courtier. Here he comes, I will dissemble some contemplation, and with my hat on, give him cause to observe me the better.

Enter the DUKE, GRIMUNDO, GIOTTO, and Lords.

Duke. What fellow's that ?

Giot. A servant of Cleona's.

[*The Duke extends his hand, Giacomo kisses it.*

Fab. Signior ?

Jac. Your highness' humble creature ; you have blest my lips, and I will wear them thread-bare with prayers for your grace's immortal prosperity.

Enter SORANZO.

Duke Soranzo is return'd :—
How fares Cleona ?

Sor. My lord, not well, I found her full of sadness, which is encreased, she cannot, as becomes her duty, observe your highness.

Jac One word with your grace in private ; she is as well as either you or I.

Duke. Say'st thou so ?

Jac. There came indeed before you certain news, that a noble gentleman, I know not who, and therefore he shall be nameless, but some dear friend of her's, is dead, and that's all, and that hath put her into a melancholy mood, with your gracious pardon, if I were worthy to be one of your counsellors—

Duke. What then ?

Jac. I would advise you, as others do, to take your own course ; your grace knows best what is to be done.

Duke. So, sir — Didst thou not see the pretty boy I told thee of ?

Sor No, my good lord

Duke We are resolv'd to comfort her ; set forward. [*Exeunt all but Grim and Jac.*

Grim. You had simple grace.

Jac. A touch or so, a beam with which his highness

Doth use to keep desert warm — Good, my lord,
It is not come to that yet

[*Exit Grim followed by Jacomo.*

SCENE III.

Foscari's Lodgings

Enter FOSCARI and a Servant.

Fos. Go to the next religious house, and pray
Some holy father come and speak with me .
But hasten thy return [*exit Servant*]—I dare not
look on

Myself, lest I forget to do her honour,
And my heart prove a partial advocate ,
I must not entertain with the same thought
Cleona, and my love, lest my own passion
Betray the resolution I have made
To make my service famous to all ages.
A legend that may startle wanton blood,
And strike a chillness through the active veins
Of noblest lovers, when they hear, or read,
That, to advance a mistress, I have given her
From mine own heart If any shall be so
Impious at my memory, to say
I could not do this act, and love her too,
Some power divine, that knew how much I loved her,
Some angel, that hath care to right the dead.
Punish that crime for me ; and yet, methinks,
In such a cause my own enraged spirit,
In pity of my ashes, so profaned,
Should nimbly lift my sweating marble up,

52 THE GRATEFUL SERVANT. [*Act III.*

And leap into my dust, which, new enliven'd,
Should walk to him, that questioned my honour,
And be its own revenger — He is come.

Enter VALENTIO.

Welcome, good father,
I sent to entreat your help, but first, pray tell me,
I have no perfect memory, what saint
Gives title to your order?

Val. We do wear
The scapular of saint Benet, sir

Fos Your charity
Make you still worthy of that reverend habit!
I have a great devotion to be made
A brother of your sacred institution:
What persons of great birth hath it received?

Val To fashion my reply to your demand,
Is not to boast, though I proclaim the honours
Of our profession; four emperors,
Forty-six kings, and one-and-fifty queens,
Have changed their royal ermines for our sables,
These cowl have clothed the heads of fourteen
hundred

And six king's sons, of dukes, great marquises,
And earls, two thousand and above four hundred
Have turn'd their princely coronets into
An humble coronet of hair, left by
The razor, thus [*Pointing to his tonsure.*]

Fos No, it is not.⁵
There is a sun ten times more glorious,
Than that which riseth in the east, attracts me
To feed upon his sweet beams, and become
A bird of Paradise, a religious man

⁵ *No, it is not*] This is in answer to Valentio's observation above—*'ts not to boast, &c* It would seem from this magnificent enumeration of emperors, kings, &c (which is probably authentic) that Shirley's confessor was of the Benedictine order.

Sc III] THE GRATEFUL SERVANT. 53

To rise from earth, and no more to turn back,
But for a burial.

Val I hink what 'tis you do ,
It is no thing to play the wanton with,
In the strong bended passion of an humour,
For a friend's death, a king's frown, or, perhaps,
Loss of a mistress.

Fos O, still bless the guide,
Whatever, that shall lead this happy way

Val My lord, the truth is, like your coat of
arms,
Richest when plainest , I do fear the world
Hath tired you, and you seek a cell to rest in,
As birds, that wing it o'er the sea, seek ships,
Till they get breath, and then they fly away.

Fos Do not mistake a piety , I am prepared,
And can endure your strict mortifications
Good father, then, prefer my humble suit,
To your superior, for the habit, and
Let me not long expect you , say I am
Noble, but humblest in my thoughts.

Val I go ;
Meantime examine well this new desire,
Whether it be a wild flash, or a heavenly fire [*Exit*.

Enter DULCINO.

Fos Now, my good boy

Dul Sir, your command is done,
And she believes

Fos That I am dead, Dulcino ?

Dul That you are dead , and as she now scorn'd
life,

Death lends her cheeks his paleness, and her eyes
Tell down their drops of silver to the earth,
Wishing her tears might rain upon your grave,
To make the gentle earth produce some flower
Should bear your names and memories.

54 THE GRATEFUL SERVANT. [Act III.

Fos. But thou seest
I live, Dulcino

Dul. Sir, I should be blest,
If I did see you sought the means to live,
And to live happily. O, noble sir,
Let me untread my steps, unsay my words,
And tell your love, you live

Fos. No, my sweet boy,
She thinks not much amiss, I am a man
But of an hour or two, my will is made,
And now I go, never more cheerfully,
To give eternal farewell to my friends

Dul. For heaven's sake, sir, what's this you mean
to do?

There is a fear sits cold upon my heart,
And tells me—

Fos. Let it not misinform thee, boy;
I'll use no violence to myself, I am
Resolved a course, wherein I will not doubt
But thou wilt bear me company: we'll enter
Into religion

Dul. Into religion?

Fos. O, 'tis a heavenly life! go with me, boy,
We'll imitate the singing angels there,
Learn how to keep a quire in heaven, and scorn
Earth's transitory glory, wilt, Dulcino?

Dul. Alas! my lord, I am too young

Fos. Too young
To serve heaven? Never, never; O, take heed
Of such excuse.

Dul. Alas! what shall I do?
And yet I'm weary of the world, --but how
Can I do this? I am not yet discovered. [*Aside*
Sir, I shall still attend you.

Fos. Thou art my comfort,
I have propounded it already, to
A Benedictine, by whose means we may
Obtain the habit; stay thou and expect him,

I must be absent for a little time,
 To finish something will conduce to my
 Eternal quiet, if thou hast any scruple,
 He will direct thee, having both made even
 With earth, we'll travel hand in hand to heaven
 [Exit.

Dul Fortune hath lent me a prospective glass,
 By which I have a look beyond all joys,
 To a new world of misery, what's my best
 Let it be so, for I am hopeless now,
 And it were well, if, when those weeds I have,
 That I might go disguised to my grave. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

A Room in Cleona's House.

Enter LODWICK and GRIMUNDO.

Lod. This is strange.

Grim. You know I have given you many precepts of honesty?

Lod. And you know how I have followed them.

Grim To mine own heart. I have made tedious discourses of heaven to you, and the moral virtues, numbered up the duties of a good prince; urged examples of virtues, for your imitation

Lod. To much purpose

Grim. Seemed to sweat with agony and vexation, for your obstinate courses; reproved you, nay, sometimes made complaints of you to the duke

Lod. And I have curs'd you for it, I remember

Grim Alas! my lord, I durst do no otherwise: was not the duke, your father, an honest man? and your brother now foolishly takes after him, whose credulities, when I had already cozened, I

56 THE GRATEFUL SERVANT. [*Act III.*

was bound to appear stoical, to preserve the opinion they had conceived of me.

Lod. Possible !

Grim. It speaks discretion and abilities in statesmen, to apply themselves to their prince's disposition, vary a thousand shapes , if he be honest we put on a form of gravity ; if he be vicious, we are parasites Indeed, in a politic commonwealth, if you observe well, there is nothing but the appearance and likeness of things that carrieth opinion : your great men will appear odd, and fantastical, and fools are often taken for wise officers , your most active gallants seem to carry their own hair, and your handsomest ladies their own faces : you cannot know a secretary from a scholar in black, nor a gentleman-usher in scarlet, from a captain , your judge, that is all composed of mercy, hath still the face of a philosopher, and to some appears more terrible and crabbed than the law itself All things are but representation, and, my lord, howsoever I have appeared to you, I am at heart one of your own sect, an epicure , be but so subtle to seem honest, as I do, and we will laugh at the foolish world in our cells, declaim against intemperate livers, and hug our own licentiousness, while we surfeit our souls in the dark with nectar and ambrosia.

Lod. Can this be earnest ? you did talk of hell, and bug-bears

Grim. I confess, and, were you in public, I would urge many other empty names to fright you ; put on my holiday countenance, and talk nothing but divinity, and golden sentences , look like a supercilious elder, with a starched face, and a tunable nose, whilst he is edifying his neighbour's woman.

Lod. You were a christian ; how came you to be converted ?

Grim. I think I had a name given me, and that's all I retain ; I could never endure really their severe discipline : marry, for my preferment, and other politic ends, I have, and can still dispense with fasting, prayer, and a thousand fond austerities ; though I do penance for them in private.

Lod Let me ask you one question , were you never drunk ?

Grim. A thousand times in my study ; that's one of my recreations.

Lod How chance I could never see it in you ? you know I would have been drunk for company

Grim But I durst not trust so young a sinner , for I always held it a maxim, to do wickedness with circumspection.

Lod Wickedness !

Grim I speak in the phrase of the foolish world, that holds voluptuousness a crime, which you and I, and every wise man, knows, to be the only happiness of life, and the inheritance we are born to

Lod But stay ; how comes it to pass, that accounting me so young a sinner, you now adventure to discover yourself ?

Grim To you ?

Lod To me.

Grim Good, my lord, conceive me ; you were a young sinner, and in your nonage , does that infer that you have made no growth, that you are a child still ? do you think that I have not wit to distinguish a principiant in vice, from a graduate ? shall I be afraid to lay open my secret impieties to you, that are almost as perfect as myself in epicurism ? I beseech you do not think I have so little manners to undervalue you

Lod. Very well, proceed

Grim And yet, my lord, with your princely license, you may learn, too, and indeed the first virtue that I would commend to your practice,

should be that, by which I have attained to this height and opinion, and that's hypocrisy.

Lod. Hypocrisy?

Grim Yes, a delicate white devil; do but fashion yourself to seem holy, and study to be worse in private, worse, you'll find yourself more active in your sensuality, and it will be another titillation, to think what an ass you make of the believing world, that will be ready to doat, nay, superstitiously adore you, for abusing them.

Lod This is pretty, wholesome doctrine; and, hark you, have you no wenches now and then?

Grim. Wenches? would the duke your brother had so many for his own sake, or you either.

Lod. Hast, i' faith?

Grim. Faith? why, judge by yourself, how do you think a man should subsist? wenching! why, 'tis the top-branch, the heart, the very soul of pleasure; I'll not give a chip to be an emperor, an I may not curvet as often as my constitution requires; lechery is the monarch of delight, whose throne is in the blood, to which all other sins do homage, and bow like serviceable vassals, petty subjects in the dominion of flesh.—Wenches! why, I have as many—yet, now I think better on it, I'll keep that to myself, store makes a good proverb.

Lod. Nay, nay, be free and open to me, you have my oath not to betray

Grim. Well, I'll not be nice to you; you little imagine (though I be married) that I am the greatest whoremaster in the dukedom.

Lod Not the greatest?

Grim Have a strong faith, and save my proofs. I? the usurer does not hoard up his gold, nor the country oppressor his corn more against a dear year! but *cautè si non castè*; my nun at home knows nothing: like a mole in the earth, I work deep, but invisible, I have my private houses, my gra-

naries, my magazines, bully, as many concubines, as would, collected, furnish the great Turk's seraglio.

Lod How do you conceal them? I should ne'er keep half so many, but 'twould be known.

Grim. You are then a novice in the art of Venus, and will tell tales out of the school, like your weak gallants of the first chin, that will brag what ladies they have brought to their obedience, that think it a mighty honour, to discourse how many forts they have beleaguered, how many they have taken by battery, how many by composition, and how many by stratagem, that will proclaim, how this madam kisses, how like ivy the tother *bona roba* embraced them, and with what activity a third plays her amorous prize: a fine commendation for such whelps, is it not?

Lod A fault, a fault, who can deny it? But what are those you practise with? a touch; come, what commodities?

Grim. Not sale-ware, mercenary stuff, that you may have in the suburbs, and now maintain traffic with ambassadors' servants, nor with laundresses, like your students in law, who teach her to argue the case so long, till she find a statute for it, nor with mistress silkworm in the city, that longs for cream and cakes, and loves to cuckold her husband in fresh air, nor with your waiting-gentlewoman, that is in love with poetry, and will not part with her honour under a copy of fine verses, or an anagram; nor with your coarse lady herself, that keeps a stallion, and cozens the old knight, and his two pair of spectacles, in the shape of a serving-man, but with your rich, fair, high-fed, glorious, and springing cat-a-mountains, ladies of blood, whose eyes will make a soldier melt, an he were composed of marble; whose very smile hath a magnetic force to draw up souls; whose voice will

60 THE GRATEFUL SERVANT. [*Act III.*

charm a satyr, and turn a man's prayers into ambition, make a hermit run to hell for a touch on her, and there hug his own damnation.

Lod. I have heard you, and now I think fit to discover myself to you, you are a rascal.

Grim Sir, I think I am one.

Lod Let not your wisdom think I can be so easily gull'd

Grim How, sir?

Lod You think you have talked very methodically, and cunningly all this while, and that I am, as they say, a credulous coxcomb, and cannot perceive, that by your politic jeers upon my pleasures, you labour to discredit, not only my recreations, but myself, to my own face. Do you hear? the time may come you will not dare these things, and yet, you shall see, I will not now so much as seem angry. preserve your humour, 'twill appear fresh on the stage, my learned gymnosophist, very well, excellent well.

Grim Why, does not your lordship believe me, then?

Lod Dost thou think throughout the year I will lose one minute of my pastime, for this your toothless satire, your mock-ballad? Go, get some pretty tune, 'twill do you a great deal of credit the next Christmas, to be presented by Folly in an anti-masque; I'll to a wench presently

Grim I came to carry you to one.

Lod. How? thou?

Grim Do not deceive yourself, come, you shall believe, and thank me, will that serve [the] turn? shall I be thought worthy to be trusted, then, if I do the office of a bawd for you, and play the pander with dexterity? will that convince you?

Lod. Yes, yes, then I will believe thee.

Grim Then go with me, and I will demonstrate.

Lod. Whither?

SC IV.] THE GRATEFUL SERVANT. 61

Grim I'll carry you to a lady, be not afraid, she is honest, a handsome piece of flesh, a lady that will bound ye, and rebound, a lady that will ravish you—

Lod Me?

Grim. With delight and admiration, one in whom doth flourish all the excellency of women, honesty only excepted, such a charming brow, speaking eye, springing cheek, tempting lip, swelling bosom.

Lod. Will you lead me to such a creature?

Grim. Yes

Lod. And shall I enjoy her in dalliance?

Grim Yes, and think yourself richer, than to be lord of both the Indies, here's my hand, cut it off, if I do not this feat for you when you please, and when you are satisfied with her, I'll help you to forty more,—but we are interrupted

Enter GIOTTO and SORANZO.

Giot There he is with Grimundo

Sor His late governor; he is giving him good counsel.

Giot. Pray heaven he have the grace to follow it

Grim. Consider, sir, but what will be the end
Of all these wicked courses

Lod Precious villain! [*Aside.*

Grim We must be circumspect

Lod No more; I have a crotchet new sprung:
Where shall I meet thee?

Grim. I'll expect you in the Park, be very
secret—

My lord, I can but grieve for you. [*Exit.*

Lod How have we all been cozen'd.— [*Aside.*
What, is my brother here?

Sor. This hour, my lord, he is now upon return.

62 THE GRATEFUL SERVANT. [*Act III.*

Lod. I'll see him, and then prepare me for this lady.
I feel a boiling in my veins already ;
This is the life of greatness, and of court ;
They are fools that will be frighted from their sport. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in Cleona's House.

Enter LODWICK and PIERO

Lod. Do't, an thou lovest me

Pier What d' ye mean, my lord ?

Lod. Nay, we must have such a deal of circumstance , I say, do it.

Pier What, that ?

Lod That ! is that such a piece of matter ? does it appear so horrid in your imagination, that you should look as if you were frighted, now ?

Pier. My lord, it is—

Lod. A thing your lust will prompt you to, but that you affect ceremony, and love to be entreated.

Pier With your lady ?

Lod. Yet again ? must I voice it like the town crier, and ram it into your head with noise ? you have not been observed so dull in a business of this supple nature

Pier But think on't again, I pray you, think a little better ; I have no great ambition to have my throat cut

Lod. By whom ?

Pier By you , you cannot choose but kill me for't, when I have done : name any other lady, or

half a score of them, as far as flesh will go, I have but a body, and that shall venture upon a disease to do you service, but your lady—

Lod. Have I not told thee my end?

Pier. Ay, sir, but I am very loath to begin with her; I know she will not let me do the feat, I had as good never attempt it

Lod. Is your mountainous promise come to this? Remember, if I do not turn honest—

Pier. My lord, do but consider—well, I will do what I can, and there be no remedy—but—

Lod. No butting

Pier. Nay, for butting, your lordship is like to do that better when I have done with your lady. Upon one condition I'll resolve.

Lod. What's that?

Pier. I must be a little plain with you, my lord, that you will not ask my blessing, I am like to be one of your godfathers

Lod. How?

Pier. The new name that I shall add to your other titles will stick in your head, and, I fear, corrupt your brains, too; many wise men have run mad upon it in the city

Lod. Never fear it, for if thou canst but corrupt her, I'll sue a divorce presently

Pier. And bring me in for a witness.

Enter ASTELLA.

Lod. She's here, fear nothing, I'll be thy protection, it were not amiss to cast away some kindness upon her.—Nay, I was coming to take my leave.

Ast. I know you never meant it

Lod. Thus my best intents are rewarded still! the more sin upon your conscience; you have a hard heart, but heaven forgive us all Astella,

64 THE GRATEFUL SERVANT. [*Act IV.*

farewell.—Piero, expect my return here.—Pray entertain this gentleman courteously in my absence, you know not how kindly I may take it.

Ast. I would you would enjoin me any testimony,
So I might be in hope to win your love

Lod. 'Tis in the will of women to do much, do
not despair; the proudest heart is but flesh, think
of that.

Ast. Of what?

Lod. Of flesh, and so I leave you. [*Exit*

Pier. Wilt please you, madam, walk into your
chamber?

I have something to impart will require more privacy.

Ast. If it be grief 'tis welcome [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Duke's Palace

Enter DUKE and Lords

Duke My soul I have examin'd, and yet find
No reason for my foolish passion
Our hot Italian doth affect these boys
For sin; I've no such flame, and yet methought
He did appear most lovely, nay, in his absence,
I cherish his idea, but I must
Exclude him while he hath but soft impression,
Being removed already in his person,
I lose him with less trouble [*Aside.*

Enter GIOTTO.

Got. Please your highness,
A stranger, but some gentleman of quality,

Sc. II.] THE GRATEFUL SERVANT. 65

Intending to leave Savoy, humbly prays
To kiss your hand

Duke. A gentleman? admit him.

Enter FOSCARI disguised, and kisses the Duke's hand.

Fos You are a gracious prince, and this high
favour

Deserves my person and my sword, when you
Vouchsafe so much addition to this honour,
To call them to your service.

Duke. You are noble.

Fos It is not compliment, my lord, alone,
Made me thus bold; I have a private message;
Please you command their distance.

Duke Wait without. *[Exeunt Lords.]*

Fos. Have you forgot this face? *[Discovers himself.]*

Duke Foscari's shadow!

Fos The substance, sir, and, once more, at your
feet

Duke Return'd to life! Rise, meet our arms:
why in

This cloud?

Fos Your pardon, royal sir, it will
Concern your highness to permit me walk
In some eclipse

Duke How?

Fos Be but pleas'd to grant
A little freedom to my speech, I shall
Demonstrate the necessity of this action:
I said I had a message, I come, sir, from
Cleona.

Duke From Cleona?

Fos From her, indeed, and in her name I must
Propound a question, to which she prays
You would be just and noble in your answer.

Duke Without disputing your commission,
Upon mine honour—

66 THE GRATEFUL SERVANT. [*Act IV.*

Fos Princes cannot stain it
Do you love her ?

Duke. Do I love her ? Strange !

Fos Nay, she would have you pause, and think
well ere

You give her resolution ,⁶ for, she bad me tell you,
She has been much afflicted since you left her,
About your love

Duke. About my love ? I prithee
Be more particular

Fos I shall. So soon
As you were gone, being alone, and full
Of melancholy thoughts—

Duke I left her so

Fos Willing to ease her head upon her couch,
Through silence, and some friendship of the dark,
She fell asleep, and in a short dream thought
Some spirit told her softly in her ear,
You did but mock her with a smooth pretence
Of love

Duke Ha !

Fos More , that you are fallen from honour,
Have taken impious flames into your bosom ;
That you are a bird of prey, and while she hath
No household lar, to wait upon her threshold,
You would fly in and seize upon her honour

Duke I hope she has no faith in dreams ?

Fos. And yet,
Divinity hath oftentimes descended
Upon our slumbers, and the blessed troops
Have, in the calm and quiet of the soul,
Conversed with us, taught men and women happy
Ways to prevent a tyrant's rage and lust.

Duke. But this was some most false, malicious
spirit,

⁶ You give her resolution,] i.e. resolve her , give her a de-
terminate answer.

That would insinuate with her white soul ,
There's danger if she cherish the illusion.⁷

Fos She cannot tell, she hath some fears,⁸ my lord ,
Great men have left examples of their vice—
And yet no jealousy of you, but what
A miracle doth urge, if this be one ,
If you but once more say you love Cleona,
And speak it unto me, and to the angels
Which in her prayers she hath invoked to hear you,
She will be confident, and tell her dream,
She cannot be illuded

Duke Though I need not
Give an account to any but to heaven,
And her fair self, Foscari, thou shalt tell her
With what alacrity I display my heart.
I love her

With chaste and noble fire , my intents are
Fair as her brow , tell her I dare proclaim it
In my devotions, at that minute when
I know a million of adoring spirits
Hover about the altar I do love her—

Fos Enough, enough. My lord, be pleas'd to hear

What I have now to say you have express'd
A brave and virtuous soul , but I must not
Carry this message to her , therefore take
Your own words back again—*I love Cleona
With chaste and noble fire , my intents are
Fair as her brow , I dare proclaim it, sir,
In my devotions, at that minute when
I know a million of adoring spirits
Hover about the altar.*

⁷ For *illusion* the old copies read *infusion*. That the text is now right, appears from the concluding line of the next speech

⁸ *Fos* She cannot tell, she hath some fears, &c.] i. e. she knows not what to think of it This example might be added to those produced in the notes on *Every Man in his Humour* but enough has now been done to relieve Shakspeare from the blunders of his commentators on this true expression.

68 THE GRATEFUL SERVANT. [*Act IV.*

Duke Do you mock me?

Fos Pardon a truth, my lord : I have apparell'd
My own sense with your language.

Duke Do you come
To affront us ? you had better have been sleeping
In your cold urn, as⁹ fame late gave you out,
And mingled with the rude forgotten ashes,
Than live to move our anger.

Fos Spare your frowns.
This earth weighs not my spirit down , a fear
Would die the paleness of my father's dust
Into a blush Sir, many are alive
Will swear I did not tremble at a cannon
When it struck thunder in mine ear, and wrapp'd
My head in her blue mists it is not breath
Can fright a noble truth ; nor is there magic
In the person of a king that plays the tyrant,
But a good sword can easily uncharm it.

Duke. You threaten us.

Fos Heaven avert so black a thought !
Though, in my honour's cause, I can be flame,
My blood is frost to treason , make me not
Belie my heart, for I do love Cleona,
And, my bold heart tells me, above all height
You can affect her with ; no birth or state
Can challenge a prerogative in love
Nay, be not partial, and you shall ascribe
To mine love's victory , for though I admit,
You value her above your dukedom, health,
That you would sacrifice your blood to avert
Any mishap should threaten that dear head,
All this is but above yourself , but I
Love her above herself, and while you can
But give your life, and all you have, to do
Cleona service, I can give away
Herself, Cleona's self, in my love to her !
I see you are at loss ; I'll reconcile

⁹ *as*] Old copy reads " and."

All, she is your's ; this minute ends my claim :
Live, and enjoy her happily , may you
Be famous in that beauteous empire, she
Blest in so great a lord !

Duke I must not be
O'ercome in honour, nor would do so great
A wrong to enjoy the blessing , I knew not
You were engaged.

Fos Ere you proceed, I must
Beseech you hear me out . I am but fresh
Return'd from travel ; in my absence, she
Heard I was slain , at my return, upon
The hearing of these honours you intend her,
And which I now believe from your own lip,
I found a means, and have wrought her already
Into a firm belief, that I am dead ;—
For I have but pretended I came from her
If, for my sake, you leave her now, I can
Make good her faith and die ; it shall not be said
I lived, and overthrew Cleona's fortune.

Duke. Stay, miracle of honour, and of love

Fos. If you proceed, as it concerns your happiness,
I can secure all fear of me ; I am
Resolved a course wherein I will be dead
To her, yet live to pray for her and you,
Although I never see you more , will you,
My royal lord ?

Duke Did ever lover plead
Against himself before ?

Fos. I love her still,
And in that study her advancement, sir,
In you, I cannot give her.

Duke. Well, I will
Still love her, and solicit.

Fos. And not open
That I am living ?

Duke. Not a syllable.

70 THE GRATEFUL SERVANT. [*Act IV.*

Fos I am confident, let me but kiss your hand.
Again, may blessings dwell with you for ever!

[*Exit.*

Duke. He was always noble but this passion
Has outgone history, it makes for me,
Hail to my courteous fate! Foscari, thanks;
Like the aged phoenix thy old love expires,
And from such death springs life to my desires
[*Exit.*

SCENE III

Foscari's Lodgings

Enter DULCINO.

Dul The father is not come yet, nor my lord
Return'd, yet, when they do, I have no way
To help myself; nor have I power to go
From hence. Sure this is the religious man.

Enter VALENTIO.

Val. Ha! 'tis the same

Dul. Father Valentio?

Val Dear Leonora.

Dul Sir, the same

Val Oh, let

My tears express my joys, what miracle
Gave you this liberty?

Dul I was rescued

By the happy valour of a gentleman,
To whom, in gratitude, I pay this service.
He bad me here expect a holy man,
And is it you?

Val The circumstance confirms it

Dul. Are you the good man whom my lord
expects?

Sc. III.] THE GRATEFUL SERVANT. 71

'Tis some refreshing, in the midst of sorrow,
To meet again.

Val. And heaven hath heard my prayer.

Dul. But I am miserable still, unless
Your counsel do relieve me

Val. Why, my charge ?

Dul. This noble gentleman, to whom I owe
My preservation, who appointed you
To meet him here, having resolved to enter
Into religion, hath been very urgent
For me to do so too, and, overcome
With many importunities, I gave
Consent, not knowing what was best to do :
Some cure, or I am lost, you know I cannot
Mix with religious men

Val. Did you consent ?

Dul. I did, and he is now upon the point
Of his return

Val. You are in a strait, I must
Confess, no matter, hold your purpose, and
Leave all to me — He is return'd

Enter FOSCARI

Fos. Good father,
Now I am ready, have you disposed him
For such a life ?

Val. He is constant to attend you,
I have prepared him, and made way to the abbot
For your reception.

Fos. I am blest, Dulcino ;
Nay, no distinction now, methinks we move
Upon the wings of cherubins already,
'Tis but a step to heaven, come, my sweet boy,
We climb by a short ladder to our joy [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.

A Garden.

Enter LODWICK and GRIMUNDO.

Grim. This, my lord, is her garden, into which, you see, my key hath given us private access.

Lod. 'Tis full of curiosity

Grim. You see that grove?

Lod. I do

Grim. There is her house of pleasure; let your eye entertain some delight here, while I give her happy knowledge you are entered [*Exit.*

Lod. Do so — An honest knave, I see that, how happy, happy shall I be in his conversation? I shall not need to keep any in fee to procure, an he be so well furnished — if ever I come to be duke, I will erect a magnificent college, endow it with revenue to maintain wenches, and with great pensions invite the fairest ladies from all parts of christendom into my seraglio; then will I have this fellow gelded, and make him my chief eunuch, ranger, or overseer of all my precious tame fowl.—

Enter behind three Satyrs, and lie down.

How now? what's this? some fury asleep? I'll take another path: another? into what wilderness has this fire-drake brought me? I dare not cry out for fear of waking them: would Grimundo were come back!

Enter SILVANUS.

Sil. *Rise, you drowsy satyrs, rise,
What strong charm doth bind your eyes ?
See who comes into your grove,
To embrace the queen of Love ;
Leap for joy, and frisk about,
Find your pretty Dryads out ;
Hand in hand compose a ring,
Dance and circle your new king,
Him Silvanus must obey,
Hence, and cry a holiday*
[Satyrs rise and run in, followed by Silvanus.]

Lod Some masque, a device to entertain me, ha² And yet I see not how they should prepare so much ceremony, unless they had expected me, a curse upon their ill faces, they shook me at first. How now !

Re-enter Satyrs pursuing three Nymphs ; they dance together Exeunt Satyrs , Nymphs seem to entreat him to go with them

Have you no tongues ? yes, I will venture myself in your company, an you were my Destinies, would there were no worse in hell ! [*they take him by the arms,*] must I walk like a bride, too² fortune set on afore, then, an thou dost not guide into a handsome place, would thy eyes were out, and so thou mayst be taken for the blind goddess indeed Forward to Venus' temple. [*Exeunt*

SCENE V.

The Same A Grove, with a banquet prepared.

Enter LODWICK, with the Nymphs, who suddenly leave him

Lod Vanish'd like fairies? [*music within*]—
Ha! what music's this? the motion of the spheres?
or am I in Elysium?—

Enter GRIMUNDO bareheaded, leading BELINDA, disguised in rich attire, and attended by Nymphs.

Here is Grimundo — Ha! what glorious creature's
this commits a rape upon my senses on every side?
but, when I look on her, all other admirations are
forgot, and lessen in her glory

Bel. My lord, you are welcome, nay, our lip is
not too precious for your salute most welcome
[*Kisses him*]

Grim I have kept my word, sir

Lod Thou hast obliged my soul

Grim Be high, and frolic! she loves to see one
domineer, when you're thoroughly acquainted
you'll give me thanks

Lod. Let us be private with as much speed as
may be,
Away with those gypsies, so, so.—

[*Exeunt all but Lodwick and Belinda.*]
I forgot to ask her name. [*aside.*]—Lady, I am
come—

Bel. Wilt please you use that chair?

Lod. You are not ignorant
Of the intents my blood hath brought with me;
Grimundo, I hope, hath told my coming, lady,

And you, I'm confident, will justify
His promise of some pastime

Bel He's a servant,
Whose bosom I dare trust, the son of night,
And yet more secret than his mother, he
Hath power to engage me, and I shall
Take pride in my obedience. first be pleased
To taste, what, in my duty, I prepared
For your first entertainment, these but serve
To quicken appetite [Recorders.

Lod I like this well,
I shall not use much courtship Where's this
music?

Bel Doth it offend your ear?

Lod. 'Tis ravishing,
Whence doth it breathe?

Bel If you command, we'll change
A thousand airs, till you find one is sweet,
And high enough to rock your wanton soul
Into Elysian slumbers

Lod Spare them all,
I hear them in thy accents.

Bel. Orpheus,
Calliope's famed son, upon whose lute
Myriads of lovers' ghosts do wait, and hang
Upon the golden strings to have their own
Griefs soften'd with his noble touch, shall come
Again from hell with fresh and happier strains,
To move your fancy

Lod. That were very strange.—
She is poetical, more than half a Fury — [Aside.
But we prate all this while, and lose the time
We should employ more precious, I need
No more provocatives, my veins are rich,
And swell with expectation shall we to
This vaulting business?

Bel I shall hope, my lord,
You will be silent in mine honour, when

76 THE GRATEFUL SERVANT. [*Act IV.*

You have enjoy'd me, and not boast my name
To your disgrace, not mine

Lod Your name ! why, lady,
By my desires, I know it not , I hope
You have receiv'd a better character,
Than to suspect my blabbing : I'll not trust
My ghostly father with my sins, much less
Your name.

Bel. O, let me fly into your arms,
These words command my freedom , I shall love
You above myself , and, to confirm how much
I dare repose upon your faith, I'll not
Be nice to tell you who I am.

Lod Pray do.

Bel. I am a princess

Lod. How ?

Bel. Believe me, sir

Lod I am glad of that ; but of what country,
lady ?

Bel. And my dominions are more spreading than
Your brother's.

Lod. Ha ' that's excellent.— If the villain
Do prosper with my wife, I'll marry her. [*Aside.*

Bel. I was not born to perch upon a dukedom,
Or some such spot of earth, which the dull eyes
Examine by a multiplying glass,
And wonder at , the Roman eagles never
Did spread their wings upon so many shores ;
The silver moon of Ottoman looks pale
Upon my greater empire ; kings of Spain,
That now may boast their ground doth stretch as
wide

As day, are but poor landlords of a cell,
Compar'd to mine inheritance : the truth is,
I am the devil

Lod. How ' a devil ?

Bel. Yes

Be not affrighted, sir ; you see I bring

Sc. V.] THE GRATEFUL SERVANT. 77

No horror to distract you : if this presence
Delight you not, I'll wear a thousand shapes
To please my lord.

Lod Shapes, quotha ?

Bel. Do not tremble.

Lod A devil ? I see her cloven foot : I have not
The heart to pray , Grimundo has undone me.

[*Aside*.

Bel. I did command my spirits to put on
Satyrs, and nymphs, to entertain you first,
Whiles others in the air maintain'd a quire
For your delight : why do you keep such distance
With one that loves you ? recollect yourself,
You came for pleasure , what doth fright my love ?
See, I am covetous to return delight,
And satisfy your lustful genius .
Come, let us withdraw, and on the bed prepared,
Beget a race of smooth and wanton devils—

Lod. Hold ! come not near me , ha ! now I compare

The circumstances, they induce me to
A sad belief , an I had breath enough,
I would ask a question

Bel Any thing, and be
Resolved.

Lod How came Grimundo and your devilship
Acquainted ?

Bel He hath been my agent long,
And hath deserved, for his hypocrisy,
And private sins, no common place in hell ,
He's now my favourite, and we enjoy
Each other daily , but he never did
By any service more endear my love,
Than by this bringing you to my acquaintance,
Which I desired of him long since, with many
And fierce solicit , but he urged his fear,
You were not ripe enough in sin for his
Discovery.

Lod I feel myself dissolve
In sweat.

Bel My lord, I must acknowledge, I
Have ever had you in my first regard
Of any mortal sinner, for you have
The same propension with me, though with
Less malice spirits of the lower world
Have several offices assign'd, some are
To advance pride, some avarice, some wrath,
I am for lust, a gay voluptuous devil
Come, let's embrace, for that I love, my lord;
Do, and command a regiment of hell,
They all are at your service

Lod O my soul!

Bel Beside, my lord, it is another motive
To honour you, and, by my chains, which now
I have left behind, it makes me grow enamour'd;
Your wife, that says her prayers at home, and weeps
Away her sight, O, let me hug you for it!
Despise her vows still, spurn her tears again
Into her eyes, thou shalt be prince in hell,
And have a crown of flames, brighter than that
Which Ariadne wears of fixed stars,
Come, shall we dally now?

Lod My bones within
Are dust already, and I wear my flesh
Like a loose upper garment [*Aside*

Bel You are afraid,
Be not so pale at liver, for I see
Your blood turn coward. how would you be
frighted
To look upon me clothed with all my horror,
That shudder at me now? Call up your spirit.

Lod 'There are too many spirits here already,
Would thou wert conjured, what shall I do?

Bel What other than to bathe your soul in
pleasure,
And never-heard-of ravishings, we two

Will progress through the air in Venus' chariot,
 And when her silver doves grow faint and tire,
 Cupid and Mercury shall lend us wings,
 And we will visit new worlds when we are
 Weary of this ; we both will back the winds,
 And hunt the phoenix through the Arabian deserts ,
 Her we will spoil of all her shining plumes,
 To make a blazing coronet for thy temples,
 Which from the earth beheld, shall draw up wonder,
 And puzzle learn'd astronomy to distinguish it
 From some new constellation . the sea
 Shall yield us pastime, when, enveloped
 With clouds blacker than night, we range about ;
 And, when with storms we overthrow whole navies,
 We'll laugh to hear the mariners exclaim
 In many thousand shipwrecks , what do I
 Urge these particulars ? let us be one soul .
 Air, earth, and hell, is yours

Lod I have a suit,
 But dare not speak

Bel Take courage, and from me
 Be confident to obtain

Lod I am not well ,
 The name of devil came too quick upon me,
 I was not well prepared for such a sound,
 It turn'd my blood to ice, and I have not
 Recover'd so much warmth yet, to desire
 The sport I came for , would you please but to
 Dismiss me for a time, I would return,
 When I have heat and strength enough for such
 A sprightly action

Bel I do find your cunning,
 You pretend this excuse but to gain time,
 In hope you may repent

Lod And please your grace,
 Not I

Bel You will acquaint some priest or other,
 A tribe of all the world I most abhor,

80 THE GRATEFUL SERVANT. [*Act IV.*

And they will fool you with their ghostly counsel,
Perplex you with some fond divinity,
To make you lose the glories I have promised.

Lod. I could never abide such melancholy people.

Bel. In this I must betray, we spirits have
No perfect knowledge of men's thoughts, I see
Your blood's enfeebled, and although my love
Be infinite, and every minute I
Shall languish in your absence, yet your health
I must preserve, 'tis that that feeds my hopes
Hereafter I shall perfectly enjoy thee.
You will be faithful, and return?

Lod. Suspect not.

Bel. One kiss shall seal consent. [*Kisses him.*

Lod. Her breath smells of brimstone.

Bel. When next we meet, like to the Gemini
We'll twine our limbs in one another, till
We appear one creature in our active play;
For this time I'll dismiss you,—do not pray;
A spirit shall attend you.

Lod. *Do not pray?*

When did I last? I know not; farewell, horror!
He wants a wench that goes to the devil for her.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in Cleona's House.

Enter ASTELLA and PIERO.

Ast. Touch me not, villain! piety defend me,
Art thou a man, or have I all this while
Convers'd with some ill angel in the shape
Of my lord's friend?

Pier. What needeth all this stir?
I urge your benefit.

Ast. To undo my name,
Nay soul, for ever, with one act.

Pier. One act!
There be those ladies that have acted it
A hundred times, yet think themselves as good
Christians as other women, and do carry
As much opinion too for virtue.

Ast. Heaven!

Pier. What harm can there be in't? can you
neglect
Revenge so just, so easy, and delightful?

Ast. Thy breath doth scatter an infection.

Pier. Scatter a toy! be wise, and lose no time,
You know not when such opportunity
May tempt you to't again for my own part,
I can but do you pleasure in't, your blood
Should need no other argument

Ast. I'll sooner
Empty my veins: not to redeem thy soul,
Should sin betray mine honour to one loose
Embrace. Hence, traitor! I do feel corruption
In the air already; it will kill me if
I stay: hereafter, I'll not wonder how
My Lord became so wicked

Enter JACOMO behind.

Pier. You will lead me
To some more private room, I'll follow, madam.

[Exit Ant. followed by Piero]

Jac. More private room, said he? I smell a
business I thought this gamester had been gone;
is it even so? have at your burrow, madam; he's a
shrewd ferret, I can tell you, and, just in the nick,
here comes the warrener.

Enter Lodwick.

Lod This devil does not follow me, nor any of her cubs, I hope, I am glad I came off so well, I never was so hot to engender with the night-mare. Could Grimundo find no other creature for my coupling but a succuba? methinks I smell the fiend still

Jac. He talks of her already.

Lod. I am very jealous

Jac Not without a cause, my lord.

Lod Ha! there she is again.

Jac. No, my lord, she is new gone into the withdrawing chamber.

Lod. Ha! who? who is gone?

Jac A gentlewoman that you were late in company with

Lod. The devil? look well about you then, a spirit of her constitution will set the house on fire instantly, and make a young hell on't. When came she?—I shall be everlastingly haunted with goblins —Art sure thou sawest her?

Jac. Saw her? yes, and him too.

Lod. Grimundo?

Jac No, not Grimundo; but I saw another gentleman, that has been held a notable spirit, familiar with her.

Lod. Spirit, and familiar?

Jac. Piero, my lord.

Lod. Piero?

Jac. I will not say what I think, but I think somewhat, and I know what I say; if she be a devil, as she can be little less, if she be as bad as I imagine, somebody's head will ache for't, for mine own part, I did but see and hear, that's all,—and yet I have not told you half.

Lod. Let me collect, sure this fellow, by the circumstance, means Astella.—Thou talkest all this while of my lady, dost not?

Jac. Yes, my lord, she is all the ladies in the house, for my lady and mistress was sent for to the abbey

Lod. I had forgotten myself, this is new horror.—Is my lady and Piero so familiar, say'st, and in private?

Jac. What I have said I have said, and what they have done, they have done by this time

Lod. Done? and I'll be active too.

Jac. Shew what feats of activity you please, but I believe he hath vaulted into your saddle already [*Exit Lodwick.*]—So, so, now I am alone, which is, as the learned say, *solus cum sola*, I will entertain some honourable thoughts of my preferment.

Re-enter PIERO

Hum! the gamester is return'd.—What ' melancholy?—Then he has done't, I'll lay my head to a fool's cap on't; I was always so myself after my capering—Did you not meet the prince, sir?

Pier. No; where is he?

Jac. He was here but now, and enquired how his lady did; and I told him you could tell the state of her body better than I, for I thought you were gone in before him.

Pier. I did but see her.

Jac. That's not the right on't, it runs, *For I did but kiss her, for I did but kiss her*¹

Pier. It was enough for me to kiss her hand

Jac. And feel her pulse

Pier. How, sir?

Jac. As a noble gentleman should, sir.

¹ *For I did but kiss her, &c*] This is the burthen of an old song, once much in vogue. Shuley has it again in *Love's Cruelty*.

84 THE GRATEFUL SERVANT. [Act V.

Pier. I am suspected, I must turn this fool's discourse another way, the present theme is dangerous [*Aside*]—What! I hear say, Jacomo, your lady is like to rise?

Jac. My lady does rise as early as other ladies do, that go to bed late

Pier. And there will be notable preferment for you?

Jac. 'Tis very likely; my lady understands herself

Pier. There is a whisper abroad

Jac. 'Tis a good hearing.

Pier. What if she be married in this absence?

Jac. Very likely; I say nothing, but I think I know my lady's secrets: for the triumph, as pageants, or running at tilt, you may hear more shortly; there may be reasons of state to have things carried privately, they will break out in bells and bonfires hereafter: what their graces have intended for me, I conceal

Pier. He is wound up already. [*Aside.*

Jac. You are a gentleman I shall take particular notice of

Pier. I hope a man may get a place for himself or his friend, for ready money.

Jac. 'Twere pity of my life else; you shall command the first that falls, but you must swear you came in without chafering or buying, imagine it a plump parsonage, or other church-living, the oath will go down the more easily. Divines make no scruple

Pier. But what if, after all this imagination of a marriage, fortune should forbid the bans.

Jac. How? Fortune's a slut, and because she is a whore herself, would have no lady marry and live honest.

Re-enter LODWICK.

Lod Piero ! where's Piero ?

Pier Ha ! my lord, I have done't

Lod. Ha ! what ?

Pier I have pleased your excellence . An you had made more haste, you might have come to the fall o' the deer , delicate venison !

Lod Thou hast not enjoy'd her ?

Pier They talk of Jupiter and a golden shower ; give me a Mercury with wit and tongue, he shall charm more ladies on their backs, than the whole bundle of gods ; pshaw !

Lod Shoot not so much compass ,* be brief, and answer me , hast thou enjoy'd her ?

Pier. I have , shall I swear ?

Lod No, thou wilt be damn'd sufficiently without an oath ; in the mean time I do purpose to reward your nimble diligence . draw !

Pier What do you mean ?

Jac. An you be so sharp set, I do mean to withdraw [Exit.

Lod I do mean to cut your throat, or perish in the attempt , you see your destiny . my birth and spirit will not let me kill thee in the dark , draw, and be circumspect.

Pier Did not you engage me to it ? have I done any thing but by your directions, my lord ?

Lod 'Tis all one, my mind is alter'd , I will see what complexion your heart bears , do not neglect my fury, but guard yourself discreetly , if I hit upon the right vein I may cure your disease o' the blood.

Pier Hold, an there be no remedy, I will die better than I have lived , you shall see, sir, that I dare fight with you, and if I fall by your sword, my base consent to act your will deserves it. [Draws.

* *Shoot not so much compass*] Go not so far about , aim more directly at the mark.

Lod. Ha!

Pier. I find your policy, and by this storm
You'd prove my resolution,
How boldly I dare stand to't, when this great
Dishonour comes to question.

Prepare to be displeased—she is a miracle
Of chastity ; impenetrable like
A marble, she return'd my sinful arrows,
And they have wounded me . forgive me, lady !

Lod. I prithee, tell me true ; now thou shalt
swear.

Hast thou not done it ?

Pier. Not by my hope of heaven,
Which I had almost forfeited, had not she
Relieved me with her virtue , in this truth
I dare resign my breath

Lod. I dare believe thee .

What did I see in her to doubt her firmness ?

Re-enter JACOMO with ASTELLA.

Jac. Here they are, madam, you do not mean to
run upon their naked weapons.

Lod. Piero, thou shalt wonder.

Ast. What means my lord ?

Lod. You shall know that, anon.

My lady, go with me

Ast. Whither you please,

You shall not need to force me, sir ; you may
Lead me with gossamer, or the least thread
The industrious spider weaves.

[*Exeunt Lod. and Astel.*

Jac. Whimseys caribit soes³

³ *Jac. Whimseys caribit soes*] Perhaps we have here some vulgar exclamation miserably disjointed at the press , if not, the ambitious Jacomo soars far above my comprehension. The publisher of the second edition has exchanged one piece of hopeless nonsense for another, and given the passage thus, " Whimseys our ibit soes."

Pier. What fury thus transports him ? At some distance
I'll follow him, he may intend some violence ;
She is too good to suffer ; I shall grow
In love with my conversion [*Exit.*

Jac. *Grow in love* with a coxcomb ! his last words stick in my stomach still ; *Fortune forbid the bans*, quotha : 'Slid, if Fortune should forbid the bans, and my lady be not converted into a duchess, where are all my offices ?
Hum ! where are they, quoth I ? I do not know ;
But of all tunes I shall hate *Fortune my foe* [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

An Abbey The Abbot's Lodgings.

Enter SORANZO and GIOTTO

Sor. Know you not who they are, my lord, this day
Receive the habit ?

Gioto I can meet with no
Intelligence

Sor They are persons of some quality

Gioto. The duke does mean to grace their ceremony.

Sor. He was invited by the abbot to their clothing.

Gioto Which must be in private, too, here in his lodgings.

Sor. Well, we shall not long expect them ; his grace enters.

Enter Duke and GRIMUNDO

Grim It help'd much that he never saw my wife.

Duke. Dost think 'twill take '

Grim. There's some hope, my lord, already,
And heaven may prosper it.

Duke. We cannot endear thee to thy merit

Sor How the duke embraces him !

Enter CLEONA, attended.

Duke Cleona, you are welcome, 'tis a blest
Occasion that makes us meet so happily

Cle. It pleased my lord abbot to invite me
hither.

Duke. I appear too upon his friendly sum-
mons.

We'll thank him for this presence.

Sor The abbot enters.

Enter the Abbot, attended with VALENTIO and other religious men, having bowed to the Duke, he takes a chair ; being sate, VALENTIO goes out, and presently re-enters, leading FOSCARI and DULCINO in St. Benet's habit ; he presents them, they kneel at the Abbot's feet

Abb Speak your desire.

Fos. We kneel to be received into the number
Of those religious men that dedicate
Themselves to heaven, i' the habit of St Benet ;
And humbly pray that you would rectify
And teach our weak devotion the way
To imitate his life, by giving us
The precepts of your order.

Abb Let me tell you,
You must take heed the ground of your resolve
Be perfect, yet look back into the spring
Of your desires ; religious men should be
Tapers, first lighted by a holy beam :
Meteors may shine like stars, but are not constant.

Fos. We covet not the blaze, which a corrupt

And slimy matter may advance; our thoughts
Are flamed with charity.

Abb. Yet, ere you embark,
Think on your hard adventure ; there is more
To be examined beside your end,
And the reward of such an undertaking ;
You look on heaven afar off, like a landscape
Whither wild thoughts, like your imperfect eye,
Without examination of those ways
Oblique and narrow, are transported, but
In the walk and trial of the difficulties
That interpose, you tire like inconsiderate
And weary pilgrims.

Fos. We desire to know
The rules of our obedience.

Abb. They will startle
Your resolutions · can your will, not used
To any law beside itself, permit
The knowledge of severe and positive limits ?
Submit to be controll'd, employ'd sometime
In servile offices, against the greatness
Of your high birth, and sufferance of nature ?
Can you, forgetting all youthful desires,
And memory of the world's betraying pleasures,
Check wanton heat, and consecrate your blood
To chastity, and holy solitude ?

Sor. I will not be religious, Giotto.

Got. Nor I, upon these terms , I pity them.

Abb. Can you quit all the glories of your state,
Resign your titles and large wealth, to live
Poor and neglected , change high food and surfeits
For a continual fasting, your down beds
For hard and humble lodging ; your gilt roofs
And galleries for a melancholy cell,
The pattern of a grave, where, stead of music
To charm you into slumbers, to be waked
With the sad chiming of the sacring bell ?
Your robes, whose curiosity hath tired

Invention, and the silk-worm, to adorn you,
 Your blaze of jewels, that your pride hath worn
 To burn out envy's eyes, must be no more
 Your ornament; but coarse and rugged clothing
 Harrow your soft skins: these and many more
 Unkind austerities will much offend
 Your tender constitutions, yet, consider

Duke. He does insist much on their state and
 honour:

May we not know them yet?

Val One of them, sir,
 Doth owe this character [*Gives him a paper.*]

Duke It is Foscari,
 I find his noble purpose; he is perfect.—
 I honour thee, young man.—She must not see
 This paper

Val This doth speak the other, sir —

[*Gives another paper.*]

Duke. 'Tis at large—ha!—Grimundo, I prithee
 read,

I dare not credit my own eyes: *Leonora*,
 So it begins, *Leonora*—

Grim [*reads*]—*Leonora*, daughter to the late
Gonzaga, duke of *Milan*, fearing she should be
 compell'd to marry her uncle, in the habit of a page,
 and the conduct of father *Valentio*, came to *Savoy*
 to try the love and honour of his excellence, who
 once solicited by his ambassador—

Duke No more, I am extasied
 If so much blessing may be met at once,
 I'll do my heart that justice to proclaim
 Thou mad'st a deep impression, as a boy
 I loved thee too, for it could be no other,
 But with a divine flame. fair *Leonora*,
 Like to a perfect magnet, though enclos'd
 Within an ivory box, through the white wall

Sc. II.] THE GRATEFUL SERVANT. 91

Shot forth embracing virtue : now, oh now,
Our destinies are kind. [*Embraces her.*]

Fos This is a mystery, *Dulcino* !

Leon. No, my lord, I am discover'd ;
You see *Leonora* now, a *Milan* lady,
If I may hope your pardon.—

Duke. Love and honour,
Thou dost enrich my heart : *Cleona* read,
And entertain the happiness to which
Thy fate predestined thee, whilst I obey
Mine here [*Gives Cleona the letter, which she reads.*]

Cle. How, my lord *Foscari* !
If he be living, I must die before
This separation be confirm'd : my joy
Doth overcome my wonder, can you leave
The world while I am in't ?

Fos. Dearest *Cleona* !
Then willingly I dispense with my intention,
And, if the duke have found another mistress,
It shall be my devotion to pray here,
And my religion to honour thee.

Abb Many blessings crown
This union.

Fos Your pardon, gracious princess,
I did impose too much.

Leon I studied
To be your GRATEFUL SERVANT, as yourself
Unto the fair *Cleona* ; we are all happy.

Enter LODWICK, ASTELLA, and PIERO.

Lod. They're here.—
By your leave, brother, my lord abbot,
[*Kneels to him.*]

Witness enough

Duke. Why thus kneels *Lodwick* ?

Lod To make confession, brother, and beg
heaven's,

92 THE GRATEFUL SERVANT. [*Act V.*

And every good man's pardon, for the wrong
I have done this excellent lady, whom my soul
New marries, and may heaven—Ha! do not hold
A justice back : Grimundo is a traitor,
Take heed on him, and say your prayers ; he is
The devil's grand solicitor for souls ;
He hath not such another cunning engine
In the world, to ruin virtue.

Grim. I, my lord ?

Lod. You are no hypocrite !—He does every night
Lie with a succuba , he brought me to one,
Let him deny it,—but heaven had pity on me.

*Enter BELINDA, disguised as before, and kneels to
the Duke*

Ha ! there she is , do you not see her ? Devil,
I do defy thee !—My lord, stand by me.—
I will be honest, spight of him and thee,
And lie with my own wife

Giot Sure the prince is mad.

Duke O rise, most noble lady, well deserving
A statue to record thy virtue.

Lod. Ha!

Duke. This is Grimundo's wife

Grim. 'Tis so, my lord.

Bel No devil, but the servant of your virtue,
That shall rejoice if we have thrived in your
Conversion.

Ast. I hope it

Lod Have I been
Mock'd into honesty ? are not you a Fury ?
And you a sly and subtle epicure ?

Grim I do abhor the thought of being so ;
Pardon my seeming, sir.

Abb. O go not back,
Prevent thus seasonably your real torment

Lod. I am fully waken'd , be this kiss the pledge
Of my new heart.

Pier. True love stream in your bosoms ,
Lady, forgive me too.

Ast. Most willingly.

Duke. Our joy is perfect :—Lodwick, salute
A sister in this lady, Leonora,
The object of our first love ; take the story
As we return —Lord abbot, we must thank
You for contriving this , and you, good father.—
Embassadors shall be dispatch'd to Milan,
To acquaint them where, and how their absent
princess,
Leonora, hath disposed herself , meanwhile,
Poets shall stretch invention, to express
Triumphs for thee, and Savoy's happiness. [*Excunt.*

THE
TRAITOR.

THE TRAITOR] This Tragedy was entered in the office book of the Master of the Revels, May 4th, 1631, and given to the press in 1635. Some commendatory verses are prefixed by Will Atkins, of Gray's Inn, which will be found in the first volume. The title of the Old Copy is, *The Traytor A Tragedie, written by James Shirley. Acted by her Majesties Servants.*

This Tragedy was revived at the Restoration.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

WILLIAM CAVENDISH,¹

EARL OF NEWCASTLE, VISCOUNT MANSFIELD,
LORD BOLSOVER AND OGLE.

MY LORD,

THE honour of your name, and clearness of soul, which want no living monuments in the heart of princes, have already made the title of this poem innocent, though not the author; who confesseth his guilt of a long ambition, by some service to be known to you, and his boldness at last, by this rude attempt to kiss your Lordship's hands.

Fame with one breath hath possessed the world with your Lordship's general knowledge, and excellent nature, both, an ornament to your blood, and in both you stand the rare and justified example to our age. To the last, these cold papers address themselves, which if (with truce to your richer contemplations) you vouchsafe to read and smile upon, not only they shall receive a life, beyond what the scene exactly gave them, in the presentment, rewarded with frequent applause, but your Lordship shall infinitely honour him, whose glory is to be mentioned

the humblest of your Lordship's Servants,

JAMES SHIRLEY

¹ See Jonson, vol ix p. 17

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Alexander, *duke of Florence.*
Lorenzo, *his kinsman and favourite.*
Sciarrha, *brother to Amidea.*
Pisano, *lover to Oriana*
Cosmo, *his friend.*
Florio, *Sciarrha's brother.*
Depazzi, *a creature of Lorenzo's*
Frederico, } *noblemen.*
Alonzo, }
Petruchio, *Pisano's servant*
Rogerio, *page to Depazzi.*
Gentlemen
Servants.

Amidea, *Sciarrha's sister.*
Oriana, *beloved of Pisano.*
Morosa, *her mother.*

Youth
Lust.
Pleasure.
Death
Furies.

SCENE, Florence

THE
TRAITOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in Pisano's House.

Enter PISANO and PETRUCHIO

Pis Didst bid him come?

Pet I did.

Pis Go back again,
And tell him I am gone abroad.

Pet He's here
Already, sir

Enter Cosmo

Pis Oh, Cosmo!

Cos Dear Pisano,
That I could let thee nearer into me!
My heart counts this embrace a distance, yet,
Let us incorporate.

Pis I was wooing, Cosmo,
My man, to tell thee I was gone abroad,
Before thou cam'st

Cos. How's this? your words and looks
Are strange, and teach me to infer I am
Not welcome, that, on riper counsel you
Do wish my absence

Pis. What, for telling truth?

He thus should have but made thee fit to see
Thy friend ; thou com'st with expectation
To hear me talk sense, dost not ?

Cos Yes

Pis. La, now !

And to discourse as I was wont, of state,
Our friendship, or of women ? no such matter.

Cos. This is more wild than usual , your language
Is not so clear as it was wont , it carries
Not the same even thread , although some words
May knit, the sense is scatter'd.

Pis. Right, right, Cosmo,
The reason is, I have straggled,
And lost myself, I know not where, in what
Part of the world :—and would not this have shewn¹
As well in him [*Points to Pet*] to have prepar'd
thee now ?

Cos What humour's this, Pisano ? I am yet
To understand

Pis To understand ? why, Cosmo,
Had I not changed my dialect and method,
What need this tedious apology ?
That's it, I would have had thee know before.
Thou canst not understand me, yet thou hast
A name in Florence, for a ripe young man,
Of nimble apprehension, of a wise
And spreading observation , of whom
Already our old men do prophesy
Good, and great things, worthy thy fair dimensions¹

Cos. This is an argument above the rest,
Pisano is not well ; for being temperate,
He was not wont to flatter and abuse
His friend.

Pis Beside, there is another reason,
Thou shouldst discover me at heart, through all
These mists , thou art in love, too, and who cannot,
That feels himself the heat, but shrewdly guess

¹ *Part of the world —and would not this have shewn*] The old copy reads, “ Part of the world, and would not this be shewn.”

At every symptom of that wanton fever?—
Oh, Cosmo!

Cos What misfortune can approach
Your happy love in fairest Amidea?
You have been long contracted, and have pass'd
The tedious hope, Hymen doth only wait
An opportunity to light his torch,
Which will burn glorious at your nuptials:
Let jealous lovers fear, and feel what 'tis
To languish, talk away their blood, and strength,
Question their unkind stars, you have your game
Before you, sir.

Pis Before me? where? why dost
Thou mock me, Cosmo? she's not here.

Cos It is
No pilgrimage to travel to her lip

Pis 'Tis not for you

Cos How, sir, for me? you've no
Suspicion I can be guilty of
A treason to our friendship Be so just,
If malice have been busy with my fame,
To let me know—

Pis. You hastily interpret
Thy pardon, I have only err'd, but not
With the least scruple of thy faith and honour
To me Thou hast a noble soul, and lov'st me
Rather too well, I would thou wert my enemy,
That we had been born in distant climes, and never
Took cement from our sympathies in nature.
Would we had never seen, or known each other!
This may seem strange from him that loves thee,
Cosmo.

More precious than his life.

Cos Love me, and wish
This separation?

Pis I will give thee proof,
So well I love thee, nothing in the world
Thy soul doth heartily affect, but I

Do love it too: does it not trouble thy
 Belief? I wear not my own heart about me,
 But thine exchang'd, thy eyes let in my objects;
 Thou hear'st for me, talk'st, kissest, and enjoy'st
 All my felicities

Cos. What means this language?

Pis. But what's all this to thee? Go to Oriana,
 And bathe thy lips in rosy dew of kisses,
 Renew thy eye, that looks as Saturn hung
 Upon the lid, take in some golden beam,
 She'll dart a thousand at one glance, and if,
 At thy return, thou find'st I have a being
 In this vain world, I'll tell thee more. [Exit.

Cos. But, sir, you must not part so.

Pet. Not with my good will,
 I have no great ambition to be mad

Cos. Petruchio, let me conjure thee, tell
 What weight hangs on thy master's heart? why
 does he

Appear so full of trouble?

Pet. Do you not guess?

Cos. Point at the cause, I cannot.

Pet. Why he loves—

Cos. The beauteous Amidea, I know that.

Pet. Some such thing was, but you are his
 friend, my lord.

His soul is now devoted to Oriana,
 And he will die for her, if this ague hold him

Cos. Ha!

Pet. Your doublet pinch you, sir? I cannot tell,
 But ne'er a woman in the world should make
 Me hang myself. It may be, for his honour,
 He'll choose another death, he is about one,
 For 'tis not possible, without some cure,
 He should live long, he has forgot to sleep,
 And for his diet, he has not eaten this se'nnight

As much as would choak a sparrow ; a fly is
An epicure to him.—Good sir, do you counsel
him — *[Exit Cosmo.]*

So, so, it works ;
This was my lord Lorenzo's plot, and I
Have been his engine in the work, to batter
His love to Amidea, by praising
Oriana to him.—He is here.—My lord—

Enter LORENZO attended.

Lor Petruchio, where's your lord ? how moves
the work ?

Pet. To your own wish, my lord , he has thrown
off

The thought of Amidea, and is mad
For Cosmo's mistress, whom, by your instructions,
I have commended so.

Lor My witty villain !

Pet. Cosmo is with him, to whom cunningly
I have discovered his disease, and I
Beseech you interrupt them not.

Lor This may
Have tragical effects, Petruchio :
For Cosmo, we shall prune his fortune thus.
Oriana's wealth would swell him in the state ;
He grows too fast already.—Be still ours

Pet. My lord, you bought my life, when you
procured
My pardon from the duke. *[Exit Lorenzo.]*

Re-enter PISANO and COSMO

Pis. O, friend, thou canst not be so merciful,
To give away such happiness . my love
Is, for some sin I have committed, thus
Transplanted I look'd rather thou shouldst kill me,
Than give away this comfort ; 'tis a charity

Will make thee poor, and 'twere a great deal better
That I should languish still, and die.

Cos. While I have art to help thee? Oriana
And I were but in treaty, howsoever,
I were not worthy to be call'd his friend,
Whom I preferr'd not to a mistress. If
You can find dispensation to quit
With Amidea, your first love, be confident
Oriana may be won, and it were necessary
You did prepare the mother, be not modest.

Pis Each syllable is a blessing — Hark, Petruchio. [Whispers him.

Cos There is an engine levell'd at my fate,
And I must arm. [Aside

Pis. Away! [Exit Petruchio.

Cos. This for thy comfort.
Although some compliments have pass'd between
Me and Oriana, I am not warm
Yet in the mother's fancy, whose power may
Assist you much; but lose no time: let's follow.

Pis Thou miracle of friendship! [Exeunt.

SCENE II

A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, FREDERICO, FLORIO, and ALONZO.

Duke. Letters to us? from whom?

Alon. Castruchio.

Duke The exile? whence?

Alon Sienna, my good lord;
It came enclos'd within my letter, which
Impos'd my care and duty, in the swift
Delivery.

[He delivers letters, which the Duke reads.

Fred The duke is pale o' the sudden

Duke A palsy does possess me , ha ! Lorenzo ?
Our cousin the enemy of our life and state !
My bosom kinsman ?—Not too loud , the traitor
May hear, and by escape prevent our justice

[*Aside*

Flo What traitor ?

Duke. Signior Alonzo, come you hither ;
What correspondence maintain you with this
Castruchio ?

Alon None, my lord ; but I am happy
In his election, to bring the first
Voice to your safety

Duke Most ingrateful man !
Turn rebel ! I have worn him in my blood.

Alon 'Tis time to purge the humour.

Duke I will do it —
Our guard !—Were he more precious, had he
shared

Our soul, as he but borrows of our flesh,
This action makes him nothing , had I been
In heaven, I could have lent him my eternity
He turn conspirator ? oh, the fate of princes !
But stay, this paper speaks of no particular ;
He does not mention what design, what plot

Alon More providence is necessary.

Duke Right,
Right, good Alonzo ; thou'rt an honest man,
And lov'st us well — What's to be done ?

Alon. 'Tis best
To make his person sure , by this you may
Discover soonest who are of his faction.

Duke And at our leisure study of his punishment,
Which must exceed death ; every common trespass
Is so rewarded : first, apply all tortures
To enforce confession, who are his confederates,
And how they meant to murder us , then some rare
Invention to execute the traitor,

So as he may be half a year in dying,
Will make us famed for justice

Enter LORENZO and DEPAZZI.

Alon He is here,
Shall we apprehend him?

Lor Happy morning to
My gracious sovereign!

Duke. Good morrow, coz —
Can treason couch itself within that frame? —

[*Aside.*
We have letters for you [*Gives Lorenzo the letters*

Lor. Letters! these, dread sir,
Have no direction to me, your highness
Is only named

Duke They will concern your reading. —
Alonzo, now observe and watch him — Florio,
Depazzi, come you hither, does Lorenzo
Look like a traitor?

Dep. How, sir? a traitor?

Duke. Ay, sir.

Dep I, sir? by my honour, not I, sir, I defy him
that speaks it — I am in a fine pickle. [*Aside.*

Lor. I have read.

Duke Not blush? not tremble? read again.

Lor The substance is, that you maintain
A vigilant eye over Lorenzo, who
Hath threaten'd, with your death, his country's
liberty,

And other things, touching reducing of
A commonwealth¹

Duke. I like not that [*Aside.*

¹ ——— touching reducing of

A commonuealth] i. e. bringing back the commonwealth,
which had been overthrown by the family of the present duke
It is a latinism, and is used in this sense by Jonson, and, gene-
rally, by our old writers.

Dep. All's out!

A pox upon him for a traitor, he
Has hedged me in, but I'll confess. [*Aside.*

Duke. What answer
Make you to this, Lorenzo?

Lor. This, o' the sudden,
Sir, I must owe the title of a Traitor
To your high favours, envy first conspir'd,
And malice now accuses but what story
Mention'd his name, that had his prince's bosom,
Without the people's hate? 'tis sin enough,
In some men, to be great, the throng of stars,
The rout and common people of the sky,
Move still another way than the sun does,
That gilds the creature take your honours back,
And, if you can, that purple of my veins,
Which flows in your's, and you shall leave me in
A state I shall not fear the great ones' envy,
Nor common people's rage, and yet, perhaps,
You may be credulous against me

Duke. Ha!

Alon. The duke is cool.

Duke. Alonzo, look you prove
Lorenzo what you say

Alon. I say, my lord?
I have discover'd all my knowledge, sir.

Dep. Stand to't

Lor. With license of your highness, what
Can you imagine I should gain by treason?
Admit I should be impious, as to kill you—
I am your nearest kinsman, and should forfeit
Both name and future title to the state,
By such a hasty, bloody disposition,
The rabble hate me now, how shall I then
Expect a safety? Is it reformation
Of Florence they accuse me of? suggesting
I disaffect a monarchy, which how
Vain and ridiculous would appear in me,

Your wisdom judge, in you I live and flourish;
What, in your death, can I expect, to equal
The riches I enjoy under your warmth?
Should I, for the air and talk of a new government,
A commonwealth, lose all my certainties?
And you above them all, whose favours have
Fallen like the dew upon me? have I a soul
To think the guilt of such a murder easy,
Were there no other torments? or can I
Expect the people will reward your murderer
With any thing but death? a parricide!

Alon. So, so, the duke's already in his circle.

[Aside.]

Lor. But I am tame, as if I had no sense,
Nor other argument to vindicate
My loyalty, thus poison'd by a paper,
In my eternal fame, and by a slave?
Call to my brow some one that dare accuse me,
Let him have honour, great as mine, to forfeit,
Or, since your grace hath taken me so near
Your own height, that my scale may not expect
Such a proportion'd adversary, yet let him
Have name within his country, and allow him
A soul, 'gainst which I may engage my more
Than equal honour, then I'll praise your justice,
But let him not be one condemn'd already,
A desperate exile.—Is it possible
A treason hatch'd in Florence, 'gainst the duke,
Should have no eyes at home to penetrate
The growing danger, but at Sienna one
Must with a perspective discover all?
Ask this good counsellor, or these gentlemen,
Whose faiths are tried, whose cares are always
waking
About your person, how have I appear'd
To them, that thus I should be render'd hateful
To you and my good country? they are virtuous,
And dare not blemish a white faith, accuse

My sound heart of dishonour Sir, you must
 Pardon my bold defence ; my virtue bleeds
 By your much easiness, and I am compell'd
 To break all modest limits, and to waken
 Your memory (if it be not too late
 To say you have one) with the story of
 My fair deservings. Who, sir, overthrew
 With his designs, your late ambitious brother,
 Hippolito, who, like a meteor, threaten'd
 A black and fatal omen ?

Duke. 'Twas Lorenzo.

Lor Be yet as just, and say whose art directed
 A countermine to check the pregnant hopes
 Of Salviati, who for his cardinal's cap,
 In Rome was potent, and here popular ?

Duke None but Lorenzo.

Dep. Admirable traitor ! [*Aside*

Lor Whose service was commended when the
 exiles,

One of whose tribe accuseth me, had raised
 Commotions in our Florence ? When the hinge
 Of state* did faint under the burthen, and
 The people sweat with their own fears, to think
 The soldier should inhabit their calm dwellings,
 Who then rose up your safety, and crush'd all
 Their plots to air ?

Duke Our cousin, dear Lorenzo

Lor When he that should reward, forgets the
 men

That purchas'd his security, 'tis virtue
 To boast a merit With my services
 I have not starv'd your treasury ; the grand
 Captain Gonzales accounted to king Ferdinand
 Three hundred thousand crowns, for spies, what
 bills

Have I brought in for such intelligence ?

* — *hinge of state*] The duke, the person on whom the
 whole government turned, a forced expression.

Dep I do grow hearty

[*Aside.*

Duke All thy actions

Stand fresh before us, and confirm thou art
Our best and dearest friend, thus we assure
Our confidence; they love us not that feed
One jealous thought of our dear coz, Lorenzo
New welcome to us all, for you, Alonzo,
Give o'er your paper kites, learn wit, 'tis time.—
[*Walks aside with Lor*
Where shall we meet to-night?

Lor Pardon me, sir,
I am a dangerous man.

Duke. No more of that,
I'll credit my soul with thee — Shall we revel
This night with Amidea?

Dep. The duke courts him
Well, go thy ways, for one of the most excellent,
Impudent traitors — [*Aside*

Duke Yet a murmuring
Of traitor? we shall sooner suspect him
That thinks Lorenzo guilty

Dep I, my lord,
Dare boldly swear, his honour is as free
From any treason, as myself, —
I did prophesy this issue. [*Aside.*

Duke 'Tis an age
Till night, I long to fold her in my arms
Prepare Sciarrha, but be very wise
In the discovery, he is all touchwood

Lor. I know he is her brother; leave the managing
Of things to me

Duke. Still when we expect
Our bliss, time creeps, but when the happier things
Call to enjoy, each saucy hour hath wings. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I

*A Room in Sciarrha's House**Enter SCIARRHA and LORENZO.*

Sci My sister! Though he be the duke, he dares not.—

Patience, patience! if there be such a virtue, I want it, Heaven, yet keep it a little longer, It were a sin to have it, such an injury Deserves a wrath next to your own.⁵—My sister! It has thrown wild-fire in my brain, Lorenzo, A thousand Furies revel in my skull Has he not sins enough in's court to damn him, But my roof must be guilty of new lusts, And none but Amidea² these the honours His presence brings our house!

Lor. Temper your rage

Sci. Are all the brothels rifled? no quaint piece Left him in Florence, that will meet his hot And valiant luxury, that we are come to Supply his blood out of our families? Diseases gnaw his title off!

Lor. My lord—

Sci. He is no prince of mine, he forfeited His greatness that black minute he first gave Consent to my dishonour

Lor. Then I'm sorry—

Sci. Why should you be sorry, sir? You say it is my sister he would strumpet, Mine! Amidea! 'tis a wound you feel not, But it strikes through and through the poor Sciarrha

⁵ *Deserves a wrath next to your own.*—] This is not expressed with our author's usual perspicuity,—it means—a vengeance next to an affront offered to heaven

I do not think but all the ashes of
My ancestors do swell in their dark urns,
At this report of Amidea's shame :
It is their cause, as well as mine , and should
Heaven suffer the duke's sin to pass unpunish'd,
Their dust must of necessity conspire
To make an earthquake in the temple.

Lor Sir,
You said you would hear me out

Sci Why, is there more
Behind ?

Lor And greater . master your high blood
Till I conclude, Sciarrha. I accuse not
Your noble anger, which, I have observ'd,
Is not on every cheap and giddy motion
Inflamed , but, sir, be thrifty in your passion,
This is a petty trespass

Sci. Has mischief any name
Beyond this ? will it kill me with the sound ?

Lor My lord, though the dishonouring your
sister

Be such a fact, the blood of any other
But Alexander could no less than expiate,
Yet this sin stretches farther, and involves,
With her's, your greater stain. Did you e'er pro-
mise him ?—

Yet, why do I make any question ?
It were another crime to think Sciarrha
Could entertain a thought so far beneath
His birth —You stoop to such a horrid baseness !
Then all the virtue of mankind would sicken,
And soon take leave of earth.

Sci You torture me

Lor What then could the duke find, to give
him any
Encouragement, you would be guilty of
An act so fatal unto honour ? What,
When you were least yourself, (as we are all
Frail compositions,) did appear so wicked

In you, he should conceive a hope, and flatter
Himself with possibility to corrupt
Your soul to a deed so monstrous?

Sci To what?

Lor Though all the teeming glories of his
dukedom,

Nay, Florence' state, offer'd itself a bribe,
And tempted the betraying of your name
To infamy, yet to imagine you
Would turn officious pander to his lust,
And interpose the mercenary bawd
To court your sister to his sinful coupling!
'Tis horrid, affrights nature, I grow stiff
With the imagination.

Sci Ha!

Lor. Yet this
Was his command I should impose.

Sci Lorenzo,
I do want breath, my voice is ravish'd from me;
I am not what I was, or—if I be
Sciarrha thou hast talk'd to all this while,
Look heedfully about me, and thou mayst
Discover, through some cranny of my flesh,
A fire within; my soul is but one flame,
Extended to all parts of this frail building.
I shall turn^o ashes, I begin to shrink;—
Is not already my complexion alter'd?
Does not my face look parch'd, and my skin gather
Into a heap? my breath is hot enough
To thaw the Alps.

Lor. Your fancy would transport you.

Sci It is my rage, but let it cool, [*Lorenzo*,]
And then we'll talk of something, something, sir,
Shall be to purpose.

Lor. Now the flame is mounted,

^o *I shall turn ashes,*] The old copy reads “to ashes.” *To*
was probably adopted, by mistake, from the preceding line

My lord, I have given proof, although he be
My duke, and kinsman, I abhor his vices,
Howe'er the world, without examination,
Shoot their malicious noise, and stain my actions :
'Tis policy in princes to create
A favourite, who must bear all the guilt
Of things ill managed in the state , if any
Design be happy, 'tis the prince's own
Heaven knows, how I have counsell'd this young
man,

By virtue to prevent his fate , and govern
With modesty . O the religious days
Of commonwealths ! we have outlived that blessing
Sci But I have thought a cure for this great state
Imposthume

Lor. What ?

Sci. To lance it , is't not ripe ?
Let us draw cuts, whether your hand or mine
Shall do an act for Florence' liberty,
And send this tyrant to another world

Lor How ! I draw cuts ?

Sci. Coy it not thus, Lorenzo,
But answer . by your name and birth, you are
His kinsman, we all know it , that you dwell
In's bosom, great in favour as in blood,
We know that too , and, let me tell you more,
We know you but disguise your heart, and wish
Florence would change her title.

Lor. How is this ?

Sci We know you have firm correspondence
with

The banish'd men, whose desperate fortunes wait
Your call to tumult in our streets ; all this,
Not to feed your ambition with a dukedom,
By the remove of Alexander, but
To serve your country, and create their peace
Who groan under the tyranny of a proud,
Lascivious monarch.—Is't not true, Lorenzo ?
My phrase is blunt, my lord

Lor. My genius
And thine are friends , I see they have convers'd,
And I applaud the wisdom of my stars,
That made me for his friendship who preserves
The same religious fire I will confess,
When Alexander left his piety
To Florence, I placed him beneath my country,
As we should all , but we have lost our souls,
Or changed our active spirits, for a dull
And lazy sufferance , let this secret be
An argument, how much I dare repose
Upon Sciarrha's honour , virtue witness,
I choose no other destiny · command
Lorenzo's fate, dissolve me with your breath ;
I'll either live, in your exchange of faith,
A patriot, or die my country's martyr.

Sci. Thou hast a fire beyond Prometheus',
To quicken earth , thy flame is but a prophecy
Of that high pyramid the world shall build
To thy immortal name : it was the glory
Of Romans to prefer their empire's safety
To their own lives , they were but men like us,
And of the same ingredients, our souls
Create of no inferior substance , ha' —

Lor. Heaven knows, I've no particular design
To leap into a throne , I will disclaim
The privilege of blood , let me advance
Our liberty, restore the ancient laws
Of the republic, rescue from the jaws
Of lust your mothers, wives, your daughters, sisters—

Sci. Sisters !

Lor. From horrid rape—'las, Amidea !

Sci. I am resolv'd , by all that's blest, he dies.
Return my willingness to be his pander,
My sister's readiness to meet his dalliance ;
His promises have bought our shame ·—he dies ,
The roof he would dishonour with his lust

Shall be his tomb,—bid him be confident ;
 Conduct him, good Lorenzo, I'll dispose
 My house for this great scene of death.

Lor. Be constant.

[*Exit.*]

Enter FLORIO and AMIDEA

Flo. Now, brother, what news brings the great
 Lorenzo ?

Sci. Let me have truce, vexation, for some
 minutes — [Aside]

What news ? preferments, honours, offices —
 Sister, you must to court.

Ami. Who, I to court ?

Sci. Or else the court will come to you. The
 duke

Hath sent already for us, Amidea :
 O that I knew what happy stars did govern
 At thy nativity ! It were no sin
 To adore their influence

Ami. What means my brother ?

Flo. He is transported.

Ami. I shall suspect your health

Sci. I easily could forget I am Sciarrha,
 And fall in love myself—Is she not fair,
 Exceeding beautiful, and tempting, Florio ?
 Look on her well, methinks I could turn poet,
 And make her a more excellent piece than heaven.
 Let not fond men hereafter commend what
 They most admire, by fetching from the stars,
 Or flowers, their glory of similitude,
 But from thyself the rule to know all beauty,
 And he that shall arrive at so much boldness,
 To say his mistress' eyes, or voice, or breath,
 Are half so bright, so clear, so sweet as thine,
 Hath told the world enough of miracle.
 These are the duke's own raptures, Amidea,

His own poetic flames ; an argument
He loves my sister.

Ami Love me?

Sci. Infinitely.

I am in earnest , he employ'd Lorenzo,
No meaner person, in this embassy ;
You must to court Oh happiness !

Ami For what ?

Sci What do great ladies do at court, I pray ?
Enjoy the pleasures of the world, dance, kiss
The amorous lords, and change court breath ;
sing , lose
Belief of other heaven , tell wanton dreams,
Rehearse their' sprightly bed-scenes, and boast,
which

Hath most idolaters , accuse all faces
That trust to the simplicity of nature,
Talk witty blasphemy,
Discourse their gaudy wardrobes. plot new pride,
Jest upon courtiers' legs, laugh at the wagging
Of their own feathers, and a thousand more
Delights, which private ladies never think of.
But above all, and wherein thou shalt make
All other beauties envy thee, the duke,
The duke himself shall call thee his, and single
From the fair troop thy person forth, to exchange
Embraces with, lay siege to these soft lips,
And not remove, till he hath suck'd thy heart,
Which soon dissolv'd with thy sweet breath, shall
be

Made part of his, at the same instant he
Conveying a new soul into thy breast
With a creating kiss.

Ami You make me wonder ,
Pray speak, that I may understand

Sci. Why will you

Appear so ignorant ? I speak the dialect
Of Florence to you. Come, I find your cunning ;
The news does please, the rolling of your eye
Betrays you, and I see a guilty blush
Through this white veil, upon your cheek ; you
would

Have it confirm'd , you shall , the duke himself
Shall swear he loves you.

Ami Love me ! why ?

Sci To court,

And ask him , be not you too peevish now,
And hinder all our fortune . I have promis'd him,
To move you for his armful, as I am
Sciarrha, and your brother , more, I have sent
Word to him by Lorenzo, that you should
Meet his high flame , in plain Italian,
Love him, and—

Ami. What, for heaven ! be the duke's whore ?

Sci. No, no, his mistress ; command him,
make us

Ami. Give up my virgin honour to his lust ?

Sci You may give it a better name , but do it.

Ami I do mistake you, brother, do I not ?

Sci. No, no, my meaning is so broad, you cannot.

Ami I would I did then Is't not possible
That this should be a dream ? where did you drop
Your virtue, sir ?—Florio, why move you not ?
Why are you slow to tell this man,—for sure
'Tis not Sciarrha,—he hath talk'd so ill,
And so much, that we may have cause to fear,
The air about's infected ?

Flo. Are not you
My brother ?

Sci Be not you a fool, to move
These empty questions, but join to make her
Supple and pliant for the duke. I hope
We are not the first have been advanced by a
wagtail.

No matter for the talk of musty people,
Look up to the reward ; thou art young, and skill'd
In these court temptings, naturally soft,
And moving, I am rough-hewn , assist, wilt,
With some quaint charm, to win her to this game?

Flo My sister ?

Sci Ay, ay.

Ami Come not near him, Florio,
'Tis not Sciarrha , sure, my brother's nurse
Play'd the impostor, and with some base issue
Cheated our house.

Sci Gipsy, use better language,
Or I'll forget your sex.

Flo Offer to touch her
With any rudeness, and by all that's virtuous—

Sci Why, how now, boy ?

Flo I do not fear your sword, [Draws.
This, with my youth and innocence, is more
Defence than all thy armory , what devil
Has crept into thy soul ?

Sci You will not help ? *

Flo I'll never kill thee

Sci 'Tis very well

Have you consider'd better o' the motion ?

Ami Yes

Sci. And what is your resolve ?

Ami To have my name
Stand in the ivory register of virgins
When I am dead. Before one factious thought
Should lurk within me to betray my fame
To such a blot, my hands shall mutiny,
And boldly with a poniard teach my heart
To weep out a repentance

* *Sci* You will not help ?] i. e. You will not then assist me in persuading Amidea to yield to the duke ? I do not, however, quite see the purport of Florio's answer , and suspect an error of the press : " I'll never kill thee," should probably be, " I'll rather kill thee," to which Sciarrha's " 'Tis very well," forms an apt reply.

Sci. Let me kiss thee,⁹
 My excellent, chaste sister — Florio,
 Thou hast my soul ; I did but try your virtues. —
 'Tis truth, the duke does love thee, viciously,
 Let him, let him ! he comes to be our guest ;
 This night he means to revel at our house, —
 The Tarquin shall be entertain'd , he shall.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My lord, Pisano is come. [*Exit.*

Sci. I had forgot his promise — Look up, sister,
 And shine with thy own smiles , Pisano's come,
 Pisano, thy contracted, honour'd friend ;
 A gentleman so rich in hopes, we shall
 Be happy in's alliance. —

Enter PISANO, COSMO, and FREDERICO.

Welcome all,
 But you above the rest, my brother shortly. —
 Sister, and Florio, entertain your noble
 Friends ; some few minutes I am absent We
 Must not forget prepare for the duke's coming ,
 I'll soon return. [*Exit.*

Ami. You are not cheerful, sir ,
 How is't, my lord ? you were not wont to look
 So sad when you came hither.

Pis. I am not well, Amidea.

Ami. Oh my heart !

Pis. Be you
 Comforted, lady , let all griefs repair
 To this, their proper centre.

[*Lays his hand on his breast*

Flo. Sir, how fare you ?

Pis. Alter'd of late a little

Fred. Virtuous lady,
 I cannot choose but pity her, and accuse
 Pisano's levity [*Aside.*

⁹ *Let me kiss thee,*] Old copy, *Let me kill thee.*

Pis. Would he were come back !
I might have finish'd ere he went, and not
Delay'd his business much ; two or three words,
And I had dispatch'd,

Ami. How, sir ? your language is
Another than you use to speak ; you look not
With the same brow upon me.

Cos. 'Las ! sweet lady.—
But who shall accuse me ? [*Aside*

Pis. We shall expect too long —Lady, I am
come
To render all my interest in your love,
And to demand myself again , live happier
In other choice, fair Amidea, 'tis
Some shame to say my heart's revolted.

Ami. Ha !

Pis. Here's witness, all is cancelled betwixt us ,
Nay, an you weep—Farewell !

Ami. He's gone !

Flo. I am amazed

Pis. Now lead me to my blessing.

[*Exeunt Pis Cor. and Fred.*]

Flo. Shall a long suit and speeding in his love,
With the world's notice, and a general fame
Of contract too, just in the instant, when
A marriage is expected, be broke off
With infamy to our house ?

Ami. Brother, if ever
You loved poor Amidea, let not this
Arrive Sciarrha's ear, there's danger in
His knowledge of it , this may be a trial
Of my affection.

Flo. A trial ! no, it shew'd
Too like a truth.

Ami. My tears entreat your silence.

Flo. You have power to command it ; dry your
eyes then,
He is return'd.

Re-enter SCIARRHA.

Sci. How now !

Weeping ? Where is Pisano, and his friends ?

Flo. They're gone, sir

Sci. Ha !

Ami Guess by my eyes you may,
Something of sorrow hath befallen , no sooner
You were departed, but some strange distemper
Invaded him , we might discern a change
In's countenance, and though we pray'd him to
Repose with us, he would straight back again ,
So, with Frederico,
And signior Cosmo, he return'd.

Flo The alteration was strange and sudden

Sci. 'Las ! noble gentleman—but come, clear up
Your face again, we hope it will not last .
Look bright again, I say, I have given order—

Enter a Gentleman

Gent. My lord, the duke's already come. [*Exit.*

Sci Remove,

Good Amidea, and reserve thy person

To crown his entertainment , be not seen yet

[*Exit Amidea.*

Enter Duke, LORENZO, ALONZO, and Attendants

Duke. Sciarrha, we are come to be your guest

Sci Your highness doth an honour to our house.

Duke. But where's thy sister ? she must bid us
welcome.

Sci. She is your grace's handmaid.

Duke. For this night,

Let the whole world conspire to our delight —

Lorenzo—

[*Whispers him.*

Lor. Sir, be confident—and perish [*Aside.*

SCENE II.

*The Garden of Morosa's House**Enter MOROSA, ORIANA, and Servant.*

Mor You should not rashly give away your heart,

Nor must you, without me, dispose yourself.—
Pray give access to none—yet, if Pisano
Enquire, direct him to the garden. — [*Exit Serv*]
Cosmo

Is young, and promising, but, while Lorenzo
Lives, must expect no sunshine.

Re-enter Servant with PISANO and COSMO.

Pis There's for thy pains.— [*Exit Servant*]
They are now at opportunity.

Cos My lord,
Do you prepare the mother, and let me close
With Oriana

Pis. What service can reward thee ?

Cos Take occasion
To leave us private, this hour be propitious !
Win but the matron to you

Pis. She is prepar'd already

Cos. Lose no time,
Take the other walk. [*Exeunt Pisano and Mor.*

Ori My dear Cosmo

Cos My best Oriana.

Ori. You have been too much absent, I must
chide you.

Cos You cannot, sweet, I would I knew which
way

To make thee angry, yes, that I might see
How well it would become thee. I do fear

Thou art some angel, and that sin would be
 An argument to me, that thou wert mortal ;
 I must suspect thy too much goodness else,
 And leave thee for the fellowship of saints,
 I am too wicked

Ori. You will make me angry.

Cos But you will love me still, I fear.

Ori. Do you fear it ?

Is't a misfortune ?

Cos What ?

Ori My love

Cos Your anger ;

And yet the t'other oftentimes may carry
 An evil with it ; we may love too well,
 And that's a fault

Ori Not where the object's good

Cos O yes : always beware of the extremes.

Ori What mean you ? I affect none but my
 Cosmo,

Nor him with too much flame.

Cos If you should, lady,

'Twere nobly done.*

Ori To love another ?

Cos. Yes,

If there be cause, that may be call'd a virtue :
 For what have I to ingross the affection
 Of any lady, if she can discern
 A greater merit in some other man ?
 Wisdom forbid, but she command her smiles,
 To warm and cherish him.

Ori. So we should be
 Inconstant

Cos. Why not ? if our reason be

* 'Twere nobly done] The old copy reads—
 " 'twere

Not nobly done "

The context shews that this cannot be right ; and I suspect that
 the negative crept into the text from the preceding line.

Convinced, that's no such fault, as the world goes.
Let us examine all the creatures, read
The book of nature through, and we shall find
Nothing doth still the same, the stars do wander,
And have their divers influence, the elements
Shuffle into innumerable changes.

Our constitutions vary; herbs and trees
Admit their frosts and summer, and why then
Should our desires, that are so nimble, and
More subtle than the spirits in our blood,
Be such stay'd things within us, and not share
Their natural liberty? Shall we admit a change
In smaller things, and not allow it in
What most of all concerns us?

Ori What?

Cos Our loves

Ori Have you suspicion I am changed, and thus
Would school me for it? or shall I imagine
That you are alter'd?

Cos Yes, I am, and therefore
Proclaim thy freedom, I do love thee less,
To shew I love thee more.

Ori What riddle's this?

Cos I will explain. Upon maturity
Of counsel, Oriana, I have found
I am not worthy of thee, therefore come
To make thee satisfaction for my sin
Of loving thee, by pointing out a way,
And person, will become thy affection better

Ori You have a pretty humour

Cos What dost think
Of brave Pisano? shall his merit plead
Succession in thy chaste thoughts?

Ori I do know him.

Cos Thou canst not choose, and I could study
none

Worthy thy love but him.

Ori 'Tis very likely
You would resign then?

Cos. Ay, to honour thee ,
His service will deserve thee at the best
And richest value.

Ori. Why, it shall be so.

Cos. Nay, but be serious, and declare me happy,
That I may say, I have made thee just amends,
[And] I will thank thee.

Ori. Why, sir, I do love him.

Cos. Oh, when did Cupid aim that golden shaft ?
But dost thou love him perfectly, with a
Desire, when sacred rites of marriage
Are past, to meet him in thy bed, and call him
Thy husband ?

Ori. Why, sir, did you ever think
I was so taken with your worth and person,
I could not love another lord as well ?
By your favour, there be many as proper men,
And as deserving ; you may save your plea,
And be assured I need no lesson to
Direct my fancy. I did love Pisano
Before, but for your sake, I mean to place him
A great deal nearer.—Sure he does but jest [*Aside*
You did love me

Cos. Now by my heart, I love thee
This act shall crown our story, Oriana,
Thou dost not know how much thou honourest me,
For he's not in the common list of friends,
And he does love thee past imagination
Next his religion he has placed the thought
Of Oriana, he sleeps nothing else,
And I shall wake him into heaven, to say
Thou hast consented to be his.

Ori. Pray tell me,
But truly, I beseech you , do you wish
Pisano mine indeed ? [or] are you jealous,
And name him to accuse me ?

Cos. Not, by goodness ;
But if there be a charm beyond thy innocence,
By that I would conjure thee, Oriana,

Love him, and make three happy, it shall be
My bliss to call you his, let me but own
A servant in your memory.

Ori Unkind

And cruel Cosmo! dost thou think it possible
I can love any but thyself? thou wilt
Undo my heart for ever.

Re-enter PISANO and MOROSA.

Mor. You shall be

Ever most welcome; if I be her mother,
She must declare obedience.—*Oriana*—

Cos Go cheerfully, thy mother calls, to him
Whose orator I have been —'Las, poor lady!
I half repent me, since she is so constant:
But a friend's life weighs down all other love,
Beside, I thus secure my fate, Lorenzo
Threatens my spring, he is my enemy. [*Aside.*

Ori You'll not compel affection?

Pis. No, but court it,
With honour, and religion, thus invite it

Mor. I shall forget the nature of a parent,
Unless you shew more softness, and regard
To what is urg'd. What promise could you make
To Cosmo without me? or, if you had—

Cos Here Cosmo doth give up all title to it;
I have no part in *Oriana* now.

Ori I've heard too much, do with me what you
please,

I am all passive, nothing of myself,
But an obedience to unhappiness [*Exit*

Cos Follow her, *Pisano*.

Pis Thou art all friendship

Cos Trace their warm steps, virgins' resolves
are weak.

Leave not her eyes until you see day break

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in Depazzi's House

Enter DEPAZZI and ROGERO.

Dep. Rogero!

Rog. My lord

Dep. Make fast the chamber door, stifle the key-hole and the crannies, I must discourse of secret matters, dost thou smell nothing, Rogero? ha?

Rog. Smell? not any thing, my lord, to offend my nostril

Dep. Come hither; what do the people talk abroad of me? Answer me justly, and to the point, what do they say?

Rog. Faith, my lord, they say that you are—

Dep. They lie, I am not, they are a lousy, impudent multitude, a many-headed, and many-horned generation, to say that I am—

Rog. A noble gentleman, a just and discreet lord, and one that deserved to have his honours without money.

Dep. Oh, is that it? I thought the rabble would have said, I had been a traitor—I am half mad, certainly, ever since I consented to Lorenzo, 'tis a very hard condition, that a man must lose his head to recompense the procuring of his honours: what if I discover him to the duke?—ten to one, if Lorenzo come but to speak, his grace will not have the grace to believe me, and then I run the hazard to be thrown out of all on t'other side. 'tis safest to be a traitor. [*Aside*]—Hum, who is that you whispered to?

Rog. I whisper?

Dep. Marry did you, sirrah.

Rog. Not I, good faith, my lord.

Dep. Sirrah, sirrah, sirrah, I smell a rat behind the hangings [*takes up the hangings.*]—Here's no body, ha? are there no trunks¹ to convey secret voices²?

Rog. Your lordship has a pair on.

Dep. I do not like that face in the arras; on my conscience he points at me. 'Pox upon this treason, I have no stomach to't, I do see myself upon a scaffold, making a pitiful speech already, I shall have my head cut off. Seven years ago I laid my head upon a wager, I remember, and lost it; let me see,—it shall be so, 'tis good policy to be armed. [*aside*]—Rogero, imagine I were a traitor.

Rog. How, sir?

Dep. I but say *imagine*, we may put the case; and that I were apprehended for a traitor.

Rog. Heaven defend!³

Dep. Heaven has something else to do, than to defend traitors. I say, imagine I were brought to the bar

Rog. Good, my lord! you brought to the bar²

Dep. I will beat you, if you will not imagine, at my bidding: I say, suppose I now were at the bar, to answer for my life

Rog. Well, sir.

Dep. Well, sir? that's as it happens, you must imagine I will answer the best I can for myself. Conceive, I prithee, that these chairs were judges, most grave and venerable beards and faces, at my arraignment, and that thyself wert, in the name of

¹ *are there no trunks to convey secret voices?* 1. e. tubes, see Jonson's Works, vol. iii p. 354. Rogero's reply is a pun on this word, and the name of the large breeches, or *trunk-hose*, worn in Shirley's time. But how did the sneer at Shakspeare which this speech contains, escape the wrath of Messrs. Steevens and Malone?

² *Rog. Heaven defend!* 1. e. forbid. Depazzi uses the word in its modern sense.

the duke and state, to accuse me, what couldst thou say to me?

Rog. I accuse your good honour? for what, I beseech you?

Dep. For high treason, you blockhead

Rog. I must be acquainted with some particulars first

Dep. Mass, thou sayest right: why, imagine,—do you hear? you must but imagine,—that some great man had a conspiracy against the duke's person, and that I, being an honest lord, and one of this great man's friends, had been drawn in, for that's the plain truth on't; 'twas against my will, but that's all one. Well, thou understand'st me, shew thy wit, Rogero, scratch thy nimble pericranium, and thunder out my accusation *ex tempore*. Here I stand, signior Depazzi, ready to answer the indictment.

Rog. Good, my lord, it will not become me, being your humble servant.

Dep. Humble coxcomb! is it not for my good? I say, accuse me, bring it home, jerk me soundly to the quick, Rogero, tickle me, as thou lov'st thy lord, I do defy thee, spare me not, and the devil take thee if thou be'st not malicious

Rog. Why then have at you. First, *signior Depazzi, thou art indicted of high treason, hold up thy hand; guilty, or not guilty?*

Dep. Very good.

Rog. Nay, very bad, sir:—*answer, I say; guilty, or not guilty?*

Dep. Not guilty.

Rog. 'Tis your best course to say so —well, imagine I rise up the duke's most learned in the laws, and his nimble-tongued orator; have at you, signior

Dep. Come, come on, sir, here I stand.

Rog. I will prove thou liest in thy throat, if thou deniest thy treason, and so I address myself to the

most understanding seats of justice — Most wise, most honourable, and most incorrupt judges, sleep not, I beseech you ; my place hath called me to plead, in the behalf of my prince and country, against this notable, this pernicious, and impudent traitor, who hath plotted and contrived such high, heinous, and horrible treasons, as no age nor history hath ever mentioned the like Here he stands, whose birth I will not touch, because it is altogether unknown who begot him. He was brought up among the small wares in the city, became rich by sinister and indirect practices, married a merchant's wife at adventures, and was soon after advanced to be a head-officer

Dep. Why, you rascal !

Rog Peace, sirrah, peace !—Nay, your lordships shall find him very audacious this fellow, not content to have his branches spread within the city, I speak it to his face, let him deny it, was afterward, by the corruption of his confederate, and the mere grace of his highness, raised to honour, received infinite favours from his prince of blessed memory, yet, like a wretch, a villain, a viper, a rat of Nilus, he hath practised treasons against the sacred person of the duke, for which he deserveth not only to die, but also to suffer tortures, whips, racks, strapadoes, wheels, and all the fiery brazen bulls that can be invented, as I shall make it appear to this honourable and illustrious court.

Dep. This rogue's transported.

Rog With all my heart, I obey your lordships : — thus then I pass from these circumstances, and proceed to the principal villainies that we have to lay to his charge Imprimis, thou, signior Depazzi, didst offer to a groom one hundred crowns to poison his highness' hunting-saddle.

Dep. Did I ?

Rog. Do not interrupt me, varlet ; I will prove

it ;—his hunting saddle, and woe shall be unto thy breech therefore ; and finding this serpentine treason broken in the shell,—do but lend your reverend ears to his next designs—I will cut them off presently,—this irreligious, nay, atheistical traitor, did with his own hands poison the duke's prayer-book ; oh, impiety ! and had his highness, as in former times he accustomed, but prayed once in a month, which, by special grace, he omitted, how fatal had it been to Florence ! but as by justice his excellence did then, and by his own want of devotion, prevent this assassinate's purpose, so we hope, in his own discretion, and the counsel of his state, he will take heed how he prays hereafter while he lives, to which every true subject will say, Amen

Dep May it please your honours—

Rog Thou impudent, brazen-faced traitor, wilt thou deny it ? moreover, an't like your good lordships, he hath for this fortnight or three weeks before his apprehension, walked up and down the court with a case of pistols charged, wherewith, as he partly confessed, he intended to send the duke to heaven with a powder !

Dep. This rogue will undo the devil at invention.—*May it please this honourable—*

Rog. These are but sprinklings of his treason

Dep. Will you justify this ? did I any of these things, you tadpole ?

Rog Hold yourself contented, my lord, he that is brought to the bar in case of treason, must look to have more objected than he can answer, or any man is able to justify

Dep. I confess, an't please your good lordships—

Rog Mark, he will confess—

Dep. That's the way to be sent of a headless errand.—indeed I confess that I never intended any treason to his highness, nor ever sought the prince's life ; true it is, that I heard of a conspiracy.

Rog. *That, that, my lords, hath overthrown him ; he saith he never sought the prince's life, ergo, he sought his death , besides, he hath heard of treason , now, he that heareth and discovereth not, is equally guilty in fact : for in offences of this nature there are no accessaries, ergo, he is a principal, and being a principal traitor, he deserveth condemnation.*

Dep. *Shall I not speak ?*

Rog. *No, traitors must not be suffered to speak, for when they have leave, they have liberty, and he that is a traitor deserveth to be close prisoner.*

Dep. *All that this fellow hath uttered is false and forged, abominable lies.*

Rog. *I will speak truth, and I will be heard, and no man else, in this place*

Dep. *I never dreamt of a hunting-saddle, nor never had so much as a thought of any prayer-book.*

Rog. *You sit here to do justice ; I speak for the duke, and the safety of the commonwealth.*

Dep. *As for pistols, 'tis well known I could never endure the report of them I defy powder and shot as I do him that accuseth me*

Rog. *I defy all the world that will hear a traitor speak for himself, 'tis against the law, which provides that no man shall defend treason, and he that speaks for himself, being a traitor, doth defend his treason. thou art a capital obstreperous malefactor*

Dep. *Thou art a madman.*

Rog. *Go to, you have played the fool too much.*

Dep. *Thou continual motion cease , a pox upon thee, hold thy tongue.*

Rog. *The pox will not serve your turn.*

Dep. *Why then this shall.* [Beats him.

Rog. *Hold, hold, good my lord, I am sensible , I have done, imagine I have done ; I but obeyed your lordship, whose baton I find stronger than*

my imagination — My lord, you will answer this, to strike in the court thus ?

Dep. I am as weary—hark, Rogero, [*knocking within.*]—one knocks, see, see ; there's to make thee amends, [*gives him money.*] — see, good Rogero, and say nothing. [*exit Rogero*]—Pray heaven it be no pursuivant.

Re-enter ROGERO with PETRUCHIO bearing a letter.

Rog. Petruchio, my lord Pisano's secretary.

Dep. But Lorenzo's engine, a very knave.

[*Aside.*

Pet. My very good lord [*Gives him the letter.*

Dep. What's here^a it can be no goodness [*reads aside*]—*My lord, I would not have you go to bed to-night, — he will not let me sleep now, I dreamt as much, — something will be done to give Florence liberty. In the depth of night you may cunningly disperse some rumours in the city, that the duke is dead ; the people must be distracted, in the common fright be not you wanting in your person to assist their fears, and speak well of—*LORENZO.—*Speak well of the devil—My humble service to your lord, and say he has power to command me in all things.*

Pet. My very good lord

Dep. No matter, an you were both hang'd. [*aside.*] — Rogero, shew him the wine cellar [*Exeunt Rogero and Petruchio*]—Let me see, I must report the duke's death, I cannot abide this word *death* ; yet he desires me but to report it : hum, if it be false, why so much the better ; there will be the less harm in it, if it should prove true, they will believe me another time : well, I will drink myself half drunk, and be fortified. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Sciarrha's House. Preparations for a Masque.

Enter Duke, AMIDEA, LORENZO, SCIARRHA, FLORIO, and Attendants

Duke Sciarrha, you exceed in entertainment ;
Banquet our eyes too ?

Lor. He will feast all senses

Sci Only a toy, my lord , I cannot call't
A masque, nor worthy of this presence, yet
It speaks the freedom of my heart, and gratitude
For this great honour.

Duke. Amidea must
Sit near us.

Sci Lords, your places , 'twill not be
Worth half this ceremony —Let them begin.

Enter Lust, richly appparelled, the Pleasures attending

Duke. Who's the presenter ?

Sci. Lust, sir , pray observe.

Lust. Now let Lust possess the throne
Of Love, and rule in hearts alone :
You sweet tempters to my sin,
Beauty, smiles, and kisses win
Upon frail mortals, let them know
There is no happiness, but you.
Shoot no arrows tipp'd with lead,
Each shaft have his golden head.³

³ golden head] See Massinger's Plays, vol u. p. 382.
2d edit. This is rather an imitation of the old Moralities, than
a Masque.

*Call no love, delude men still,
Through the flesh their spirits kill,
Nor spend all your art to take
Common persons ; greatness make,
By your potent charms, to be
Subjects unto hell and me ·
Inflame but kings with loose desire,
You soon set all the world on fire.*

Enter a young Man richly habited, and crowned.

Duke. What's he ?

Sci. A wild young man, that follows Lust ;
He has too much blood, it seems.

Duke. Why looks he back ?

Sci. There is a thing call'd Death, that follows
him ;

With a large train of Furies , but the Syrens
Of Lust make him secure, and now the hag
Embraces him, and circles him with pleasures ;
The harpies mean to dance too.—[*Here Lust, the
Pleasures, and the young Man join in a
Dance.*—Hang his conscience !

It whines too much.

Lor This is too plain. [Aside.

Sci He does not tremble yet.—

Bye and bye, sir, you shall see all his tormentors
Join with them , there's the sport on't.

Lor. Methinks they
Should have been first, for th' antimasque.*

Sci Oh no !

In hell they do not stand upon the method,
As we at court ; the grand^s masque and the glory
Begin the revels.—

* *antimasque*] See Jonson's Works, vol vii. p 251.

^s *grand*] For *grand* masque, the old copy reads *ground* masque.

Enter Death.

Sister, you do ill
To keep the duke in talk ; he cannot see
The devil for you, and the whips : does not
That death's head look most temptingly ? the
worms
Have kiss'd the lips off.—

*Enter Furies, who join in the dance, and in the end
carry the young Man away. The rest flee in
confusion.*

How does your highness like this dance ?

Duke. My eyes so feasted here, I did not mark it,
But I presume 'twas handsome.

Sci. Oh the lethargy
Of princes!—We have kept you, sir, from bed —
More lights.

Duke. Good night to all ; to you the best :—
Sciarrha, bind us ever by performance.

Sci. We are all your's.

Duke. And Florence thine.—Once more—
Brightest of ladies

Lor. You are firm ? [*Aside to Sci.*

Sci. Suspect not [*Exeunt all but Ami. and Flo.*

Flo. I do not like my brother's moral masque ;
The duke himself was personated : I
Wonder it did not startle him.

Ami. I hope
Sciarrha does not mean so ill as that
Did promise He's return'd ; his looks are full

Re-enter SCIARRHA

Of threat'ning

Sci. Amidea, go not to bed ;
And yet no matter ; I can do't alone.

Take both your rest, and in your prayers commend
The duke to heaven 'tis charity ; [he] has made
His will already, and bequeath'd his body
To you, sister , pity his soul, for 'tis now
Within few minutes of departing.

Ami. How ?

Sci. Why, this way , [*shewing a poniard.*]—I
must help him in his groans,
To bring his flesh a-bed

Ami. You will not kill him ?

Sci. I am not of your mind.

Ami. I know you cannot.

Sci. You are not studied so perfect in
His destiny, I hope , I will endeavour—

Ami. To kill your prince ?

Flo. What, here ?

Sci. No, in his chamber.

Ami. Shall it be read in stories of our Florence,
Sciarrha first did stain his family
With such a treason ?

Flo. Was he not invited ?

Sci. Yes, by his lust.

Flo. And in your crowned tables,
And hospitality, will you murder him ?

Sci. Yes, and the reason wherefore he was mur-
der'd,

Shall justify the deed to all posterity ,
He came to wrong my sister.

Flo. Wanton heat ,
Let youthful blood excuse him.

Sci. So it must.

Flo. Mistake me not ; oh, think but who he is,
The duke, that word must needs awake your piety.

Ami. How will good men in this remembrance
Abhor your cruelty, that send to hell
One with the weight of all his sins upon him ?

Sci. It is too late to cool with argument
My incensed blood Will you go dally with him,

And let him board your pinnace? I have gone
So far in promise, if you clasp not with him,
It will be dangerous if he outlive
This night

Ami I have thought on't, send him to my bed

Sci Ha!

Ami Do not question what I purpose, heaven
Witness to my chaste thoughts.

Sci Wilt thou trust him?

Ami I will do much, sir, to preserve his life,
And your innocence. be not you suspectful;
At the worst, you can but respite your revenge

Sci. Dost thou not fear unhappy Lucrece' chance,
Or wretched Philomel's dishonour?

Ami. No.

Give me his life, and send your wanton to me.
I'll to my chamber, fear me not, Sciarrha,
Have not one thought so bad, I shall not prosper,
Virgins in heaven will suffer with me.

Flo. Trust her. [*Exeunt Ami. and Flo.*]

Sci. 'Tis but deferring of my justice;
She will not kill him, sure, draw on her soul
The guilt she hates in mine, if she do yield
To the hot encounter, ha! 'twill [then] be just,
That both their hearts weep blood, to purge their
lust. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III

Another Room in the Same

Enter FLORIO and AMIDEA

Flo My poniard?

Ami. I've no black intent
To stain't with any blood

Flo. Take it, I know

Thou art my virtuous sister, it were wickedness
To doubt thy purpose, or the event.

Ami. Now leave me.

Flo. Thou hast a guard of angels.

Ami. They are coming.

[*Florio conceals himself behind the hangings*

Enter SCIARRHA and the Duke.

Sci. Look, there she is, sir : you know how to
undress her.

Duke. Dearest Sciarrha

Sci. To your recreation —

Here I'll obscure myself. [*aside : sees Florio as he
retires behind the hangings*]—Florio ? 'tis well

Duke. Lady, you know me ?

Ami. Yes, my prince.

Duke. I was so

Till I saw thee, but I gave up that title,

A conquest to thy beauty, which, among

Her other wonders, hath created me

A subject and [a] servant, and I shall

Be happier to be received your's by

One of those names, than duke of Tuscany

Ami. Oh, take yourself again, [sir], use your
greatness

To make the hearts of Florence bow to you,

And pay their duties thus

[*Kneels*

Duke. Rise, Amidea,

And since you have given my power back, it will

Become me to command.

Ami. And me to obey.

[*Rises.*

Duke. I see thy noble brother hath been faithful

To my desires ; he has prepar'd thee with

A story of my love, which thou reward'st

With too much humbleness : thou hast a quarrel,

And a just one, with thy stars, that did not make
thee

A princess, Amidea ; yet thou'rt greater,
And born to justify unto these times,
Venus, the queen of Love, was but thy figure,
And all her graces prophecies of thine,
To make our last age best. I could dwell ever
Here, and imagine I am in a temple,
To offer on this altar of thy lip, [*Kisses her often.*
Myriads of flaming kisses, with a cloud
Of - - - -⁶ sighs breath'd from my heart,
Which, by the oblation, would increase his stock,
To make my pay eternal.

Ami What mean you ?

Duke That question is propounded timely :
hadst thou

Not interrupted me, I should have lost
Myself upon thy lips, and quite forgot
There is a bliss beyond it, which I came for.
Let others satisfy themselves to read
The wonders in thy face, make proud their eye,
By seeing thine, turn statues at thy voice,
And think they never fix enough to hear thee
A man half dead with famine would wish here
To feed on smiles, of which the least hath power
To call an anchorite from his prayers, tempt saints
To wish their bodies on Thou dost with ease
Captivate kings with every beam, and mayst
Lead them like prisoners round about the world,
Proud of such golden chains ; this were enough,
Had not my fate provided more, to make me
Believe myself immortal in thy touches
Come to thy bed, transform me there to happiness ,
I'll laugh at all the fables of the gods,
And teach our poets, after I know thee,
To write the true Elysium.

Ami. Good, my lord,

⁶ *Of - - - - - sighs breath'd from my heart,*] The old copy reads, "Of sighs breath'd," &c. Something had probably been dropped at the press, as the sense now seems incomplete.

I understand you not, and yet I fear
You do not mean well ; if you have brought with you
A sinful purpose, which I may suspect—

Duke Why, lady, what do you imagine I
Came hither for ?

Ami. I know not.

Duke How !

Is't come to that ? your brother gave you more
Desirous of the sport, and brought me hither,
Ripe for your dalliance Did you not expect me ?

Ami Yes.

Duke And to what other purpose ?

Ami. To tell you, that you are not virtuous

Duke. I'm of your mind.

Ami But I am not so wicked
To be of your's oh, think but who you are,
Your title speaks you nearest heaven, and points
You out a glorious reign among the angels ;
Do not depose yourself of one, and be
Of the other disinherited.

Duke I would

Your brother heard you , prithee, do not waste
This tedious divinity, I am
Resolv'd to grapple with you

Ami Keep off [Shews the poniard]

Duke. Ha !

Turn'd Amazon ?

Ami. Prince, come not too near me,
For, by my honour, since you have lost your own,
Although I bow in duty to your person,
I hate your black thoughts ; tempt not my just hand
With violent approach, I dare, and will
Do that will grieve you, if you have a soul.

Duke Thou dar'st not kill me

Ami True, but I dare die

Duke. Be thy own murderer ?

Ami. Rather than you should be my ravisher.

Duke. Thou canst not be so merciless, 'tis less sin

To be unchaste ; I am thy prince, I prithee
Throw by that cruel weapon, let our war
Be soft embraces, shooting amorous smiles,
Kill and restore each other with a kiss,
I know thou canst not be unkind so long :
Then, I command thee.

Ami I must not obey,
To be your strumpet : though my hand be unskilful,
I shall soon find my heart.

Duke I'll not believe—

Ami Let this deserve your faith I dare be just,
[*She wounds her arm.*]

This crimson river issuing from my arm.

Duke Hold !

Ami Never , it shall flow, and if this channel
Yield not enough, I'll strike another vein,
And after that, another, and not pity
The murmuring stream, till through a prodigal
wound

I have drain'd the fountain . this doth weep for you,
And shall extol my death, if it may teach
You to correct your blood.

Duke There's so much gone
From me, I cool apace , this action
Hath shot an ague through me ; Amidea,
Pity thyself

Ami. Not, till you swear repentance ,
I do not faint yet, 'tis somewhat about,
But I can find a nearer way ; this does it

[*Offering to strike herself again*]

Duke. Contain ; I am sorry, sorry from my soul,
Trust me, I do bleed inward, Amidea,
Can answer all thy drops · oh, pardon me,
'Thou faint'st already, dost not ? I am fearful.
The phœnix, with her wings, when she is dying,
Can fan her ashes into another life ,
But when thy breath, more sweet than all the spice
That helps the other's funeral, returns

To heaven, the world must be eternal loser.

Look to thy wound

Am. May I believe you, sir?

Duke. I dare not think awry ; again I ask
Forgiveness ; in thy innocence I see
My own deformity.

[*Sciarrha, followed by Florio, comes hastily from
behind the hangings and embraces Amidea.*

Sci. Now a thousand blessings
Reward thy goodness , thou deserv'st a statue,
A tall one, which should reach above the clouds,
Jostle the moon, that people afar off
Beholding it, may be invited hither,
In hope to climb to heaven by't , but apply
Betimes unto thy wound.—*Florio*, assist her.—
[*Florio leads off Amidea.*

And now, my lord—

Duke. *Sciarrha*, I'll begin to be thy lord ,
I brought intentions of dishonour to thee,
And thy fair sister, but I am reconciled
To virtue, and will study how to satisfy
For you and Florence.

Sci. You will be more precious,
Than had you never fallen ; I am all joy
In your conversion.

Duke. - - - - -'

Sci. Lorenzo ! I think, he has not said his
prayers yet,

But—

Duke. What?

Sci. I cannot tell, may be he does not use it.

Duke. How?

Sci. My lord, you now are lovely ;
'Twere better you'd forget him , he's not right
At heart, I fear.

7 - - - - -] Somewhat has probably been dropped here ;
as *Sciarrha* appears to reply to a question from the duke relat-
ing to Lorenzo.

Duke Fear nothing.

Sci. To be plain,
You cherish your disease in him, and are
Not safe while he is near you.

Duke. Do not envy him.⁶

Sci. Then I must tell you, sir, he is a traitor,
Within my knowledge, hath conspir'd your death.

Duke. With whom?

Sci. With me, I should have kill'd you, sir,
This night, and every minute he expects
To hear you number'd with the dead I can
Demonstrate this: your pardon, but in truth,
The injuries you meant us were severe,
And he with as much violence did urge them
To your destruction, but your piety
Hath charm'd my purpose, and I look upon you
With new obedience

Re-enter FLORIO.

Duke. Impossible!

Sci. We will not shift the scene till you believe
it.—

Florio, entreat my lord Lorenzo hither.— [*Exit Flo.*
Step but behind the arras, and your ear
Shall tell you who's the greatest traitor living.
Observe but when I tell him you are slain,
How he'll rejoice, and call me Florence' great
Preserver, bless my arm, that in your blood
Hath given our groaning state a liberty,
Then trust Sciarra: but obscure,' I hear him.

[*Duke retires behind the hangings.*

⁶ *Do not envy him*] i e in the old sense of the word, do not bear him any *ill will*, do not injure him

⁷ — *but obscure, I hear him*] The old copy reads, “but observe, I hear *them*” The conduct of Lorenzo, who catches the last words, is artful and characteristic.

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. Whom talk'd he to? [Aside.

Sci. 'Tis done—

Lor. What, good Sciarrha?

Sci. The duke is dead.

Lor. We are not left so miserable!
Heav'n is more kind to Florence.

Sci. With this hand
I made a passage for his soul.

Lor. Defend,
Omnipotence! what! murder'd? and by noble
Sciarrha? how my ear abuses me!

Sci. Did not we plot it too?

Lor. How! *we*? collect,
I fear you are not well: pray tell me why
You talk thus? where's the duke? he hath a guard,
An army of heaven about him; who in Florence
Dares be so black a devil to attempt
His death?

Sci. This is fine cunning; why, that devil is
Lorenzo, if he dare deny it; we are in private,
You need appear no stranger to that's done
By your direction.

Lor. I in the practice?
Then let me creep into the earth, and rise
A monster to affright mankind. Sciarrha,
I must abhor thee for it—Oh my prince!
My dearest kinsman!—may thy hand rot off!—
Treason, treason!

Sci. Then my sword shall fetch
Another witness in thy heart.

[*As they draw the duke comes hastily forth, and
interposes.*

Duke. Hold!

Lor. Tush, let him come,
My royal lord, nay, let him kill me now:
I've so much joy and peace about me, 'twere
A sin to wish my life beyond this minute.

Duke. Put up, I say

Sci. My lord, we are both cozen'd ·
That very smile's a traitor.

Duke Come, be calm :
You are too passionate, Sciarrha, and
Mistook Lorenzo.

Lor. But I hold him noble :
I see he made this trial of my faith,
And I forgive him.

Duke You shall be friends, you shall, I say.

Enter hastily Cosmo and ALONZO.

Cos The duke—

Alon. Where's the duke ?

Cos. My lord, we are blest to see you safe ; report
Hath frightened all the city with your death :
People forsake their beds, and seeking how
To be inform'd, increase the wretched tumult.

Alon There's nothing but confusion, all men
tremble,

As if some general fire invaded Florence

Sci. Have comfort, sir.

Duke What's to be done ?

Lor. Depazzi has remembered.— [Aside
My, lord, there is no safety for the state,
Unless you personally appease them.

Duke. How ?

Lor. I hope they'll tear him ; would he were
dead any way ! [Aside

Alon. He hath counsell'd well.

Cos. Your presence only hath the power to
charm them.

Duke. I fear their rage : where is our guard ?
Alonzo, haste afore, proclaim our pardon,
And that we live to give the offenders mercy.
Why are we born to greatness, mock'd with state,
When every tumult staggers our proud fate ?

Sci. [aside to Lor.]—Our quarrel is deferr'd, sir.
[Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A Room in Lorenzo's House.**Enter LORENZO.*

Lor. My plots thrive not ; my engines all deceive me,
And in the very point of their discharge
Recoil with danger to myself : are there
No faithful villains left in nature ? all
Turn'd honest ? man nor spirit aid Lorenzo,
Who hath not patience to expect his fate,
But must compel it How Sciarrha play'd
The dog-bolt with me ! and had not I provided
In wisdom for him, that distress had ruin'd me.
His frozen sister, Amidea, too,
Hath half converted him , but I must set
New wheels in motion, to make him yet
More hateful, and then cut him from his stalk,
Ripe for my vengeance I'll not trust the rabble ,
Confusion on ['em '!]—the giddy multitude,
That, but two minutes ere the duke came at them,
Bellow'd out Liberty ' shook the city with
Their throats, no sooner saw him, but they melted
With the hot apprehension of a gallows
And when a pardon was proclaim'd, (a fine
State-snaffle for such mules,) they turn'd their cry
To acclamations, and deaf'd heaven to beg
His long and prosperous reign A sudden rot
Consume this base herd ! an the devil want
Any cattle for his own teeth, these are for him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sciarrha, my lord, desires to speak with you.

Lor Sciarrha! come near—[*whispers him*]—
you understand? admit him [Exit *Serv.*

Enter SCIARRHA.

Welcome, my noble lord,
You were not wont to visit me.

Sci. Nor mean
Ever to do't again.

Lor. You bring frowns,
I can be sullen too. what is your pleasure?

Sci You have abused me.

Lor You have injured me.

Sci In what?

Lor. Betray'd me basely to the duke.

Sci You denied then you were a traitor?

Lor Yes,

I was no fool to run my neck upon
The axe, and give you such a cause of triumph.
Were it again in question—

Sci. You are a villain, sir.

And I

Must have it certified under your own hand,
To shew the duke.

Lor. You shall be humbled to
Confess the contrary, nay, subscribe
That I am honest, and desire my pardon.
Look, I have a sword, and arm, and vigour;
Dare fight with thee, didst ride upon a whirlwind,
Provoke thee on a rock, in waves, in fire,
And kill thee without scruple; such a strength
Is innocence.

Sci. Innocence ! dost not fear a thunderbolt ?
I shall be charitable to the world, an I
Cut thee in pieces , and yet then I fear
Thou wilt come together again : the devil does
Acknowledge thee on earth the greater mischief,
And has a fear, when thou art dead, he shall not
Be safe in hell , thou wilt conspire with some
Of his black fiends, and get his kingdom from him.
Didst not thou rail upon the duke ?

Lor I grant it.

Sci. Call him a tyrant ?

Lor. More, I do confess
I did exasperate you to kill or murder him ;
Give it what name you please ; with joy I brought
him,

Under the colour of your guest, to be
The common sacrifice : all this I remember ;
But is heaven's stock of mercy spent already,
That sins, though great and horrid, may not be
Forgiven, to the heart that groans with penitence ?
Are the eternal fountains quite seal'd up ?
I was a villain, traitor, murderer,
In my consenting to his death, but hope
Those stains are now wash'd off.

Sci. Hast thou repented ?

Lor. Trust me, I have.

Sci. The devil is turn'd religious !
Augment not thy damnation.

Lor. As he was
A lustful duke, a tyrant, I had lost him.
In his return to piety, he commanded
My prayers, and fresh obedience to wait on him ;
He's now my prince again.

Sci. This is but cunning
To save your life

Lor. My life !—Within there ! Ha ! welcome.

Enter divers Gentlemen armed.

1 *Gent.* My gracious lord.

2 *Gent.* Wilt please your honour
Command my service?

3 *Gent.* Or me?

4 *Gent.* Or any?

5 *Gent.* Our swords and lives are yours.

Sci. Perhaps your lordship hath some business
with

These gentlemen, I'll take some other time.

Lor. By no means, good *Sciarrha* :
You visit seldom, those are daily with me,
Men that expect employment, that wear swords,
And carry spirits, both to be engag'd,
If I but name a cause —Gentlemen, draw.

Sci. My providence has betray'd me [Aside

Lor. Now, *Sciarrha*,
You that with single valour dare come home
To affront me thus, know, but too late, thy heart
Is at the mercy of my breath. these swords
Can fetch it when I please, and, to prevent
Your boast of this great daring—I beseech,
As you do love and honour your *Lorenzo*,
No hand advance a weapon, sheath again,
And leave us; I owe service to your loves,
But must not so dishonour you

All Gent. We obey. [Exeunt

Sci. They're gone: this is some nobleness

[Aside

Lor. You see
I do not fear your sword; alone, I have,
Too much advantage, yet you may imagine
How easily I could correct this rashness:
But in my fear to offend gracious heaven
With a new crime, having so late obtain'd
My peace, I give you freedom.

Sci. Do I dream?

Lor. Pray chide me still, I will be patient
To hear my shame.

Sci. Is this to be believed ?

Doth not Lorenzo counterfeit this virtue ?

He does : it is impossible he should repent.

Lor. Why ? tell me, Sciarrha, and let us argue
awhile

In cooler blood ; did not you once resolve
To kill the duke too ?

Sci. I confess—

Lor. To give him death with your own hand ?
Methinks it should be the same parricide
In you, if not a greater ; yet you chang'd
Your purposes , why did you not go through,
And murder him ?

Sci. He was converted

Lor. Good !

That taught you mercy, and perhaps repentance
For your intent.

Sci. It did

Lor. Why should not, sir,
The same conversion of the duke possess
My heart, with as much piety to him,
And sorrow for myself ? If I should say
You are but cunning in this shape of honesty,
And still suspect your soul to be a traitor,
Might you not blame my want of charity ?

Sci. He says but right, we are both men, frail
things. [Aside

'Tis not impossible.

Lor. I am reconciled
To heaven already, and the duke : if you
Be still unsatisfied, I am ready, sir—

Sci. The circumstance consider'd, I incline
To think this may be honest.

Lor. Come, Sciarrha,
We are both hasty : pardon my rash language
In the beginning, I will study service

Shall make you love me , I have been too wicked,
Too full of passion, inexorable :

My nature is corrected ; at this minute
I'm friends with all the world, but in your love
Shall number many blessings.

Sci I am converted

Enter PETRUCHIO.

Lor. [*takes Pet. aside.*]—What's the news ?

Pet. My lord Depazzi prays some conference
In the next chamber , we arriv'd by chance
Together at your gate . I do not like
His talk, sir.

Lor. Hang him, property ! let him
Expect , thou art come in the opportunity
I could have wish'd , be wise, and second me.

[*Whispers him*

Sci. He waits upon Pisano,
Whose health I may enquire ; I have not seen him
Since he departed sick , a fit occasion.

Lor [*aloud*] Married to Oriana ? thou mistak'st,
'Tis Amidea, lord Sciarrha's sister.

Pet That contract's broken, and the old lady
Morosa is violent to have the marriage finish'd with
her daughter

Lor [*coming forward*]—Sciarrha,
Is't true Pisano marries Oriana,
The rich Morosa's daughter ?

Sci. Ha !

Lor. We did expect to hear your sister should
Have been his bride , has he forsaken Amidea ?

Sci Do not you serve Pisano ?

Pet Yes, my lord.

Sci And dare you talk he's to be married
To Oriana ?

Pet. If they live till to-morrow :
There's great provision, to my knowledge, and—

Sci. Take that, and learn to speak a truth hereafter. [*Strikes him.*]

Lor That blow shall cost his life — [*Aside.*]
It is not possible he dare affront
You thus, the world takes notice of a contract;
He's much to blame if he should wrong so sweet
A lady as Amidea. Now, by Hymen,
'Tis not so honourable; he need not scorn
Such an alliance.

Pet I am not to give
Account for my lord's actions, let him answer
And justify his honour: but, my lord,
Since I am provoked, I must declare he has
Call'd back his vows to Amidea, given
Her freedom, and does mean to use his own,
And this he dares publish

Lor What! disclaim'd
A lady of her birth and glorious merit?

Sci. Thou art a villain.

Lor. My lord, he is not worth your anger, he
Declares but what his master hath committed,
'Tis none of his fault.

Pet It becomes my duty
To take correction, my lord, from you,
I am a servant, a poor gentleman

Sci Shall I

Suspect the circumstance at his departure? [*Aside*]

Lor. It is strange you knew not this before.

Sci. I must examine if he dares—

Lor. Be patient

Sci Teach fools and children patience.

May dogs eat up Sciarrha: let me live
The prodigy of sorrow; die a death
That may draw tears from Scythians, if Pisano
Lead o'er his threshold any soon-won dame,
To be my sister's shame! I am calm now.
One [thus] false, heaven, why should thy altar save?
'Tis just that Hymen light him to his grave. [*Exit*]

Lor. A thousand Furies swell his rage ! although
Pisano bleed, this is the safest killing ;
Wise men secure their fates, and execute
Invisibly, like that most subtle flame
That burns the heart, yet leaves no part or touch
Upon the skin to follow or suspect it.—
Farewell, dull, passionate fool ! how this doth
feed me !

Kill, and be lost thyself ; or, if his sword
Conclude thy life, both ways I am reveng'd.
Petruchio, thou didst hit my instructions rarely,
And I applaud thee : now send in Depazzi,
And visit me anon.

Pet. I shall, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Lor. Some politician,
That is not wise but by a precedent,
Would think me weak for using such an instrument
As this Depazzi, but I know by proof,
Such men whom fear and honour make our crea-
tures,
Do prove safe engines ; fools will still obey,
When cunning knaves our confidence betray

Enter DEPAZZI.

Dep. My lord, I would speak a word or two in
private.

Lor. You may.

Dep. Is no body within hearing ? all clear be-
hind the arras ?

Lor. Make no doubt, sir.

Dep. My lord, the truth is—I am very fearful—is
your lordship sure there are no eves-droppers ?

Lor. What needs this circumstance ? I pray
come to the point.

Dep. 'Tis not unknown to your lordship, that
you have been my very good lord,¹ neither am I

¹ *You have been my very good lord,*] i. e. my patron The
phrase is thus used by all the writers of Shirley's time.

ignorant, that I am your humble servant ; you advanced me, brought me into the number of the nobles, and I brought you a reasonable number of crowns . I am not the first wise citizen that hath been converted into a foolish courtier ; but, my lord, I beseech you pardon me :—it will out.

Lor. What's the matter ?

Dep. I am ready to burst.

Lor. With what ?

Dep. Treason, treason ,—now 'tis out, and I feel my body the lighter for it already . The last plot did not take, you see , and I would humbly entreat your lordship to excuse me, and get somebody else hereafter to be your traitor, in my stead.

Lor. How, sir ?

Dep. If you did but know the tenderness of my constitution, or feel the pangs and convulsions that I suffer, you would pity me : I fall away, you see, I cannot sleep for dreaming of an axe , I have caus'd my hangings of Holofernes to be taken down in my dining-room, because I dare not look upon a head that is cut off in it, something of my complexion . my wisdom tells me I am a fool to be so fearful ; but my conscience tells me I am a greater fool if I have not wit enough in my pate to keep my head on my shoulders . I beseech your lordship take me into your consideration ; I am but a mortal, though I be a lord , every man hath not the like gift of impudence , I have a weak stomach, and treason is physic to me, and although I do not vomit up your secrets, they may out some other way.

Lor. You will not betray me ?

Dep. But alas ! in such a case I may soon bewray myself, and then your lordship may be smelt out . to prevent, therefore, some mischief that may happen, I desire to leave off while I am well, and that your lordship may know I mean

plainly, I have brought you all your letters, I durst not trust any other place with them, for fear of state rats, I have unript my bosom to you, and there they are to a title—now, I may safely swear [I] have no hand with your lordship

Lor This is very strange.

Dep Mistake not, my good lord, I am still your creature, but I have a great mind to be honest a little, while among the weaker sort of nobility: yet thus much persuade yourself, I will never wrong your lordship in a syllable, should you tell me of a thousand treasons and stratagems, I will never reveal any, I scorn that: but your lordship must pardon me, I will be a traitor no longer, that's certain, I will be honest, and the rather because no body shall hit me in the teeth after I am dead, and say, *look where Depazzi carries his head very high!* And, my lord, the more to induce your lordship to dismiss me——Rogero!

Enter ROGERO

Rog My lord

Dep. Give me the gold.—I have brought fifteen hundred crowns more.

Lor Wherefore?

Dep That I may have your lordship's² good will, to leave my office, before it be taken from me, and preferr'd to a worse, 'tis half the price I paid for't I love peace, and a little honesty, I know your honour will find an abler man for it, and it is fit I should pay for my *quietus*.

Lor And what do you resolve?

Dep. To return to the hunghill, from whence I came, for though I was born in the city, I have

² For "*your lordship*," the old copies read *my*, but this is only one of a hundred errors which have been corrected in this vilely printed play

some land in the country, dirty acres, and mansion-house, where I will be the miracle of a courtier, and keep good hospitality, love my neighbours, and their wives, and consequently get their children ; he admired amongst the justices, sleep upon every bench, keep a chaplain in my own house to be my idolater, and furnish me with jests , and when I have nothing else to do, I will think of the court, and how much I have been obliged to your lordship My lord, I may do you service with a leading voice in the country ; the kennel will cry on my side if it come to election : you or your friend shall carry it against the commonwealth.

Lor. Well, sir, since you have express'd yourself so freely, I will not counsel you against your disposition to stay at court , you may go when and whither you please , and though at parting I have nothing worth your acceptance, I will bestow these crowns upon your servant [*Gives Rog the money.*

Dep Thou shalt give them me again

Rog Indeed, my lord, *I love a little honesty*, 'tis his lordship's bounty, it will be a stock to set me up for myself at court, when your lordship is retired into the country.—I humbly thank your lordship, and take my leave of your's.

[*Exit with the money.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv The duke, my lord.

[*Exit Servant.*

Dep. How ! the duke ?

Enter the Duke.

Duke. Signior Depazzi.

Lor. He has been earnest with me, an't please your highness,
To be his humble suitor, he may have
Freedom to leave the court.

Duke. He shall be banish'd.

Dep. How?

Lor. What time will your grace allow [him] to provide?

Duke. Two hours.

Dep. I had rather lose my head at home, and save charges of travel, I beseech your grace.

Duke. Well, 'tis granted, let him not trouble us.

Lor. Enjoy the country, and return when the duke sends for you

Dep. I humbly thank his highness, and will pray for your increase of grace. [Exit.]

Duke. Lorenzo, are we private?

Lor. Yes, my lord.

Duke. I am very melancholy.

Lor. I know the cause, 'tis Amideca

Duke. Right.

Lor. I do not wish her dead

Duke. It were a sin.

Lor. Not in heaven, sir; yet there be ladies, that would think it a promotion.

Duke. It were pity she should leave the world, Till she hath taught [the rest] by her example The nearest way.

Lor. I am very confident she's yet honest.

Duke. Yet, Lorenzo?

Lor. Ay, sir, but I'm not of opinion
It is impossible to know a change

Duke. Take heed.

Lor. I must confess she has been very valiant,
In making you remove your siege, and shew'd a
Pretty dexterity at the poniard;
Let herself blood, '—but this a mortal virgin
Might do, and not be ador'd for't: other women

¹ Let herself blood] The old copy reads, "See herself bleed." The allusion is to the wound which Amideca gave herself in her bed-chamber. The text was evidently incorrect, whether it be now improved must be left to the reader.

Have gone as far, or else false legends have
 Been thrust upon the easy world, some say
 There have been creatures that have kill'd them-
 selves,

To save their sullen chastities, but I
 Have no strong faith that way, yet you were
 startled

To see her strike her arm, and grew compassionate.

Duke I was not marble, we break adamant
 With blood,* and could I be a man, and not
 Be mov'd to see that hasty ebb of life
 For my sake?

Lor I have read some aged stories.
 What think you of Lucrece? she is remember'd.

Duke. Chastity's great example.

Lor How the world
 Was cozen'd in her? she knew of Tarquin first,
 And then suspecting she should never meet
 Again the active gentleman, [and] having
 Determined of his death, with well dissembled
 Sorrow did stab herself, in hope to meet
 The gamester in Elyzium Amidea
 You will allow beneath this Roman dame?

Duke Lorenzo, had the burning ravisher
 Made this attempt on Amidea, she
 Would have compell'd his penitence, to quench
 His fire with holy tears. I had a body
 Refined to air, or I was borne up by
 A thousand wings. methought I could have flown
 And kiss'd the cheek of Cynthia, thence with ease
 Have leap'd to Venus' star, but I was wounded,
 And the gay feathers, in whose pride I had
 My confidence, serv'd now but with their weight
 To hasten me to earth

* ——— we break adamant

With blood,] This is a very ancient notion; it is men-
 tioned by Greene, and Lyly, and many more of our old writers,
 who had it from Pliny, Solinus, &c.

Lor. Ascend again,
And fix in your lov'd orb ; he brings this comfort
That can assure it, if you have not lost
A heart to entertain with love and pleasure
The beauteous Amidea.

Duke Ha !

Lor You shall enjoy her.

Duke Enjoy fair Amidea ? do not tempt,
Or rather mock my frailty with such promise

Lor Shake off your melancholy slumber, I
Have here decreed you shall possess her : she
Be sent submissive to your arms, and you
Be gracious to accept what she made coy of.

Duke Is this in nature ?

Lor Thus . Sciarrha's life
And fortunes are already growing forfeit,
These brains have plotted so : your mercy shall
Purchase what you can wish for, in his sister ,
And he acknowledge rifling of her honour
A fair and cheap redemption.

Duke. Do this ,
And I'll repent the folly of my penitence,
And take thee to my soul, a nearer pledge,
Than blood or nature gave me : I'm renew'd,
I feel my natural warmth return When, where
Is this to be expected ? I grow old,
While our embraces are deferr'd

Lor. I go
To hasten your delight , prepare your blood
For amorous game : Sciarrha's fate is cast
Firmer than destiny

Duke. Thou art my prophet,
I'll raise thee up an altar.

Lor. Trust these brains

Duke. Thou makest my spirit caper in my veins
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Cosmo and two Gentlemen appear at an upper window.

1 Gent This way they pass.

Cos I would not see them.

2 Gent. Why?

1 Gent. What! melancholyo' the sudden? it is now
Past cure

Cos I know it is, and therefore do not
Desire to witness their solemnity.
Should Oriana see me to day—

2 Gent. What then?

Cos. The object,
I fear, would be too prodigious.

2 Gent We dispute not
Those nice formalities

Enter ALONZO, PISANO, ORIANA, and MOROSA.

1 Gent. She has spied you already.

Cos. I am sorry for't.

[*Oriana faints.* *Cosmo and Gentlemen retire*

Mor. How is't, my child?

Pis My dearest Oriana, —
She faints! what grief is so unmannerly
To interrupt thee now? Oriana!

Mor. Daughter!

Pis. Will heaven divorce us ere the priest have
made

Our marriage perfect? we in vain hereafter
Shall hear him teach, that our religion binds
To have the church's ceremony. She returns.

Ori. Why were you so unkind to call me from
A pleasing slumber? Death has a fine dwelling.

Alon. This shews her heart's not yet consenting ;
'tis

Her mother's fierce command⁵

Ori Something spake to me from that window.

Pis There is nothing

Ori Nothing now

Pis Set forward.

Alon. I do not like this interruption ; it
Is ominous

Enter AMIDEA hastily

Ami Not for my sake, but for your own, go back,
Or take some other way, this leads to death ;
My brother—

Pis What of him ?

Ami Transported with
The fury of revenge for my dishonour,
As he conceives, for 'tis against my will,
Hath vow'd to kill you in your nuptial glory.
Alas ! I fear his haste, now, good my lord,
Have mercy on yourself, I do not beg
Your pity upon me, I know too well
You cannot love me now, nor would I rob
This virgin of your faith, since you have pleas'd
To throw me from your love : I do not ask
One smile, nor one poor kiss, enrich this maid,
Created for those blessings ; but again
I would beseech you, cherish your own life,
Though I be lost for ever

Alon It is worth
Your care, my lord, if there be any danger.

Pis Alas ! her grief hath made her wild, poor lady.
I should not love Oriana to go back,
Set forward.—Amidea, you may live
To be a happier bride : Sciarrha is not
So irreligious to profane these rites.

⁵ The old copy gives this speech to *Piero*, of whom no mention is made in any other part of the play.

Ami. Will you not then believe me?—Pray
persuade him,
You are his friends —Lady, it will concern
You most of all, indeed, I fear you'll weep
To see him dead, as well as I.

Pis No more,
Go forward

Ami I have done, pray be not angry,
That still I wish you well: may heaven divert
All harms that threaten you, full blessings crown
Your marriage ' I hope there is no sin in this,
Indeed I cannot choose but pray for you.
This might have been my wedding-day—

Ori Good heaven,
I would it were! my heart can tell, I take
No joy in being his bride, none in your prayers;
You shall have my consent to have him still:
I will resign my place, and wait on you,
If you will marry him.

Ami Pray do not mock me,
But if you do, I can forgive you too.

Ori Dear Amidea, do not think I mock
Your sorrow; by these tears, that are not worn
By every virgin on her wedding-day,
I am compell'd to give away myself.
Your hearts were promis'd, but he ne'er had mine
Am not I wretched too?

Ami. Alas, poor maid!
We two keep sorrow alive then; but I prithee,
When thou art married, love him, prithee love him,
For he esteems thee well; and once a day
Give him a kiss for me, but do not tell him,
'Twas my desire: perhaps 'twill fetch a sigh
From him, and I had rather break my heart.
But one word more, and heaven be with you all.—
Since you have led the way, I hope, my lord,
That I am free to marry too?

Pis. Thou art.

Ami. Let me beseech you then, to be so kind,
After your own solemnities are done,
To grace my wedding, I shall be married shortly.

Pis To whom?

Ami To one whom you have all heard talk of,
Your fathers knew him well. one, who will never
Give cause I should suspect him to forsake me;
A constant lover, one whose lips, though cold,
Distil chaste kisses. though our bridal bed
Be not adorn'd with roses, 'twill be green,
We shall have virgin laurel, cypress, yew,
To make us garlands, though no pine do burn,
Our nuptial shall have torches, and our chamber
Shall be cut out of marble, where we'll sleep,
Free from all care for ever. Death, my lord,
I hope, shall be my husband. Now, farewell,
Although no kiss, accept my parting tear,
And give me leave to wear my willow here. [*Exit.*]

Enter SCIARRHA, followed at a distance by LORENZO, with a Guard.

Alon Sciarrha! then I prophecy—

Sci. Pisano! where's Pisano?

Pis Here, Sciarrha

I should have answer'd with less clamour.

Sci But

I would not lose my voice, I must be heard,
And [it] does concern you. I profess no augury,
I have not quarter'd out the heavens, to take
The flight of birds, nor by inspection
Of entrails made a divination,
But I must tell you, 'tis not safe to marry

Pis. Why?

Sci. 'Twill be fatal, Hymen is gone abroad,
And Venus, lady of your nativity,
Is found, by wise astrologers, this day,
I' the House of Death

Pis This must not fright me, sir.—Set forward.

Sci One cold word,—you are a villain!

I do not flatter

Pis I am patient :

This day I consecrate to love, not anger ,

We'll meet some other time.

Sci. Deride my fury?

Then to thy heart I send my own revenge,
[*Stabs him.*

And Amidea's.

Pis. I am murdered

Mor. Help! murder! gentlemen! oh, my unhappiness!

[*Lorenzo and Guard come forward.*

Pis. Bloody Sciarrha!

[*Dies They offer to seize Sciar.*

Lor. Hold!

Sci Come all at once ,

Yet let me tell you, my revenge is perfect,

And I would spare your blood, if you despise [not]

My charity—

Lor No man attempt his death ;

I'll give you reasons : this fell deed deserves '

An exemplary justice.

Sci. I am above

Your politic reach, and glory in the wound

That punish'd our dishonour Is he dead?

I would not be so miserable, not to have sped him,

For the empire

Enter Cosmo.

Cos. Oh, my friend! poor Oriana!

Lor. [*to the Guard*]—Disarm him :

⁶ — *this fell deed deserves*] The old copy reads, "this attempt deserves," which must have crept in from the preceding line, as Lorenzo is speaking of a crime already perpetrated. The words inserted are not given as the author's, but, simply as the readiest substitute that occurs

Return and comfort one another ; some
Remove Pisano's body, while I make it
My care Sciarrha 'scape not

*[Exeunt, bearing the body of Pisano, all but
Lorenzo, Sciarrha, and Guard.]*

Sci. None of all
Give me a scratch ?

Lor *[to Guard.]*—You have forced him with
descretion.

Sci. Now what must I expect ?

Lor. You are my prisoner.

Sci I am so.

Lor. And be confident to find
That favour —

Sci Favour !

Lor. Be at distance, more.—*[The Guard retire.]*
My lord, I am sorry for your great misfortune,
And if you can but study how I may
Assist you, you shall soon discern my love,
My readiness to serve you

Sci Ha' this honest ?

Lor I would deserve your faith,
A friend but in affliction justifies
His heart and honour, I durst run some hazard,
Might I secure your fate , name something to me
That may declare my friendship

Sci. Be still safe,
And teach the world repentance for mistaking thee ,
I pity not myself, but envy thy
Heroic honours.

Lor I will impose no more
Restraint, than your own house , you're honourable :
You have many severe enemies , the duke
Look'd graciously upon Pisano, but—

Sci. You shall not lose the smallest beam of favour,
To buy a man so desperate. I never
Thought death the monster that weak men have
fancied,

As foil to make us more in love with life.
 The devil's picture may affright poor souls
 Into their bodies' paleness, but the substance
 To resolute man's a shadow,⁷ and cold sweat
 Dare not approach his forehead I am arm'd
 To die, and give example of that fortitude
 Shall shame the law's severity my sister
 May now give back Pisano his false vows,
 To line his coffin, one tear shed on me is
 Enough, the justice I have done shall make
 My memory belov'd

Lor. I have thought a way
 To recover you, if you incline to it,
 Dare you consent?

Sci. To any thing that's noble;
 Although I never fear'd to suffer, I
 Am not so foolish to despise a life

Lor. There is no difficulty attends it, listen,
 The time will not permit much circumstance:
 The duke, you know, did love your sister.

Sci. Viciously.

Lor. Her virtue did but cool him for the present,
 As sprinklings on a flame; he's now more passionate
 To enjoy her.

Sci. Ha!

Lor. If she consent to meet
 His soft embrace, with his first kiss he seals
 Your pardon, then the act upon Pisano
 Appears a true revenge, when none dares ques-
 tion it

Beside addition of state and fortune,
 To you and Amideia, weigh your danger,
 And what a trifle she gives up, to save
 Your life, that never can be valued,
 Less recompens'd; the duke may be so taken

⁷ To resolute man's a shadow,] The old copy reads—

————— “but the substance

“Too resolute: man's a shadow.”

With her return to his delight, who knows
 But he may marry her, and discharge his duchess
 With a quaint salad—^s you do apprehend me?

Sci And repent more I had one good thought
 of thee,

Than I had kill'd a thousand :—save my life,
 And prostitute my sister ! Though I have
 No weapon, I will look thee dead, or breathe
 A damp shall stifle thee · that I could vomit
 Consuming flames, or stones, like *Ætna* ¹ make
 The earth with motion of my feet shrink lower,
 And take thee in alive ! oh that my voice
 Could call a serpent from corrupted Nile,
 To make thee part of her accursed bowels ¹
 Is this [your] noble friendship ? readiness
 To save my life ? let malice read all stories
 Famous for cruelty awake dead tyrants,
 Or be instructed by their ghosts with tortures,
 Such as will make a damned Fury weep
 Only to see inflicted, I would bear them,
 And weary my tormentors, ere consent
 In thought to thy temptation.

Lor I have done,
 And praise your heathen resolution
 Of death, go practise immortality,
 And tell us, when you can get leave to visit
 This world again, what fine things you enjoy
 In hell, for thither these rash passions drive thee :
 And ere thy body hath three days inhabited
 A melancholy chamber in the earth,
 Hung round about with skulls and dead men's
 bones,
 Ere *Amidea* have told all her tears
 Upon thy marble, or the epitaph
 Bely thy soul, by saying it is fled

^s *quaint salad*,] See vol. i. p. 141

To heaven, this sister shall be ravished,
Maugre thy dust and heraldry.

Sci Ha! ravish'd

When I am dead? Was't not so? oh my soul!
I feel it weep within me, and the tears
Softens my flesh: Lorenzo, I repent
My fury.

Lor. I advis'd you the best way
My wisdom could direct.

Sci I thank you for't,
You have awak'd my reason, I am asham'd
I was no sooner sensible; does the duke
Affect my sister still, say you?

Lor. Most passionately.

Sci. She shall obey him then, upon my life;
That's it, my life. I know she loves me dearly.
I shall have much ado to win her to't,
But she shall come, I'll send her.

Lor Perform this.

Sci I will not only send her, but prepar'd
Not to be disobedient to his highness;
He shall command her any thing.

Lor. Do this,
And be for ever happy. When these have
Only for form but waited on you home,
This disengages them.

Sci My humblest service
To the duke I pray, and tell him, Amidea
This night shall be at his dispose, by this.*

Lor. I'm confident; farewell!—Attend *Sciarrha*.

[*Exit*

Sci. Pity the seaman, that to avoid a shelf,
Must strike upon a rock to save himself.

[*Exit, with Guard.*

* ——— shall be at his dispose, by this] That is, as I conceive, by some token, probably, a ring, or signet, which he puts into Lorenzo's hand.

ACT V. SCENE I.

*A Room in Sciarrha's House.**Enter SCIARRHA and AMIDEA.*

Sci The doors are fast ;
Enough is wept already for Pisano :
There's something else that must be thought on, and
Of greater consequence : I am yet unsafe,
That, for thy sake, am guilty of his blood.

Ami Though all my stock of tears were spent
already
Upon Pisano's loss, and that my brain
Were bankrupt of moisture, and denied
To lend my grief one drop more for his funeral ;
Yet the remembrance that you have made
A forfeit [for my sake] of your dear life
Is able to create a weeping spring
Within my barren head : oh, my lost brother,
Thou hast a cruel destiny ! my eyes,
In pity of thy fate, desire to drown thee.
The law will only seek thee upon land ;
Hid in my tears, thou shalt prevent the stroke
Kills both our name and thee

Sci I know thou lov'st me,
Poor girl. I shall desire to cherish life,
If thou lament me thus : so rich a comfort
Will tempt me wish I might delay my journey
To heaven

Ami Good heaven, that we might go together !

Sci. That must not be

Ami Then let me go before.

Sci How ?

Ami. Make my suit unto the prince, my blood

May be your ransom, let me die, Sciarrha,
My life is fruitless unto all the world;
The duke in justice will not deny this.
And though I weep in telling thee, I shall
Smile on the scaffold

Sci How my honour blushes
To hear thee, Amidea¹ in this love
Thou woundst me more, than thou desir'st to save.
Suffer for me² why, thou art innocent.
I have provok'd the punishment, and dare
Obey it manly; if thou couldst redeem me
With any thing but death, I think I should
Consent to live, but I'd not have thee venture
All at one chance

Ami. Nothing can be too precious
To save a brother, such a loving brother
As you have been

Sci Death's a devouring gamester,
And sweeps up all. what thinkst thou of an eye³
Couldst thou spare one, and think the blemish re-
compens'd,
To see me safe with t'other² Or a hand²
This white hand, [Amidea,] that hath so often,
With admiration, trembled on the lute,
Till we have pray'd thee leave the strings awhile,
And laid our ears close to thy ivory fingers,
Suspecting all the harmony proceeded
From their own motion, without the need
Of any dull or passive instrument.
No, Amidea, thou shalt not bear one scar
To buy my life, the sickle shall not touch
A flower that grows so fair upon his stalk;
Thy t'other hand will miss a white companion,
And wither on thy arm: what then can I
Expect from thee to save me? I would live,
And owe my life to thee, so 'twere not bought
Too dear.

Ami. Do you believe I should not find

The way to heaven? were both mine eyes thy
ransom,
I shall climb up those high and rugged cliffs
Without a hand

Sci. One way there is, if thou
Dost love [me] with that tenderness.

Ami. Pronounce it,
And let no danger that attends, incline you
To make a pause

Sci. The duke, thou knowst, did love thee.

Ami. Ha!

Sci. Nay, do not start already, nor mistake me ,
I do not, as before, make trial of thee,
Whether thou canst, laying aside thy honour,
Meet his lascivious arms , but, by this virtue,
I must beseech thee to forego it all,
And turn a sinful woman

Ami. Bless me !

Sci. I know the kingdoms of the world contain
not

Riches enough to tempt thee to a fall
That will so much undo thee ; but I am
Thy brother, dying brother , if thou lov'st
Him, therefore, that for thee hath done so much ,
Died his pale hands in blood, to revenge thee,
And in that murder wounded his own soul
Almost to death, consent to lose thy innocence ;
I know it makes thee grieve, but I shall live
To love thee better for it : we'll repent
Together for our sins, and pray and weep
Till heaven hath pardon'd all.

Ami. Oh, never, never.

Sci. Do but repeat thy words, to *save my life*,
And that will teach compassion, *my life* ,
Our shame, the stain of all our family,
Which will succeed in my ignoble death,
Thou wastest off.

Ami. But stain myself for ever

Sci. Where? In thy face, who shall behold one blemish,
Or one spot more in thy whole frame? thy beauty
Will be the very same, thy speech, thy person
Wear no deformity

Ami Oh, do not speak
So like a rebel to all modesty,
To all religion; if these arguments
Spring from your jealousy that I am fallen,
After a proof you did so late applaud—

Sci. I had not kill'd Pisano then; I am now
More spotted than the marble: then my head
Did owe no forfeiture to law,
It does ache now, then I but tried thy virtue,
Now my condition calls for mercy to thee,
Though to thyself thou appear cruel for't:
Come, we may live both, if you please.

Ami I must never
Buy my poor breath at such a rate. Who has
Made you afraid to die? I pity you,
And wish myself in any noble cause
Your leader When our souls shall leave this dwelling,
The glory of one fair and virtuous action
Is above all the scutcheons on our tomb,
Or silken banners over us.

Sci So valiant!
I will not interpose another syllable
To entreat your pity, say your prayers, and then
Thou'rt ripe to be translated from the earth,
To make a cherubin

Ami What means my brother?

Sci To kill you.

Ami Do not fright me, good Sciarrha

Sci. And I allow three minutes for devotion

Ami Will you murder me?

Sci Do you tremble?

Ami. Not at the terror of your sword,

But at the horror will affright thy soul,
 For this black deed. I see Pisano's blood
 Is texted in thy forehead, and thy hands
 Retain too many crimson spots already ;
 Make not thyself, by murdering of thy sister,
 All a red letter.

Sci. You shall be the martyr.^a

Ami. Yet stay ; is there no remedy but death,
 And from your hand ? then keep your word, and
 let me

Use one short prayer. [*Kneels.*

Sci. I shall relent. [*Aside.*

Ami. Forgive me, Heaven, and witness I have
 still

My virgin thoughts, 'tis not to save my life,
 But his eternal one —

Sciarrha, give me leave to veil my face, [*Rises.*
 I dare not look upon you, and pronounce
 I am too much a sister, live, hereafter,
 I know, you will condemn my frailty for it.
 I will obey the duke.

Sci. Darest thou consent ? [*Stabs her.*

Ami. [*unveiling.*]—Oh, let me see the wound,
 'Tis well, if any other hand had done it :
 Some angel tell my brother now, I did
 But seem consenting.

Sci. Ha ! but seem ?

Ami. You may believe my last breath.

Sci. Why didst say so ?

Ami. To gain some time, in hope you might
 call in

Your bloody purpose, and prevent the guilt
 Of being my murderer ; but heaven forgive thee.

^a *Make not thyself, by murdering of thy sister,*

All a red letter

Sci. *You shall be the martyr.*] The allusions here, are to the custom, still observed, of printing the names of the martyrs in the Roman Calendar in *red letters*.

Sci. Again, again forgive me, Amidea,
 And pray for me ; live but a little longer,
 To hear me speak , my passion hath betray'd
 Thee to this wound, for which I know not whether
 I should rejoice, or weep, since thou art virtuous.
 The duke, whose soul is black again, expects thee
 To be his whore :—Good Death, be not so hasty.—
 The agent for his lust, Lorenzo, has
 My oath to send thee to his bed . for otherwise,
 In my denial, hell and they decree,
 When I am dead, to ravish thee—mark that,
 To ravish thee '—and I confess, in tears
 As full of sorrow, as thy soul of innocence,
 In my religious care to have thee spotless,
 I did resolve, when I had found thee ripe,
 And nearest heaven, with all thy best desires,
 To send thee to thy peace . thy feign'd consent
 Hath brought thy happiness more early to thee,
 And saved some guilt ; forgive me altogether.

Ami With the same heart I beg heaven for
 myself,

Farewell

[*Swoons.*]

Sci Thou shalt not die yet. *Amidea* ' sister!—

[*Knocking within.*]

I cannot come :—

But oneword more : Oh, which way went thy soul ?
 Or is it gone so far it cannot hear me ?—

FLORIO breaks open the door and enters.

Look, here's our sister ! so, so , chafe her .
 She may return ; there is some motion.

Flo Sister !

Sci. Speak aloud, Florio , if her spirit be not
 Departed, I will seal this passage up ,
 I feel her breath again.—Here's Florio, would
 Fain take his leave.—So, so, she comes !

Flo Amidea,
 How came this wound ?

Ami. I drew the weapon to it :
 Heaven knows, my brother lov'd me : now, I hope,
 The duke will not pursue me with new flames.
Sciarrha, tell the rest : love one another
 The time you live together ; I'll pray for you
 In heaven : farewell ! kiss me when I am dead,
 You else will stay my journey. [*Dies.*

Sci. Didst not hear
 An angel call her ? *Florio*, I have much
 To tell thee : take her up ; stay, I will talk
 A little more with her , she is not dead,
 Let her alone ;—nay then, she's gone indeed.
 But hereabouts her soul must hover still,
 Let's speak to that : fair spirit—

Flo. You talk idly

Sci. Do you talk wisely then. An excellent
 pattern,
 As she now stands, for her own alabaster ,^{*}
 Or may she not be kept from putrefaction,
 And be the very figure on her tomb ?
 Cannot thy tears and mine preserve her, *Florio* ?
 If we want brine, a thousand virgins shall
 Weep every day upon her, and themselves,
 In winter, leaning round about her monument,
 Being moist creatures, stiffen with the cold,
 And freeze into so many white supporters.
 But we lose time.—I charge thee, by thy love
 To this pale relic, be instructed by me,
 Not to thy danger , some revenge must be,
 And I am lost already , if thou fall,
 Who shall survive, to give us funeral ? [*Exeunt.*

* ——— for her own alabaster ,] i. e. as he explains him-
 self, for her own statue, sculptured, as was the custom, in white
 marble, and placed recumbent on the tomb.

SCENE II.

A Room in Lorenzo's House.

Enter LORENZO and PETRUCHIO.

Lor. Petruchio.

Pet. My lord

Lor. Thou art now my servant.

Pet. I ever was in heart your humblest vassal.

Lor. Thou art faithful, I must cherish thy desert ;
I shortly shall reward it, very shortly :
Next morning must salute me duke , the sun
And I must rise together

Pet. I shall pray
Your glory may outshine him in your Florence,
And when he sets, we may enjoy your sunbeam.

Lor. 'Tis handsome flattery, and becomes a
courtier.

Pet. I flatter not, my lord

Lor. Then, thou'rt a fool .
No music to a great man chimes so sweetly,
And men must thrive , come hither,
How many hast thou kill'd ?

Pet. But one, my lord

Lor. But one !

Pet. And I must owe
My life to your lordship, I had been hang'd else

Lor. But one ? wait at the door , [*Exit Pet.*]
He is

Not fit to kill a duke, whose hand is guilty
But of a single murder , or at least
Not fit alone to act it . I have been
Practis'd already, and though no man see it,
Nor scarce the eye of heaven, yet every day
I kill a prince.—Appear, thou tragic witness,
[*Brings forth the duke's picture, a poniard stick-*
ing in it.

Which, though it bleed not, I may boast a murder.
 Here first the duke was painted to the life,
 But with this pencil, to the death : I love
 My brain for the invention, and thus
 Confirm'd, dare trust my resolution.
 I did suspect his youth and beauty might
 Win some compassion when I came to kill him ,
 Or the remembrance that he is my kinsman,
 Might thrill my blood , or something in his title
 Might give my hand repulse, and startle nature :
 But thus I have arm'd myself against all pity,
 That when I come to strike, my poniard may
 Through all his charms as confidently wound him,
 As thus I stab his picture, and stare on it.

[*Stabs the picture*

Methinks the duke should feel me now : is not
 His soul acquainted ? can he less than tremble,
 When I lift up my arm to wound his counterfeit ?^a
 Witches can persecute the lives of whom
 They hate, when they torment their senseless
 figures,
 And stick the waxen model full of pins.
 Can any stroke of mine carry less spell
 To wound his heart, sent with as great a malice ?
 He smiles, he smiles upon me ! I will dig
 Thy wanton eyes out, and supply the dark
 And hollow cells with two pitch-burning tapers ,
 Then place thee porter in some charnel-house,
 To light the coffins in.—

Re-enter PETRUCHIO

Pet. My lord

Lor. The duke's not come already ?

^a ——— his counterfeit] The word in common use among
 our old writers for *portrait*. Thus in the *Merchant of Venice*

“ What see I here ! Fair Portia's counterfeit ? ”

Pet Signior Florio
Desires to speak with you.

Lor This must retire
Again into my closet. [*puts back the picture.*]—
Admit him.

Enter FLORIO.

Welcome ' how does Sciarrha ?

Flo. He commends
His service to your lordship, and hath sent—

Lor. His sister ?

Flo Much ado he had to effect it :
He hopes his grace will quickly sign his pardon.

Lor. It shall be done

Flo. I have a suit, my lord.

Lor. To me ?

Flo. My sister would intreat your honour,
She may be admitted privately, and that
I may have privilege to prepare her chamber :
She does retain some modesty, and would not
Trust every servant with her shame ; their eyes
Are apt to instruct their tongues.

Lor. I will not see her myself
Command what you desire

Flo You are gracious.

Lor I'll give directions instantly . poor lady,
This is the duke's hot blood ; but heaven convert
him !

Follow me, good Florio

Flo. I attend, my lord.

Lor. Things shall be carried honourably

Flo. We are all bound to you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III

Another Room in the Same.

Recorders. The Body of AMIDEA discovered on a bed, prepared by two Gentlewomen

1 *Gent.* This is a sad employment.

2 *Gent.* The last we e'er shall do my lady.

Enter FLORIO.

Flo. So ; now you may return . it will become
Your modest duties not to enquire the reason
Of this strange service, nor to publish what
You have been commanded. [*Exeunt Gentlewomen*]

—Let me look upon

My sister now , still she retains her beauty,
Death has been kind to leave her all this sweetness.
Thus in a morning have I oft saluted
My sister in her chamber, sate upon
Her bed, and talk'd of many harmless passages ,
But now 'tis night, and a long night with her,
I ne'er shall see these curtains drawn again,
Until we meet in heaven.—The duke already !

Enter DUKE and LORENZO.

Duke May I believe ?

Lor. Trust me, my lord, hereafter.

Duke Call me no more thy lord, but thy companion ;

I will not wear that honour in my title,
Shall not be thine.—Who's that ?

Lor Her brother Florio.

Duke. She is abed.

Lor. The readier for your pastime.
She means to make a night on't.

Flo. This shall declare thee to posterity
The best of sisters.—What of that? and is not
A brother's life more precious than a trifle?
I prithee do not sigh: how many ladies
Would be ambitious of thy place to night,
And thank his highness! yes, and virgins too.

Duke. He pleads for me

Lor. He will deserve some office 'bout your
person.

Duke With what words
Shall I express my joy?

Lor. I leave you, sir, to action; Florio
Is soon dismiss'd.

[*Exit.*

Flo. He's come: good night—

Duke. Florio!

Flo [*coming forward*]—Your slave.

Duke My friend!

Thou shalt be near our bosom.

Flo. Pleasures crown
Your expectation!

[*Exit*

Duke All perfect; till this minute, I could never
Boast I was happy. all this world has not
A blessing to exchange: this world! 'tis heaven,
And thus I take possession of my saint.

[*Goes up to the bed.*

Asleep already? 'twere great pity to
Disturb her dream, yet if her soul be not
Tired with the body's weight, it must convey
Into her slumbers I wait here, and thus
Seal my devotion [*Kisses.*]—What winter dwells
Upon this lip! 'twas no warm kiss, I'll try
Again—[*Kisses.*]—the snow is not so cold; I have
Drunk ice, and feel a numbness spread through [all]
My blood at once.—Ha! let me examine
A little better, Amidea! she is dead, she is dead!
What horror doth invade me?—Help, Lorenzo!
Murder! where is Lorenzo?

Re-enter LORENZO with PETRUCHIO.

Lor. Here, my lord.

Duke. Some traitor's hid within the chamber ;
see,

My Amidea's dead !

Lor. Dead ! 'tis impossible, [*Goes up to the bed.*
Yet, she has a wound upon her breast.

Duke I prithee kill me :— [*They stab him.*
Ha ! wilt thou murder me, Lorenzo ?—Villain !—
[*to Pet.*

Oh, spare me to consider , I would live
A little longer : treason !

Lor. A little longer, say you ?
It was my duty to obey you, sir.

Pet. Let's make him sure, my lord

Lor What would you say ?—No ears but ours
Can reach his voice ,—but be not tedious.

Duke. Oh, spare me , I may live, and pardon
thee :

Thy prince begs mercy from thee, that did never
Deny thee any thing , pity my poor soul ;
I have not pray'd

Lor I could have wish'd you better
Prepar'd, but let your soul e'en take his chance.

[*Stabs him again.*

Duke. No tears prevail ! oh, whither must [*I*]
wander ?

Thus Cæsar fell by Brutus. I shall tell
News to the world I go to, will not be
Believ'd, Lorenzo kill'd me.

Lor. Will it not ?

I'll presently put in security [*Stabs him again*

Duke. I am coming, Amidea, I am coming.—
For thee, inhuman murderer, expect
My blood shall fly to heaven, and there inflam'd,
Hang a prodigious meteor all thy life,

And when by some as bloody hand as thine
 Thy soul is ebbing forth, it shall descend
 In flaming drops upon thee : oh, I faint !—
 Thou flattering world, farewell ! let princes gather
 My dust into a glass, and learn to spend
 Their hour of state, that's all they have , for when
 That's out, Time never turns the glass agen. [*Dies*

Lor. So !

Lay him beside his mistress ; hide their faces.
 The duke dismiss'd the train came with him ?

Pet. He did, my lord

Lor. Run to Sciarrha, pray him come and speak
 with me ,

Secure his passage to this chamber : haste !—

[*Exit Pet.*

He's dead ; I'll trust him now, and his ghost too ,
 Fools start at shadows, I'm in love with night
 And her complexion.

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. My lord, he's come without your summons.

Lor. Already ? leave us. [*Exit Petruchio.*

Enter SCIARRHA, and FLORIO

Welcome, let embraces

Chain us together —Noble Florio, welcome :—

But I must honour thy great soul.

Sci. Where's the duke ?

Lor. They are abed together.

Sci. Ha !

Lor. He's not stirring yet :

Thou kill'dst thy sister, didst not ?

Sci. I preserv'd her.

Lor. So ! it was bravely done.

Sci. But where's the wanton duke ?

Lor. Asleep, I tell you.

Sci. And he shall sleep eternally.

Lor. You cannot wake him , look you.

[*Leads Sci. up to the bed.*

Sci. Is he dead ?

Lor. And in his death we two begin our life
Of greatness, and of empire , nay, he's dead.

Sci. That labour's saved

Lor. Now I pronounce, Sciarrha,
Thy pardon, and to recompense thy loss,
The share of Florence , I'll but wear the title,
The power we'll divide.

Sci. I like this well :

You told a tale once of a commonwealth,
And liberty.

Lor. It was to gain a faction
With discontented persons, a fine trick
To make a buz of reformation.
My ends are compass'd , hang the ribble rabble !

Sci. Shall we sweat for the people² lose our
breath

To get their fame ?

Lor. I'll have it given out
The duke did kill thy sister.—

Sci. Excellent !

Lor. Having first ravish'd her : he cannot be
Too hateful ; it will dull the examination
Of his own death , or, if that come to question—

Sci. What if I say, I kill'd him in revenge
Of Amideia ? they will pity me ,
Beside, it will be in your power to pardon
Me altogether

Lor. Most discreetly thought on

Sci. The devil will not leave us o' the sudden.

Lor. Rare wit !—

How hastily he climbs the precipice,
From whence one fillip topples him to ruin. [*Aside*
We two shall live like brothers.

Sci. Stay ; we two²—

Now I consider better, I have no mind

To live at all—and you shall not—
I'll give you proof, if you but make a noise,
You gallop to the devil.

Lor I'm betray'd.

Sci. To death inevitable —Brother, be you
Spectator only.

Lor This is somewhat noble.

Sci. Thank me not, Lorenzo, I will not engage
His innocence to blood.—Thy hands are white,
Preserve them, Florio, and unless my arm
Grow feeble, do not interpose thy sword,
I charge thee.

Lor None to assist me? help, Petruchio! help!
[*They fight.*]

*Enter PETRUCHIO, and offers to run at Sciarrha,
but is intercepted by Florio He runs out, crying
Help! Florio makes fast the door*

Stretch thy jaws wider, villain! cry out Murder!
Treason! any thing, hold—oh!

Sci Will you not fall, Colossus?

[*Lor falls, and dies.*]

Flo Are not you hurt?

Sci. I know not Ha? yes, he has prick'd me
somewhere,

But I'll make sure of him, [*stabshimagain*]—Now
must I follow.

I'll fight with him in the t'other world—thy hand,
Florio, farewell [*Dies.*]

Flo He's dead too? 'tis in vain for me to fly

[*Within*] Break ope the doors!

Flo. You shall not need [*Opens the door*]

Re-enter PETRUCHIO, with COSMO, ALONZO, FREDERICO, and Guard.

Alon. Disarm him.

Cos. Lorenzo and Sciarrha slain ?

Alon. Where is the duke ?

Pet Look here, my lords.

Alon What traitor ?

Fred. See, Amidea murder'd too

Cos I tremble , here is a heap of tragedies

Alon. We must have an account from Florio.

Flo. He can inform you best, that brought you
hither

Alon. Lay hands upon Petruchio ! disarm him !

Cos. What blood is that upon his sword ? 'tis
fresh.

Pet. I'm caught.

Cos. To tortures with him.

Pet. Spare your fury , know

'Twas the best blood in Florence : I must quit

Young Florio , Lorenzo, and myself,

Are only guilty of the prince's death.

Alon. Inhuman traitors !

Cos But who kill'd Amidea ?

Flo. The duke's lust .

There was no other way to save her honour ;

My brother has reveng'd it here, but fate

Denied him triumph

Alon. I never heard

Such killing stories , but 'tis meet we first

Settle the state —Cosmo, you are the next

Of blood to challenge Florence.

Cos Pray defer

That till the morning. Drag that murderer

To prison —Florio, you must not expect

Your liberty, till all things be examin'd —

Lorenzo, now I am above thy malice,

And will make satisfaction to Oriana.—

'Tis a sad night, my lords ; by these you see

There is no stay in proud mortality. [Exeunt.

LOVE'S CRUELTY.

LOVE'S CRUELTY] This Tragedy was licensed by the Master of the Revels, Nov 14, 1631, and printed in 1640 As Langbaine has observed, that part of the first scene of the fourth act, where Bellamente endeavours to conceal Clariana's incontinence from his servant, by shutting Hippolito in the closet, is borrowed from queen Margaret's *Noels*, or the *Heccatomthi* of Cynthio.

The title of the 4to is, *Love's Crueltie, a Tragedy, as it was presented by her Majesties Servants, at the private House in Drury-lane. Written by James Shurley, Gent.*

This was among the plays revived at the Restoration

TO THE
HOPEFUL PAIR OF NOBLE BROTHERS,
CORNET GEORGE PORTER,
AND
MASTER CHARLES PORTER.

THE knowledge of your growing virtues hath begot in all men love, in me admiration, and a desire to deserve the manifold obligations I have to the true example of worth, captain Endymion Porter, instructed me to this presentation of my devoted respects to your noble selves, the true ideas of his virtues. You are so equal in all the attributes of goodness, that it were a difficult endeavour for me to distinguish between your perfections. Only, noble captain, that priority which your birth has allowed you, engages me in the first place to tender my service to yourself, which I imagined could not have been really accomplished, had I not joined your brother in this act of my gratitude to you. Accept therefore, heroic pair of brothers, this tender of his best devotions to you, who has no greater ambition than to be esteemed

the true Servant of both your virtues,

W. A.^a

^a Of W. A, the person who gave *Love's Cruelty* to the press, I can say nothing. The two youths to whom the play is dedicated, were probably the grandsons of the well known Endymion Porter, (the friend of Jonson and of Milton), and the sons of the author's patron, captain Endymion Porter. The cornet (the eldest) is, perhaps, that major-general (afterwards lieutenant-general) who fought so bravely for his sovereign at Marston Moor, where he was taken prisoner, and who appeared in arms for him again at Langport, with the same ill fortune. Charles was also a soldier, but whether his gallantry was always so legitimately exercised, I cannot undertake to say. He was brought before "His Highness" in 1645, for wounding a soldier in Covent Garden, nor was this his first offence, it seems, for he had previously obtained forcible possession of a lady. There was a third, of the name, implicated in the plot against Oliver; but I am unwilling to add to a detail of which so much is uncertain.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ¹

Duke of Ferrara.

Bellamente, a noble gentleman.

Bovaldo,² an old courtier.

Hippolito, his son, an attendant on the duke.

Sebastian, a private gentleman, ennobled by the duke.

Page to Hippolito.

Groom to Hippolito.

Courtiers.

Servant to Bellamente

Fiddler

Juggler.

Drawer

Servants.

Clariana, mistress, and afterwards wife, of Bellamente.

Eubella, daughter of Sebastian.

Milena, Clariana's maid

SCENE, Ferrara.

¹ The old copy has no list of Persons: the above has been made out in the usual mode, for the sake of uniformity.

² He is frequently called *Bonaldo*.

LOVE'S CRUELTY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in Clariana's House.

Enter BELLAMENTE and CLARIANA.

Cla. You shall not go, indeed you shall not.

Bel. Lady.

Cla. Unless the fault of your poor entertainment—

Bel. Nay, now you trespass, and dishonour me
With a suspicion that I can be so
Unjust, as not to acknowledge, you have made
A free and liberal welcome—but excuse.

Cla. Love shall supply what else hath been
defective,
To express my thanks for your kind visit

Bel. 'Tis
Business that now [doth] ravish me away
By this white land, which but to kiss, would
tempt me

To dwell an age here, I must wait upon
The duke

Cla. Why, so you may.

Bel. 'Tis now my time

Cla. You are not tied to such a strict observance,
That half an hour can prejudice you ; come,
I know you may dispense with duty so much.

Bel. You may command!

Cla. Not any thing that shall
Reflect injurious to yourself

Bel. I know

You have more charity

Cla. If there be other

Cause, that concerns your honour, or your fortune,
Trust me, I would not by a minute's stay
Be guilty of your wrong, and yet methinks,
If there were any thing, you might tell me ;
There's not a thought, that I dare keep from you,
No sigh but you may know from whence it breaks,
I have not had a tear, but you have search'd
The very spring, come, is't some other friend?

Bel. O, do not so far wound your servant,
madam,

To think my heart can allow any time

For the imagination of another

Woman Did all the goodness of the sex
Conspire in one, without you, I should love

My first election, and be blest to write

All my devotion here [*kisses her.*].—If, by the title

Of friend, you understand a man, there is

But one in the whole world I dare call friend,

And I am confident it would trouble me

As much to find a cause that would offend him,

As to be guilty of the sin.

Cla. Hippolito?

Bel. If he expected me a day, the crime
Were easily purg'd ; I can presume on him.

Cla. This is but little of that character
I have heard your tongue deliver, if his love
Be what you often have proclaim'd, trust me
He is a treasure

Bel. Such as both the Indies
Shall not buy from me.

Cla. What thing's rare in him
'Bove other friends?

Bel. His love, his love, Clariana.

Cla. That may be found in many

Bel. But not so rich, of so exact a nature,
All other is but drossy

Cla. He will venture
His life to advance your cause ?

Bel. He has done't often ,
But that is not the thing for which I bosom
Hippolito , I can return full weight
Of blood for his, engage myself to dangers
As high and horrid as he can for me ,
But every daring fellow in the street
Can draw a sword, and will for his gay honour,
Which sways him more than his religion,
I' the field maintain a good or impious quarrel :
But he is such a one to me, the name
Of friend's too narrow for him, and I want
A word that carries more divinity,
To express his love.

Cla. You are not nice to extol him ;
What has he done ?

Bel. An act above all friendship
That yet had story , 'bove all recompense,
I am not capable of a cause, to quit
His unexampled virtue.

Cla. This is strange.

Bel. You will acknowledge, when you hear it, and
It does concern you somewhat.

Cla. Me ' pray let not
My ignorance make me so unhappy, not
To give my thanks if he hath aim'd a part
Of courtesy to me : what is't ?

Bel. He dares not see thee.

Cla. Dares not see me ! why,
Am I so terrible ? does he fear I shall
Transform him ? Sure Minerva never dress'd
My hairs, he should imagine I present
Medusa to him Dares not see me ! I

Shoot no infection, nor breathe any mist
That shall corrupt him, what's his reason, pray?

Bel. Because I love thee I have courted him,
As some would do their mistress, but to be
Companion of one visit, and his love
Would not permit him.

Cla. Not to see your friend?

Bel. He loves me so well, that he dares not trust
His frailty with thy sight, whom I have so
Commended, least, before our marriage,
Something should share in his affection,
Which he hath studied to preserve entire
For me, he will not trust his eyes with any
Beauty I love, least they should stray with too much
License, and by degrees corrupt his faith.
He knows not what may thief upon his senses,
Or what temptation may rise from him,
To undo us all

Cla. A rare and noble friendship!

Bel. Is't not, Clariana?

Cla. He need not fear I shall
Commit a rape upon his friendship, and
A love so just and perfect as his, cannot,
With one sight of a woman, arm'd with more
Beauty than mine, be violated —
He dares not trust his frailty! he has faults,
Behke, though he be such a miracle
In friendship · pray enjoy him, and by no means
Tempt his soft nature to a crime so great
As seeing me, it shall suffice, my love's
To thee inviolable, and what opinion,
For your sake, I may modestly allow
The man I never saw, because your friend,
Be confident he has it.

Bel. Thou'rt all sweetness;
But I forget my attendance on the duke.
Now you allow my absence, virtuous thoughts
Stream in your bosom.

Cla. Not one kiss at parting ?

Bel. Let one speak the devotion of your servant,
That would, but dares not, stay to print a thousand.
[*Kisses her ; exit.*]

Cla. Milena.

Enter MILENA.

Mil. Madam.

Cla. Is Bellamente gone ?

Mil. Yes, madam

Cla. I must see this strange friend. [*aside.*]—
Bid [them] make ready
The caroch, and do [you] attend—

Mil. I shall. [*Exit*]

Cla. Dares not trust his frailty with a woman !
a fine fellow ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II

A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter HIPPOLITO, and a Courtier

Hip. Eubella come to court ?

Cour. This morning, sir,
And much graced by the duke, Sebastian,
Her father, made a knight

Hip. A knight ? Why, much good do it him,
he's a gentleman may deserve it for his daughter's
sake. The duke has the advantage, he is able to
make great men, there is no band to a round pen-
sion per annum, or the severe brow of authority,
promotion will turn the stomach, we under-sinners
of the commonwealth have nothing but our good
parts to procure for us. She is like to become
game royal then ?

Cour The duke pretends she shall be in some place near the duchess.

Hip In some near place with the duke, when the duchess is in another bed, and never dreams on't, she may in time be a gamester, in the mean time the duke will play at cards with her, and if he chance turn up a coat, the honour shall be her's, and a stock, perhaps, to set up the precious sin withal. Is she not yet ladified?

Cour. She is in the way to rise.

Hip Thou art mistaken, she is in the way to fall, a handsome gentlewoman, and new come to court,—in the high way to fall too, if any thing will do it, the duke has taken a course to take in her maiden town

Cour Did not you love her?

Hip No, faith, I cannot properly say I did ever love her, she was too honest, if she have pray'd since, she has been sorry for loving me so well,—she was too wise to be a whore, and I was not so much a fool to marry, till my time were come.

Cour. What time?

Hip. Why, the fall of the leaf; when my summer is over, the dog-days may do much with me, marry before one-and-thirty? a solecism. 'tis more honourable to be a pip out, than stand at a single game, 'tis neither courtly nor fashionable. — And what's become of her wise brother?

Cour He cannot do amiss in the general advancement, if his father and sister rise—

Hip He must needs shew a high forehead, 'tis such a dog in a wheel, he'll never become a doublet

¹ 'Tis more honourable to be a pip out, than stand at a single game,] All the allusions are taken from the game of *One-and-thirty* 'Tis better to hazard being thrown out, by calling for more cards, than to stand on a weak (this is the meaning of *single*) hand, in other words—not to marry at all, rather than marry too soon.

in fashion , he talks as if he had read poetry out of almanacks, and makes a leg like a farmer ; I wonder who begot him ?

Cour His father.

Hip. What father ? It had been a question, had his mother been a courtier, and not lived and died honest in the country They that look upon him, and his sister, would never think [the] two, (Pollux and Helena,) twins, in the same egg , yet she may be a good hen hereafter and lay , but an he be not addled, he is wiser than his nurse took him for.

Cour Will you not see them ?

Hip Where are they ?

Cour. In the garden, where the duke hath been this half hour in private discourse with her

Hip. No, I'll back again , I have not eaten to-day, and I dare not look upon an honest woman fasting, 'tis ominous, and we have too many fish-days already If the duke ask for me, make some excuse. [*Going*.]

Cour. I owe my preferment to you, and you may challenge my services

Enter BELLAMENTE.

Bel Friend, whither in such haste ?

Hip If thou lov'st me, interrupt me not, I dare not stay, there are new things at court, and I have not provided a compliment yet ; I'll see thee anon. [*Exit*.]

Bel. Farewell.—

Wild as the wind ! some crotchet has possess'd him,

And he is fix'd to follow't , he but wants

A little pruning, and no courtier

Could grow up more accomplish'd . I could wish him

An ounce or two of snow to qualify

Some fury in his blood ; were there no women,
He would be a brave man , but why do I
Trouble myself, that am secure ?—The duke.

*Enter the Duke, leading in EUBELLA, followed by
SEBASTIAN, BOVALDO, and Courtiers.*

Duke. You are too modest.

Eub. That was not wont to be a vice, my lord ;
Or, if it be too homely for the court,
And out of fashion, with your highness' pardon
I shall be welcome with it, to the place
I came from.

Seb. Hold that constant, my Eubella.

Duke Will you still be ignorant ?

Bov. Is not that your daughter ?

Seb She was.

Bov Has she found
Another father ?

Seb. She has found a misery

Bov. Let them tell the marks that lost it, and
take it again

By my consent

Duke. Bellamente.

Bel My lord.

Duke. Is she not an excellent creature ? were't
not pity

That so much beauty should be cast away

Upon a thankless woman

Bel How, sir ?

Duke. That will not use it to her best advantage
I have been courting this hour for a smile.

Bel I like not this. [Aside to Seb.

Seb. Nor I.

Bel. I cannot but
Congratulate your good fortune.

Seb Do not, do not,
You ever have been held an honest man,

Pray, do not mock me, it has pleased his grace
To give me a new name, a riband in my forehead.

Bov. Sebastian's a fore-horse, but would I were
to be the duke's taster! [*Aside.*

Seb. But there's a price too great set for the
honour,

That is my daughter, sir, and though I say't,
She is yet a virgin; would you part with such
A child to buy a knighthood? bribe at such
Expense for a poor title?

Bel. 'Tis dark language,
I dare not understand you; but you may
Mistake the duke.

Seb. I would I did, the way
To be assured is to ask the question.—
Sir.—

Duke Sebastian,
You have put us well in mind, we have forgot;
You have too little testimony of our favour,
You shall be captain of our guard

Bov. How's that? the duke does love her,
I hope not honestly, she was not born to be a
duchess—I have it—Heaven forgive us, the duke
means to make her own father the pander, 'tis so,
he does not use to give such offices for nothing
Well, go thy ways for a princely ferret, she cannot
hold out upon these terms

Seb. I know not what to say; but do you think
She shall be safe here? is the court a sanctuary
For virgins?

Bov. 'Twere better you were both pickled.

Seb. It depends upon the prince's
Chastity, whose example builds up virtue,
Or makes iniquity a trade.

Duke. Why should you
Be such an enemy to yourself? Come, fair one,
Think who it is that courts you, he that may
Command—

Eub. My life, but not my honour.

Duke. Your honour? why, I offer in exchange
A thousand.

Eub. But not all of value, to
Repurchase mine, when I have sold it to
Your wantonness Remember, sir, how much
You may, by one black deed, make forfeit of
Your precious eternity.

Duke. No doctrines

Eub. Warrant not so much ill by your example
To those that live beneath you, if you suffer
That sordid vice reign in your blood, who shall not
Be afraid to live with virtue?

Duke. Let a kiss
Correct this unkind language

Bov. I want patience to see any man kiss a
handsome gentlewoman, and when my own lips
cannot use their own privilege I prophesy what
will become of her, for all her modesty, but dare
stay no longer the sight of so much temptation

[*Exit.*

Seb. Why should any
Promotion charm my honest tongue? I'd rather
Plough my own acres with my innocence,
Than have my name advanc'd by poison'd honour.
He must not whore my daughter.

Bel. I commend
Your noble soul, but be advis'd how you
Express your trouble, grief, while it is dumb,
Doth fret within, but when we give our thoughts
Articulate sound, we must distinguish hearers
Princes are dangerous, and carry death
Upon their tongue I wish you well, and speak
My friendly counsel—'las, poor gentleman.

Duke. Come, you must wear this jewel, I have
done,
But you must live at court.

Eub. You will be just

To your own honour, and not give me cause
To curse your entertainment?

Duke. You are too scrupulous.

Seb. Great sir—

Duke. Give order for his patent to be drawn,
We will create him lord —No honour can
Reward your merit, and the title will
Become the father of this excellent maid.

1 *Cour.* His mouth is stopp'd again.

2 *Cour.* Lord? what does the duke mean?

3 *Cour.* No harm to the gentlewoman.

2 *Cour.* If these will not purchase the old man's
consent to leave his daughter to his highness'
mercy, (for he rises that she may be humbled,)
there are other courses to be thought on. *Sebas-*
tian has been a soldier: there are quarrels now in
the world, and christian wars, he were a fit man
for a general, when he's abroad, the siege at home
will not be so desperate.

1 *Cour.* She must be the court star

2 *Cour.* Do not you blaze it abroad neither, I
do not think his grace will acquaint his council
with such a cause

3 *Cour.* The old man, for aught I see, has no
stomach to it.

Duke. Where's Hippolito?

1 *Cour.* I saw him this morning.

Duke. He is an active courtier, practis'd in
These amorous paths; we'll try his skill to win
Her to our close embrace, command him presently
Wait on us, *Bellamente*.

Seb. [*to Bellamente.*—We hear you are to be
married

[*Sebastian walks aside with Eubella.*

Eub. I'll tell you more hereafter
I do not like the court, and yet I have
His royal word no force shall touch my chastity.

Seb. Be resolute for thy honour, I weigh not

The titles he would heap ; remember, girl,
 Thy mother's virtue ; since thy birth, though noble,
 Cannot expect his courtship for thyself,
 Scorn to be call'd a lady for his pleasure

Re-enter BOVALDO.

Duke. Signior Bovaldo, where's your son ?

Bov. So please your highness, he's not in the court, unless he be in some o' the lobbies, I could not examine all.—Ha ! 'tis come about, and the father, I'll lay my life, is laying the law to her Why was not I a duke ? I have as many titulations, though I be the elder huntsman [Aside

Duke You would not thank us for
 A law, that none about our court should marry ere
 We chose a wife ourself ?

Bel Your grace is pleasant.

Duke. Tell me, what [thou] hast heard of that
 Eubella ?

Bel. A very noble character

Duke What do you call noble ?

Bel. She's chaste and virtuous.

Duke. A virtuous folly, but we let her cool
 Too much.—Eubella !

Seb. I know not, still I fear her innocence
 Is not enough to guard her, if the duke
 Pursue her viciously, what is a virgin
 Against so many flattering temptations ?

Duke Come, fairest

Seb. I would you would be pleas'd, my lord—

Duke. I am infinitely pleas'd with that rare
 modesty

Sits on this cheek, and with thyself, whom we
 Have not yet graced sufficiently ; our state
 Doth want such able, honest men, and we
 Admit you to our high and secret counsels ;

I prophesy the dukedom shall owe much to
Your care, and grave directions.

[Exeunt all but Sebastian and Bovaldo]

Bov. Hey-day! a privy counsellor too! we are
like to have a fine smock-age on't, virgins will be
virgins, if the duke hold this humour, and at such
price forestall the market,—a widow will be ex-
cellent meat again; he's melancholy.

Seb. Shall I be cloak'd with honours, and not
speak?

Where is my courage? shall a few gay titles
Corrupt a father?—Bovaldo, thou art reported a
Good fellow

Bov. Would you were as right, for your own
sake!

Seb. Is there no trick to give a man a spirit?
I would be valiant; I dare not talk

Bov. If you have a mind to quarrel, drink.

Seb. Well thought on, that shall arm me against
all

His flattery: shall we to a tavern?

Bov. I'll bear you company

Seb. It shall be so, the court's too open.

You shall command Sebastian.

Bov. My lord—

Seb. No titles,

I'll thither, to forget them, and drink myself

Into a heat above his conjuration;

If there be a spirit in wine I'll swallow it.

How is man fallen, that, to preserve his name,

And defend innocence, must fly to shame!

Bov. I'll lead you, sir.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Hippolito's Lodgings.

*Enter HIPPOLITO and a Fencer**Hip.* Come on, sir. [*Practises with his sword*]*Fen.* Pretty well, I protest, la, keep your guard now, sir.*Hip.* What do you think on't? I shall never hit your subtle body. [*Makes a thrust at him.*]*Fen.* A very dexterous proffer; bring it home, ever while you live, bring your weapon home.*Hip.* Again, sir.*Fen.* But you do not hit me the neat school way, I won't give a rush to be kill'd out of the school-way, you must falsify, thus. [*They fence.*]*Hip.* How now, man?*Fen.* Pretty well, let us breathe.*Enter Page, and whispers HIPPOLITO**Hip.* A gentlewoman?*Page.* That has woo'd me, sir, if it were possible, to see you first at some distance.*Hip.* Is she handsome?*Page.* I am no competent judge of beauty, but if you will have my verdict, she is guilty of a good face*Hip.* I'll trouble you no more; I thank you for this exercise.*Fen.* The t'other bout.*Page.* Faces about,¹ good master fencer, my¹ *Faces about,*] See Jonson, vol. i p. 63.

master has some business, you and I will try a venue below.*

Fen. I would have another thrust, I protest.

Page. Not down stairs? What if my master desire to try his skill with some body else? [*Exit*

Enter CLARIANA

Hip What means the gentlewoman? [*aside*]—
I am not to be bought, lady

Cla. [*walking round, and examining him.*]—If
you were,

I have not wealth enough to purchase you

Hip Do not overvalue me, neither.

Cla. I would I had not seen him. [*Aside.*

Hip. Have you business with me, lady?—

Expect me in the next room [*Exit Fencer*

Cla I came, sir, but to see you.

Hip To see how I do, why, I thank you; you
are pretty, and I am well, what, an they were
both put together?

Cla You may accuse my modesty, that thus
rudely—

Hip Nay, lady, you cannot offend me that
way I can be as rude as you.

Cla What shall I say?—Do you know me, sir?

Hip. No, good faith, not I, but I shall desire
to know you any way you please

Cla Did you never see me?

Hip See you? you have a beauty would chal-
lenge a remembrance, but sure I was not so happy
till this minute

Cla You are a courtier, and can flatter

Hip And such beauty was made to be flat-
tered

* *You and I will try a venue below.*] i. e. a bout, the old copy
reads, try a vein

Cla. 'Tis a sign it carries not merit enough along to justify it, but 'tis as it is, I cannot help it; yet I could paint, if I list

Hyp. The more excellent; I do not love your artificial faces, give me one that dares blush, and have but her own colour for't. Here's a cheek hath both cream and strawberries in't, a lip with cherries that say, come eat me. [Kisses her.

Cla. You are very bold.

Hyp. Not so bold as you are welcome, you say you came to see me, and I would satisfy more than one of your senses. I do not know your name.

Cla. What would you do with it, if I told you?

Hyp. Lay it up, precious to memory, and open it as a relic for men to do it reverence at my crowned table, drink a health to the excellent owner, and call it my everlasting Valentine.

Cla. You would not?

Hyp. By this kiss but I would [Kisses her.

Cla. No swearing

Hyp. I cannot take too deep an oath in such brisk claret Say, shall I know it, lady?

Cla. Excuse me, sir I would not have my name be the toast for every cup of sack you drink, you wild gallants have no mercy upon gentlewomen, when you are warm i' the Canaries

Hyp. Why, conceal it. I am not in love with a name, and yet I have a grudging, a suspicion, that you have pawn'd or lost it.

Cla. What?

Hyp. Your good name, but let it go, I can tarry till you recover it. I have a bed within, lady, and a couch.

Cla. What to do?

Hyp. Nothing but to laugh and lie down.

Cla. You are very merry, sir.—I do like him

infinitely. [*aside.*—I came for no such purpose ; I am not so weary but I can walk.

Hip. There is a gallery to walk after.

Cla. I find it true, what you are reported.

Hip. Leave this impertinency, and resolve me again, what you came hither for.

Cla. If you will have the truth, I heard you had a wit, and a tall one, and I came hither—

Hip. To take it down.

Cla. To try the keenness ; I confess it has a pretty edge on't, not altogether so sharp as a razor.

Hip. Very good.—I shall love this periwinkle. [*Aside*

Cla. They say you love women too

Hip. So they say ; but dare not lie with them

Cla. I do not believe you can love any woman truly, that love so many

Hip. Belike you hold some intelligence in my affairs, and have a catalogue of all my gennets. I think there be some women in the world that wish me well, and shall not I love them again^d the misery on't is, I have never a mistress

Cla. Do you not confess many ?

Hip. Women, I grant, some moveables, trimmings for a chamber, things that serve the turn, but never a mistress, one that I would love and honour above all, my lady paramount, and superintendent Lindabrides, and such an empress would thou wert !

Re-enter Page

Page. Sir, one from the duke.

Hip. The duke !—Lady, I'll wait upon you presently

Cla. I dare not name his friend, nor who I am. All is not well within me [*Aside.*

Hip. Say I attend his grace immediately. —
VOL. II P

[*exit Page.*] — Lady, pardon my former rude trespasses : how unwelcome the cause is that must divorce me from your sweet company I can only imagine ; but if you dare be so gracious, having already so much honoured me, to entertain the time of my absence in that gallery, where some pictures may help away the time, you will oblige in the highest degree your servant. As I am a gentleman I will return instantly, and acknowledge the infinite favours.

Cla The worst is past already,
And I am desperately engaged. [*Aside.*] I have not yet
Express'd the business, sir, that brought me hither :
Confident of your nobleness, I will
Expect awhile. Pray send my servant to me.
Good fortune with you ! [*Exit*

Hip I must not lose her yet —
Lady, with your pardon, you shall keep possession
awhile, this key will secure you till my return —
I hope it will be a fashion shortly for gentlewomen
to come home and take their tribute ; it will be
some relief to our laundresses. Venus grant me a
speedy return, and she scapes me very hard if she
have not her come again [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Duke's Palace

Enter Duke, BELLAMENTE, EUBELLA, and Courtiers.

Duke. Yet, lady, have you chang'd your resolution ?

May I now hope to be admitted ?

Eub. Whither ?

Duke. To your embraces.

Eub. Sir, I dare not tell you

What I would say ; I would some other man
Might plead your argument , I should be plain,
And bolder in my answer : in your person
There's something makes me fearful to express
What is behind, another in your name
Would more encourage me to speak.

Duke. I'm glad
I have provided for your modesty.—
I wonder he is so tedious. [*Aside.*

Enter HIPPOLITO ; the Duke takes him aside

Eub. Whither will these libidinous flames of men
Pursue poor virgins ? Does a general fever
Possess their blood ? Who shall protect the chaste ?

Hip. When would you have me do it ?

Duke Now she is in presence.

Hip. I am not so well

Fortified as I may be an hour hence.

Duke It must not be delayed , I will prepare her

Hip. I am undone ; the poor gentlewoman will
be in purgatory when she finds I have locked her
up, and how to release her I know not no trick,
no device ? [*Aside*]—Bellamente, prithee, friend,
go to my lodging, and with this key release a gen-
tlewoman, that expects my return , the duke has
put a scurvy business upon me : kiss her hand
for me, and excuse my stay, wilt ? tell her, here-
after I hope we shall meet and not be distracted ,
my honour is in pawn.

Bel You dare trust me with your tame fowl,
belike , for once, because there is necessity, I'll
take some compassion on your pigeons , yet you
refused to see my mistress, do you remember ?

Hip. No quittance now.

Duke. This is the man, lady. Do you start
already ?—Win her to the game. [*Aside to Hip*

Hyp. I'll do what I can ; I may have better luck for you than for myself ; give us opportunity.

[Exit Duke.

Eub. Has the duke pointed him to be his orator ?

Hyp. Lady, I bring you news, which you must welcome ,

And give me thanks for.

Eub. If they be worthy.

Hyp. The duke loves you.

Eub. Do you know, sir, what you say ?

Hyp. I am not drunk ; the duke, I say, does love you.

Eub. Oh, do not use that modest name of love To apparel sin ; I know you meant to tell me The duke pursues me with hot lust.

Hyp. You are a fool —you understand his meaning, will you be wise, and meet it ? such favours are not offered to every body ; I have known as handsome a lady as you, would have given all the world, and herself too, for a bribe to any man that would have procured her but a kiss ; nay, as honest women, no dispraise, have longed for't, and it was mercy in his highness to save the child's nose. You have the whole treasure presented to you ; Jupiter in a golden shower, falling into your lap, entreats to be accepted Come, you must receive him.

Eub. Whom ?

Hyp. The duke

Eub. With all the duty of a servant.

Hyp. That's well said.

Eub. If he bring virtuous thoughts along with him

Hyp. Bring a fiddlestick ; come, you do not know what it is to be a duke's mistress, to enjoy the pleasures of the court, to have all heads bare, all knees bow to you, every door fly open as you tread, with your breath to raise this gentleman, pull down that lord, and new-mould the t'other

lady ; wear upon a tire the wealth of a province, have all the fashions brought first to you, all courtiers sue to you, tilts and tournaments for you , to have the air you live in, nay, your very breath, perfum'd, the pavement you tread upon, kiss'd, nay, your dog, or monkey, not saluted without an officious leg, and some title of reverence Are you melancholy ? a masque is prepared, and music to charm Orpheus himself into a stone ; numbers presented to your ear that shall speak the soul of the immortal English Jonson , a scene to take your eye with wonder, now to see a forest move, and the pride of summer brought into a walking wood , in the instant, as if the sea had swallowed up the earth, to see waves capering about tall ships, Arion upon a rock, playing to the dolphins, the tritons calling up the sea nymphs, to dance before you : in the height of this rapture, a tempest so artificial and sudden in the clouds, with a general darkness and thunder, so seeming made to threaten, that you would cry out with the mariners in the work, you cannot 'scape drowning : in the turning of an eye, these waters vanish into a heaven ; glorious and angelical shapes presented, the stars distinctly with their motion and music so enchanting you, that you would wish to be drowned indeed, to dwell in such a happiness.

Eub Fine painted blessings !

Hip Will you feast ? the water shall be summoned to bring in her finny and shell inhabitants, the air shall be unpeopled, and the birds come singing to their sacrifice , banquets shall spread like wildernesses, and present more variety than men can possibly take in surfeits Are you sick ? all the court shall take physic for you , if but your finger ache, the lords shall put on night-caps, and happiest that courtier that can first betray how much he suffers with you. Doth not this palace

please? the court removes to-morrow: doth the situation distaste? new palaces³ are built, and pyramids to put down the Egyptians. Will you hunt to day? the game is provided and taught new[ways] to delight you: will you take the pleasure of the river? the barge attends, music and the mermaids go along, swans die along the shores, and sing their own dirges. Will you spend? the exchequer is your's, all honour and offices your's, and, which is the crown of all, the duke himself is your's, whose ambition shall be to make those pleasures lasting, and every day create new ones to delight his mistress.

Eub. And yet I think you would not give away Your right hand for all these, much less present A poniard to your heart, and stab yourself

Hip. I think I should not.

Eub. And would you tempt me to do worse?

Hip. Worse?

Eub. To sell my honour basely for these vanities?

Hip. Vanities?

Eub. Mere trifles.

Hip. An you go to that, lady, that which you part withal for all these pleasures, is but a trifle

Eub. What?

Hip. Your maidenhead? where is it? who ever saw it? Is it a thing in nature? what marks has it? many have been lost you'll say, who ever found them? and could say and justify, this is such or such a woman's maidenhead? A mere fiction, and yet you think you have such a jewel on't.

Eub. You cannot be so ignorant as you seem.

Hip. I tell you what I think.

Eub. Is chastity and innocence no treasure?

³ *New palaces are built,*] The old copy reads "new places." Just below we have *news* for *new ways*, or some similar expression.

Are holy thoughts and virgin purity
 Of so small value ? where is your religion ?
 Were we created men and women to
 Have a command and empire o'er the creatures,
 And shall we lose our privilege, our charter,
 And wilfully degrade ourselves of reason
 And piety, to live like beasts, nay, be such ?
 For what name else can we allow ourselves ?
 Hath it been held in every age a virtue
 Rather to suffer death than stain our honour ?
 Does every sin strike at the soul and wound it,
 And shall not this, so foul, as modesty
 Allows no name, affright us ? Can the duke,
 Whose wicked cause you plead, with justice punish
 Those by his laws that in this kind offend,
 And can he think me innocent, or himself,
 When he has played the foul adulterer ?
 Princes are gods on earth, and as their virtues
 Do shine more exemplary to the world,
 So, they strike more immediately at heaven,
 When they offend.

Hip. I did not trouble you with this divinity.

Eub. I see you are a gentleman he favours,
 Be worthy of his trust, and counsel him
 To better ways, his shame is your dishonour,
 For every good man suffers with his prince.
 Put him in memory of the holy vow,
 When he received his sceptre—
 He promised then protection to the innocent.
 Tell him the punishment in store for lust,
 This were an angel's office

Hip. But I'll not do it for an hundred angels,
 thank you as much as though I did, that were the
 trick of a wise courtier · tell the prince of his
 faults !

Eub. If he have but the seeds of goodness in him
 He'll take it well.

Hip. He shall do, when I take it upon me, I am

not weary o' my place : thou wouldst make a very fine court surgeon—well, do you hear? you will not do this feat for the duke, then?

Eub. I dare not.

Hip. You will not, you are resolved, for his sake, why then prithee do it for mine; you told me once you loved me, I'll take it as a courtesy.

Eub. I never loved your vicious ways

Hip. My ways! they shall not trouble you, I'll take my own course, meet him but to night for my sake, and twine with him.

Eub. I'll sooner meet with a disease, with death. You are ignoble; do you urge it as
An argument of my respect to you,
To sin against my love?

Hip. I shall do no good upon her. [*aside.*]—
Were I the duke, you should find other usage

Eub. A tyrant might do any thing

Re-enter Duke

Duke. How now? is she moist and supple?
Will she stoop to the impression?

Hip. I told you, sir, I was not arm'd to the purpose, you took me unprovided: at the next bout I may do somewhat, in the mean time let me counsel you, to let her feed high, she'll never fall low enough else, she must be dieted; if you let her pick her sallets, you may fast another Lent, and all our pains be not worth an egg at Easter.

Duke. Come, cruel fair one; we may take the air together. [*Exeunt Duke and Eubella*

Hip. So, so, am discharged; now to my guest
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Hippolito's Lodgings.

Enter CLARIANA.

Cla. Not yet return'd ? I shall expect too long.
He is a handsome gentleman and witty ;
I must not always walk in clouds, his friend
Must bring us more acquainted ; I do love him.
Not yet ? his business has much force upon him.—

Enter MILENA

Mil. Madam, the doors are lock'd
Cla. What should this mean ?
He knows me not, I cannot fear betraying

Enter BELLAMENTE behind

Bel. Now for this ladybird. Ha !
Mil. Madam, 'tis Bellamente !
Cla. Cupid defend, wench ; ha !
Bel. Sure 'tis a dream.
Cla. All is at stake, I must be confident —
How does my servant ?
Bel. I am wondering.
Cla. To see me here, I warrant
Bel. Is not your name Clariana ?
Cla. Yes.
Bel. 'Tis not, sure ,
You are some other lady, without a name,
Whom our friend made a prisoner to his chamber,
And, 'cause his business with the duke detains him,
Sent me to kiss your hand, and disengage you.
Cla. Will you not know me then ?
Bel. Yes, now I look better on you, you're
Clariana,

To whom Bellamente hath devoted all
His loving honest service, she that gave me
Vows in exchange of mine, if my eyes be not
Unfaithful, and delude me.

Cla Come, I'll take
Your wonder off.

Bel Take it all off together; I have not done
My admiration, have I not mistook
My way, and fallen upon some other lodging?
Is this your dwelling, madam?

Cla No

Bel His name,
I pray, you call the owner?

Cla 'Tis [Hippolito]

Bel 'Tis so, and I am miserable False Cla-
riana, —

O, whither is the faith of women fled!

Cla You'll hear me, sir?

Bel Was't not Hippolito,
Whom I so often did entreat to see her,
My friend Hippolito? he would not go with me
To her, that were too public, he had plots,
And private meetings: lady, he has seen you now,
And knows you too, —
And how do you like him, lady? does he not
Career it handsomely, in the devil's saddle?
My soul's upon a torture

Cla You'll hear me, sir?

Bel I must be mad, come, tell me.
Why do not I kill thee now?

Cla 'Tis in your power

To be a murderer, but if you knew —

Bel I know too much, but I'll begin with him.

Cla What do you mean?

Bel To write upon his heart he has abused me
I, like a tame fool, must extol his friendship!
But never, for his sake, will I trust man
Nor woman You have forfeited your souls,

There's not a grain of faith nor honesty
In all your sex : you have tongues like the hyena,
And only speak us fair to ruin us ,
You carry springs within your eyes, and can
Outweep the crocodile, till our too much pity
Betray us to your merciless devouring.

Cla. When you are temperate enough to hear
The cause that brought me hither, happily,
You will repent this passion, in which
I must be bold to tell you, sir, my honour
Suffers unkindly—and your friend's—

Bel. Grow not
From frail to impudent.

Cla You are resolved
To be impatient. When you are collected—

[*Going*
Bel. Stay, I will hear, indeed I will ; say any
thing.

Cla First, then, you have no cause to accuse
Hippolito

For breach of friendship, had he purposed any
Dishonour to yourself through me, he could not
Be such a fool to send you to his chamber,
Whose knowledge, it should, last of all the world,
Arrive at, if you soberly consider.

He knows not so much of me, as my name ;
Think then but with what justice you have all
This while inveighed against him !—for myself,
I confess freely, sir, I made a visit,
But innocently, and pure from any thought
To injure you , I had a curiosity

To see the man you had so much commended,
That was my fault, and I, before you came,
Accus'd myself, and could, without your fury,
Have chid my modesty enough Yet, sir
You took me in no action of dishonour ,
My maid was all my company

Bel. But you look'd for

One to return , misfortune kept him from you.
 Tell me but this, if thou hast any truth :
 Could any woman, Clariana, that
 Would have the world but think her virtuous,
 Suffer herself to be lock'd up suspiciously
 Within a stranger's lodging ?

Cla. By all goodness
 It was without my knowledge , I was weary
 Expecting him, and meaning to depart,
 Some minutes ere you came, my servant told me
 I was a prisoner , you have all the story,
 Which cannot, if but weigh'd with reason, carry
 A crime like your's

Bel Like mine ?

Cla. I have said it
 'Tis you have made a greater fault than I,
 With so much violence to condemn before
 You know the offence , and I must tell you, sir,
 But that my love is grounded upon virtue,
 This were enough to stagger my affection
 Rail at your mistress but for going abroad
 To see your friend ? so just a one ? I see
 You will be jealous when we are married

Bel. Never , you have awak'd my honour, lady
 I dare believe, and ask thy pardon ; trust me,
 I will command my passions hereafter,
 And if thou but consent, give proof all jealousy
 Is flown away ; we'll marry instantly —
 Should he retain a thought not square of her,
 This will correct all. [*aside*]—He is here , no word
 Of discontent, put all off merrily
 Let's kiss

[*Kisses her.*]

Enter HIPPOLITO

Hip How now ! he will not not serve me so ?

[*Aside*]

Bel. We are acquainted ; and now you have seen

My mistress, I shall hope we may enjoy
Your company hereafter.

Hip Ha! your mistress?

Bel Mine, Clariana.

Cla 'Tis my name

Bel Come, she has told me all
I'll take her word nothing has past offensive,
Salute her now, as mine; the character
I gave her, and thy resolution
Not to see her, engaged her to this travel.

Hip May I be confident you have forgiven
My wild discourse? my studies shall hereafter
Bend all to serve you nobly.

Cla There is cause
That I should beg your pardon.

Bel We'll not part
Now till the priest hath made all perfect.

Hip I'll assist the clerk

Cla You have power to steer me.

Bel Hymen, light up thy torches, woods of pine
Should be cut up to make thy altars shine.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Tavern.

Enter SEBASTIAN, BOVALDO, and Drawer.

Seb. We might with more discretion [have] sent
for wine
To my own lodgings.

Bov Ever while you live, drink wine at the
fountain

Seb. Here I am not known ; let nobody interrupt us. [to the *Drawer*.

Bov. Let it be rich and sparkling, my precious varlet. [*Exit Drawer*.] And how and how go things at court ?

Seb. After a cup or two I'll tell thee.

Bov. I would Hippolito were here ; he's a good fellow, and takes after his father , the duke makes much on him.

Re-enter Drawer with wine, and exit.

Seb Here's a good health to him [Drinks.

Bov. Let it come, I am glad to see you sociable , come to the city, and leave purchasing dirty acres.

Seb The same justice that mine had.

Bov. An it were as deep as an usurer's conscience, my boy should have it. [Drinks.

Enter a Fidler.

Fid. Will't please you, gentlemen, to hear any music ?

Bov Shall we have any ?

Seb. By no means, it takes from our own mirth.

Bov Begone then.

Fid A very good song, an please you ¹

Bov. Yet again ? will you have your occupation broke about your head ?

Fid I'll make you laugh, gentlemen.

Bov. I'll make you cry, and tune your voice to the lamentation of *Oh my fiddle*, if you remove not presently. [*Exit Fidler*.

Sec This is the trick of taverns, when men desire to be private.

¹ *A very good song, an please you*] For the impertinent intrusion of fiddlers and jesters into taverns, see Massinger, vol. III. p. 427.

Bov. Come, whom shall we now remember?
Here's to your mistress. [Drinks.

Seb. A mistress at my years?

Bov. Till threescore you are allowed; I never wore more favours at one-and-twenty; this riband came from a countess, this lock² I wear for a young lady's sake, this touch³ was the fall of a gentlewoman's fan that is new come to court.

Seb. New come to court? I'll pray for her; is she virtuous?

Bov. An she be, there is hope the courtiers may convert her. Here's to her first [Drinks

Enter a Juggler.

Jug. Gentlemen, will you see a jackanapes?

Bov. How many is there of you?

Seb. Yet more of these rascals?

Jug. I can shew you very fine tricks.

Bov. Prithce, *hocus pocus*, keep thy grannam's hucklebone, and leave us

Seb. *Presto*, begone, or I'll teach you a trick for your jackanapes' learning. They will be deceived that choose a tavern for privacy. [Exit Juggler.

Bov. Come, our blood cools, here's to your fair daughter [Drinks.

Seb. Poor girl! I thank you, sir.

Bov. I do not flatter you, but you may be proud, I say no more.

Seb. Of what?

Bov. Your daughter; she's a handsome gentlewoman; there be worse faces at court.

² This lock] See *The Bird in a Cage*

³ This touch, &c.] Bovaldo alludes to the plume of feathers in his hat, which, as he says, came from a lady's fan. It is well known that the costliest fans were, at this period, composed of heron's or ostrich' feathers, grafted into ivory or silver handles. For *touch*, we should, perhaps, read *tuft*.

Seb Her complexion is natural, she has no trick of art. A little breeding she has had ; and some precepts to guard her honesty.

Bov. Honesty ! where is it ?

Seb. It should be everywhere

Bov. Take heed what you say, lest you be made to justify it Honesty everywhere ! Here's to you, come. [*Drinks.*]

Seb. I speak, Bovaldo, what I think, and it would be no dishonour to the greatest to be the first examples.

Bov. If all were of your mind, who should thrive in this world ? Pledge me How shall Christians behave themselves in great offices ? or under-clerks purchase ?—Honesty ! but one term were enough to undo the city ; the court were but in ill case if great men should stand upon't ; for the country, it is bought and sold every market day. Come, begin to me

Seb. Name it.

Bov. To the duke.

[*Drinks.*]

Seb. The duke ? he does not love me.

Bov. How ?

Seb. No, Bovaldo, he does not.

Bov. He loves your daughter

Seb. 'Tis not princely : nay, I shall dare to tell him so. But to his health [*Drinks.*]

Bov. Let it come, methinks he is a very fine gentleman

Seb. I begin to be warm already.

Bov. And one that loves a wench as well—

Seb. As ill, thou wouldst say ?

Bov. As ill as I, let it be so. I were no good subject to deny it to his highness.

Seb. Thou knewest me a gentleman

Bov. Are you not so still ?

Seb. No, I'm a knight, a lord, I know not what, I'm lost within a wilderness of names, but I will be myself again.—The t'other cup

Bov. 'Tis welcome : shall we double our files

Seb. This skirmish will do well.

Bov. Charge me home then.

Seb. Now I could talk, methinks. I will not prostitute Eubella for the wealth of his whole dukedom ; there's no honour to a noble conscience . he is the greatest coward dares not be honest.

Bov. Right, if a man dares not be honest, he is a coward ; but he that dares be dishonest—

Seb. Dares cut his father's throat.

Bov. A pretty fellow. Here's to you again !
[drinks] Shall we have a wench ? Now am I addicted to embrace any thing in the likeness of a woman. Oh for a chambermaid to wrestle withal ! Send for a brace of basilisks : thou hast no spirit, no masculine virtue , now could I o'er-run the whole country of the Amazons. Here's to a Penthesilea. Bear up, my valiant Myrmidon, and we will do such feats shall make the Trojans wonder at our backs, and bring dame Helen to us.

Seb. I prithee leave this humour ; 'tis not generous.

Bov. How ! not generous ? take heed what you say

Seb. I shall not eat my words

Bov. Then drink your drink. Now Troy burns blue ; where's Hecuba ?

Seb. Thou art all for wenching.

Bov. Upon a condition I will drink to thee. No, no, thou wilt not do so much, an a man should die for a lift of the leg the duke has a great mind to thy daughter, he is but mortal flesh and blood ; there be subjects that have as sound bodies, no dispraise to his excellency

Seb. Do you not fear to talk thus ?

Bov. Fear ! Would any durst send to me such a virgin pinnace, rigged and gay with all her flags.

Seb. This is uncivil, and I shall tell Bovaldo—

Bov. Nay, nay , thou art so waspish ! if a friend

desired a courtesy, that is in fashion, because the duke—

Seb. You're too bold, and forget yourself, I am Asham'd of this converse, *because the duke!*
Did his hand grasp the sceptres of the world,
And would propound them all to buy the honour
Of my Eubella, I would scorn his salary,
And tell him he were poorer in his soul
Than he that feeds i' the hospital. I am arm'd,
And shall grow very angry with your humour,
Which, ere it named my daughter, carried wick-
edness

Enough, but in her cause I am easily
Provok'd to teach that tongue repentance dares
Traduce her whiteness I allow a mirth,
But do not love this madness, and if I
Might counsel you, there is a way to quench
These wild licentious flames, earnest of those
Our souls shall feel hereafter: we are both
In years, and should look out our winding sheet,
Not women.

Boy. Boy!—

Enter Drawer.

I'll pay the reckoning—Be honest, and see what
will come on't I'll seek out my son, Hippolito.
He'll be rul'd by me Here's a coil about a tassel-
gentle!— [*Exit.*

Seb. He's drunk already.
That which has raised me but to noble anger,
Is his distraction.—There's for your wine —
[*Gives the Drawer money.*

Now to the wanton duke. heaven let him see
His shame, and know, great men that practise lust
Both kill their body and corrupt their dust.
Let him fret,* * * * * do what he can,
The world shall call, Sebastian honest man [*Exit.*

* *Let him fret.*] After these words, *menace, kill*, or some expression of a similar kind, appears to have dropt out at the press

SCENE II.

A Room in Bellamente's House.

Enter HIPPOLITO.

Hip. Had I but one thing that did touch on
honour,
My friendship, and is that diseas'd already,
And languishing? was it for this I would not
See her, that I might trespass with more guilt
When she was married? are not other women
As fair and tempting? or am I hurried
By violence of my fate to love her best,
That should be most a stranger? and does she
Meet my immodest¹ flame? nay, must the tapers,
Sacred to Hymen, light us to our sins?
Lust was too early up in both Oh man,
Oh woman! that our fires had kiss'd like lightning,
Which doth no sooner blaze but is extinct¹
She's here.

Enter CLARIANA and Page.

Cla. Where's your master?

Page. There he is, madam

Cla. Why do you walk so melancholy, sir?

Hip. I was collecting myself about some business
Must be dispatch'd this morning — Sirrah, pay
The groom make ready my horse.

Cla. Not yet;

You do not mean to leave me o' the sudden?
I am alone, my husband is at court,

¹ *immodest*] The old copy reads *modest*.

Pray rob me not of all my company :
 I shall not think upon his absence with
 So much [of] sorrow, if you make me happy
 With your society.

Hip. There's the devil already ; I cannot leave
 her. [*Aside.*

My boy may go, howsoever. [*Exit Page.*

Cla. Oh, Hippolito !
 If you have us'd no charms but simple courtship,
 Perhaps you may condemn me in your thoughts
 That I so soon (not studying the ways
 Of cunning to disguise my love, which other
 Women have practised, and would well become
 The modesty of a wife) declare myself
 At your dispose ; but I suspect you have
 Some command more than natural ; I have heard
 There has been too much witchcraft exercised
 To make poor women doat.

Hip. You are not serious
 In what you say ? I hope you do not take me
 For such a juggler ? if you think I practise—

Cla. That look acquits you : then at my nativity
 Some powerful star reign'd. I have heard astro-
 logers

Talk much of Venus.

Hip. And of Mars ; when they
 Are in conjunction, they incline us mortals
 Strangely to love, and lie with one another.

Cla. I am ignorant
 What influence we have from them, but I
 Am sure something has strangely wrought on me.

Hip. As how, madam ?

Cla. Why, to love,—I know not how—
 You know my meaning ; but truth witness with me,
 When first I saw your person, I gave up
 My liberty ; methought I lov'd you strangely.

Hip. I had desires too, I could not justify ;

But knowledge that you were my friend's, for that
time

Quench'd all loose fires; but love, that sway'd you
then,

And kept your thoughts, met with my longing heart,
And seal'd it up for you .⁴ yet when I think
On Bellament, there's wrestlings in my blood

Cla. Just, when I think on him 'tis so with mine
That love should be so equal ! Does it not stir you
To think of former vows ? Nay, I do dream
Sometimes of being surprised in thy dear arms,
And then methinks I weep, and sigh, and wake
With my own groans.

Hip. I never dream of that

Cla. It is my foolish fancy, yet such fears
Should waking never trouble me ; those lovers
That have not art to hide, and to secure
Their amorous thefts, deserve to be reveal'd.

Hip. Sure there's no woman in the world but
this

Could have such power against my friend . each
syllable

Renews her force upon me.

[*Aside.*

Cla. I beseech you,
Although a storm hath thrown me on your shore,
Have not so little charity to think
I should accept of safety on another .
It is not possible any but yourself,
With all the magic of his tongue or fortunes,
Could bribe me from Bellamente , if I fall

⁴ *And seal'd, &c*] The old copy reads,

“ for that time

“ All loose fires, but love that sway'd you, then quench'd

“ And kept your thoughts longing, met with my heart

“ And seal'd it up for you ,” &c

The present arrangement restores the passage to sense, and probably is not far from that of the author. In the third line of the next speech, I have omitted *sometimes*, which appears to have been taken up from the verse immediately below it

For too much loving you, your mercy may
Interpret fairly, by these tears—

Re-enter Page, with Groom.

Groom. Sir, your horse is ready.

Hyp. I shall not go yet.—Lady, if you please,
We'll walk a turn i' the garden. [*Exeunt.*

Groom Hark you, my small friend? without
offence, is not your master a—

Page. What?

Groom. I would have another word for a whore-
master

Page How, my dirty rubber of horse heels

Groom. Nay, I do not say he is, I do but ask
whether he be or no? Be not angry demi-lance,
there be as good gentlemen as he, that love a
wench.

Page. Why, is your mistress a wench?

Groom. My mistress, you didapper!

Page. *I do not say she is, I do but ask whether
she be or no?* there be as handsome creatures, none
dispraised, that take money for their wares. Have
I answered you, my bold merchant of dung in a
wheelbarrow?

Groom. How now, jack-a-lent in shreds of satin?
I shall swinge you with a horse-rod, you whipper.

Page Go meddle with your master's gelding,
and cheat him in the provender, to keep you in per-
petual pots of ale, when you entertain the kitchen-
maid in the hayloft. Talk of my master!

Groom Meddle with my mistress!

Page. Yes, I'll speak to her to allow you a less
proportion of clean straw to rub boots and lie in,
sirrah, you think you are at rack and manger,
when you divide beans with the horses, and help
to foul the stable

Groom. Sirrah, whelp, that has eaten knot-

grass, do not provoke me, lest I fetch a switch⁶ and curry your thin sides.

Page Mine, you bean-shifter ! would you durst no better ride booty at the horse-match, or cozen your master in the next parcel of oats. I fear you not, my canvas servingman with half a livery, groom of the stable once removed from the farrier!

Re-enter HIPPOLITO and CLARIANA.

Cla What, at difference ?

Groom and Page. No, not we, madam.

Hip. Sirrah, come hither.

Entreat my father meet me at court.

Page I shall, sir [*Exit Page.*

Hip. There's no haste for my nag yet.

Cla. About your business, sirrah

[*Exeunt Cla. and Hip.*

Groom My business is below stairs, and with a gelding, what he may prove I know not well, what I think I will keep to myself, my lady may be honest enough, but he that is born to be a cuckold shall never die a bachelor. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, and EUBELLA.

A SONG,

which done, enter SEBASTIAN and Courtiers

Duke. My lord, you are welcome.

Seb. Give me leave to tell

⁶ *Lest I fetch a switch*] The old copy reads, "Lest I fetch a smith" but the groom alludes to the "horse-rod" mentioned in his former speech

Your highness, I suspect it.

Why should a prince dissemble?

Duke. This dialect becomes you not.

Seb. Sir, sir, I must be honest.

Eub. Father.

Seb. Eubella, express thy duty
To him thou call'st a father; for thy own
Sake leave this place; the court's afire.

Duke. How, sir?

Seb. Canst thou not see the flames that threaten
thee?

Duke. Sebastian's wild.

Seb. But you would make her tame.—Look,
look, Eubella,

The duke himself burns; do not his eyes sparkle
With lust? his very breath will blast thee.

Eub. I fear this will be dangerous, good sir—

Seb. If yet thou hast not lost thy innocence,
I charge thee, by thy mother's memory,
And colder ashes, keep thyself unstain'd,
Let no temptation corrupt a thought.
Thou art richer in thy chastity than all
The kings of earth can make thee; if thou fall,
Thou kill'st my heart

Duke. All this for thy sake we forbear to
punish.—

But you should know, my lord—

Seb. Lord me no lords,
I groan under the burden of your honours,
And here resign all; give me but my daughter.

Duke. Let not your passion strangle thus your
reason.

Seb. Let not a sin so black as lust degrade
A prince, and register thy dishonour'd name
With foul adulterers.

Duke. You are very bold.

Seb. I would preserve the name
Of our yet honest family; I fear

She is o'ercome already, I do not like
Her silence.

Duke. To take off your fears,
Although we need not give you satisfaction,
By this white brow, she is as pure as when
She came to court.

Seb. [*kneels.*—Oh, let Sebastian fall
Lower, sir, I beseech you tread upon me,
So you will still be honest to my child,
She is all my comfort.

Duke Rise.

Seb. But will you not
Hereafter study to betray her innocence?—
Or give her license to return with me,
I'll ask no more assurance; grant but this,
And when we are at home, it shall oblige us,
Beside the duties we already owe,
In heart to pray for you.

Duke We are not pleas'd
She should depart.

Seb Then I'll unthank your goodness,
And dare thus boldly tell your highness, laws
Are most unjust that punish petty thieves,
And let the great ones 'scape.

Duke. We are yet patient.

Eub. Dear sir—

Seb. Princes may take our children from us, not
To advance but kill their names, corrupt their
virtues,

When needy men, that steal to feed their lives,
Are doom'd to the gallows

Duke Take the frantic hence.

Seb. Take hence the ravisher.

Cour. Sebastian.

Seb. Although he ravish not
Eubella from herself, yet he does ravish
A daughter from her father, and I'll voice it

Through every street I am not bound to whisper,
When grief's so loud within me.

Duke Place him where
His noise may make his own head ache, not others.
This liberty of tongue shall be corrected.

Seb. It will but spread thy infamy, when men
Shall speak my cause, and thy lasciviousness,
Which I will tell so often to the stones,
The vault shall be asham'd to echo thee —
Eubella !

Duke Away with him.

Seb. Do, bury me alive.—Be strong, Eubella,
And let not death by my example shake thee.

[*Exeunt Courtiers with Sebastian*]

Duke. This may incline her.—Do not weep,
Eubella,

They are not worth a tear ; yet 'tis within
Thy power to ransom their bold heads, were they
Humbled to the block : this pity shews a child ;
But princes lose their awe that are too mild.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Room in Bellamente's House.

Enter BELLAMENTE and a Servant.

Bel. Where's your lady ?

Ser. In her chamber.

Bel. Who's with her ?

Ser. None but the gentleman you left here.

Bel. Hippolito ?—

I will not have so base a thought. [*aside*]—I'll to
'em.—

Yet, you may go, and say I am return'd,
And wish her presence.— [*Exit Ser.*]

Ha ! there is something busy with my brain,

And in the shape of jealousy presents
A thousand fears ; they have been very loving
Since we were married —Thou soul's corruptor,
Who sent thee to me, to distract my peace ?
Begone, begone, and scatter thy foul seeds
Upon a ground that will be fruitful to thee
The innocence I carry in my breast
Arms me against the thoughts of other's treason .
My friend, my wife ! the very names are sacred,
And like the heads of saints, and holy martyrs,
Invested with such glorious beams, they strike
Conspiracy blind —

Re-enter Servant.

How now, what's in thy face ?

Ser. Oh, sir !

Bel What's the matter ?

Ser. Would you could understand, without my
tongue !

Bel. How does thy lady ?

Ser. My lady is—

Bel Ha ! why dost pause, villain ? answer me.

Ser Alas ! I know not with what words to tell
you.

Would I had never seen her, or you never
Married her.

Bel Ha ! stay there. Shall I trust thee now,
Fury ?—But speak, and be not tedious ;
What is thy lady doing, upon thy life ?

Ser. Alas, sir, it will make you mad.

Bel Speak, or never speak again ; I am prepar'd.

Ser. Pardon my unhappiness to deliver, then,
A truth that will distract you , you have now
Nor friend nor wife.

Bel. Are they both dead ?

Ser. Yes, dead to honour : finding her chamber
lock'd,

I know not what did prompt me to make use
Of a small cranny, where I beheld them both—
I want modest language
To tell how they are fallen, and yet too soon,
I know you cannot choose but understand me.

Bel. How long hast thou been a raven?

Ser. Good sir, collect yourself;
'Tis my misfortune, and no fault, to be
The sad reporter.

Bel. Do I live still?

Ser. And shall, I hope, long.

Bel. Thou'rt most uncharitable, if thou hadst
lov'd

Thy master, thou wouldst wish him happiness
Which all life denies Is my composition
So hard, a sorrow great and high like this
Cannot dissolve it? will not my heart break
With this? then melt it, some celestial fire,
In pity of my sufferings; some cloud
Of rain, since my own eyes refuse to drown me,
Fall and o'erwhelm this miserable island!

Ser. Sir—

Bel. Can this be possible? Be sure they are
devils,

Or I shall find such a new hell for thee—

Ser. I would it were not true!

Bel. Some merciful whirlwind snatch this bur-
den up,

And carry it into some wilderness;
Leave not, if it were possible, the mention
Of what I was, behind! The wolves are honest
Than mankind is to man.—I prithee kill me,
I kneel to be destroy'd; it is thy duty;
When thou shalt tell the world my wretched story,
And what soul-killing and devouring griefs
Thy good hand rid me of, it shall acquit thee,
And call thy murder charity.

Ser. Good sir—

Bel. O, whither shall I run, to find a friend
Will do the gentle office to despatch me
Without my own hand?

Ser. Rather live to take
Justice upon their perjuries.

Bel Good man,
My better angel, how had I forgot
Myself? Coward, to think of dying yet!
Who would put confidence in heaven hereafter,
If it should suffer me depart the world
Without revenge, and that my own, upon them?—
Come, draw,—take my sword,—I'll be double
arm'd.

I charge thee, by thy duty, or thy life,
If that be more, stay you at bottom of
The stairs, while I ascend their sinful chamber,
And if my pistol miss his treacherous heart,
He has no way to pass but on thy sword;
The place gives such advantage, that with safety
Thou may'st command his life
Kill him with less compunction than a witch
Flays a dead infant for his skin, to perfect
A hellish incantation. Thou wilt do it?

[*Gives him his sword.*]

Ser. I'll do my best he shall not 'scape.

Bel. Wife, friend,
You hang like ulcers on me! I am bound
To cut you from my heart, to cure my wound.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Clariana's Chamber.

HIPPOLITO and CLARIANA upon a bed

Hip. What pity 'tis these pleasures are not lawful.

Cla. Lawful! that would take much from the delight

And value; I have heard some gentlemen,
That want no venison of their own,
Swear they had rather strike their neighbour's deer
Than hunt in their own park. What we possess
We keep for our necessity, not game,
Or, wearied with enjoying, give't away,
To purchase thanks abroad.

Hip For all that, madam, there is danger in some purheus, and when the keeper is none of the wisest, their bolts are sooner shot I like the sport, but would not be taken at the deer-stealing; yet, for such a doe as thou art, I would venture—

Cla 'Tis no glory to take a town without some hazard, that victory is sweetest, which is got in the face of danger; when the very cannons are hoarse with clamour, then the bold soldier goes on, and thinks the loud noise music to him. Give me the man that fears no colours. Was there ever any thing worth the enjoying that came easily, and without trouble to us? What makes a maidenhead the richer purchase, think you? But I am married, and my husband is your friend.

Hip. Prithee, no more o' that.

Cla. No more o' that? in my conscience you are fearful; this is the ballad right, [Sings

Courtier, hey! courtier, ho!

Wilt thou be my true love? no, no, no

Fie upon't! I should name my husband often to arm and fortify ourselves. I confess, I do not wish him here, perhaps he would do some mischief, and hinder another meeting; but if he were present now, and should see us kiss, for an he were ten husbands, I would trust his eyes no further, what could he say? [*sings.*—*For he did but kiss her, for he did but kiss her, and so let her go.*—Come, for shame, be more sprightly, I have as much reason to look about, and play my game wisely, if my cards were consider'd

Hyp. Yet you are very confident.

Cla He does use to keep his word; I know he'll not return this two hours. Come, we are secure; prithee let's talk of something else

Enter BELLAMENTE.

Bel Of death!

Are ye untwin'd?

Cla Are we betray'd?

Bel You did not look for me.—Your sword is of no use, do you see? [*presenting a pistol at Hypolito*]—Pity your own damnations, and obey me: get into that closet, no considering, it must be done [*shuts Hyp in the closet*]—So, you are fast.—Now, lady lechery, dress you the bed a little, and lay the pillows handsomely; bestir you.

Cla. Upon my knees—

Bel. No petitioning, you can sing; quickly, or—so, so —[*goes to the door.*]—You, sirrah, at the bottom of the stairs, come up.—Be wise, and do not kneel nor whimper.

Enter Servant

Now, sirrah, speak, and tell me truly,

Or I'll search every corner of thy soul,
 Why didst thou play the villain, thus to mock me
 With expectation to find my wife
 Playing the adulteress with Hippolito?
 Tell me.

Ser. Hold, sir, I beseech you.

Bel. What devil did instruct thee to disquiet
 My heart, secure and confident of their honours,
 As conscious of my own? no head but mine
 To bruise with jealousy! Where is he? shew me,
 Or take into thy bosom what my vows
 Had fix'd for him and her.

[*Presents the pistol at him*]

Ser. If these be eyes, I saw them.—

Bel. *If these be eyes!* Is that your proof? lay
 such

A cause upon the strength of a weak sense,
 That is a thousand ways deceived! your eyes!—
 O, Clariana, this [most] impudent slave,
 With such a cunning face, told me thou wert
 naught,

Lock'd in the lustful arms of base Hippolito;
 My friend, my honest friend; one that commands
 Not his own life so much as I, that would not
 For a monarchy do me the least disgrace.—
 Hast found him, villain?

Ser. I'll look under the bed, sir.

Bel. And I believ'd him too, and had I found
 But the least point of such a sin, within
 Thy chamber, Furies should appear more tame
 Than Bellamente; hell should not have malice
 Enough to add to my revenge: but pardon
 My easy, credulous nature, I confess
 A fault, for had I loved thee nobly, as
 Became our holy vows, our vows, Clariana,
 To which we call'd the angels, I should never
 Have entertain'd one thought against thy chastity,
 But this slave shall repent it.

Ser. Hold, I beseech you, sir :
By my life I thought I saw them.

Bel. Thought ! is that excuse ?

Ser. Good sir !—

I'll never trust my own eyes after this ,
There was *deceptio visus* Oh, be merciful !

Bel. None but her honour and my friend's to
poison ?

Had this report not first arrived at me,
How had we all been sham'd ? — Dost thou kneel
too ? [*To Clar.*

Nay then, I must forgive him — Rise, my honest,
My dearest Clariana — But I shall hear
You will be prating of it If one syllable
Come to my ear, let fall by thee, that touches
But thy suspicion, I will have thy tongue
And heart.

Ser. Cut me into a thousand pieces —
Madam, your pardon. How was I cozen'd !

Bel. Begone, and thank her goodness thou dost
live,

But do not dare to be so desperate
To come within my eye reach till I call thee.

Ser. I'll not come near you. I'll bury myself in
the cellar [*Exit.*

Bel. So, so !—Now, sir, you may come forth
again.—

[*Opens the closet, and Hip comes forth*]
Nor do you, my most excellent whore, think
There is no storm to follow—keep your distance :
You have had a feast, a merry one, the shot
Is now to be discharged , what do you expect ?

Hip. Death , from that hand I apprehend no
mercy,
Nor have I so much innocence, to hope
You will delay your justice. Were I arm'd
With power to resist, I should add more

Offences by defending of this life,
That has so basely injured you.

Bel. Treacherous serpent!

Hip With this I have some time reliev'd your
valour,
And had no pity of my blood, but then
I was a friend; in such a cause as this
I have no arm, no weapon, not, if I
Were sure the bullet would decline my heart
It does beget a cowardice to think
How I am fallen

Cla O, pardon.

Bel Pardon! with what conscience canst thou
ask it?

Hip. You shew'd a charity above my hope,
By giving a few minutes for my prayer,
Which shews you had no meaning to destroy
The soul; 'twas rare compassion, but if you
Could possibly forgive—

Bel How! forgive?

Hip I say, if it were possible you could
Remit so foul (in me the black'st) offence,
Not for the love I have to number days,
But by some noble service to wash off
This shame, this leprosy upon my name.—

Bel. Have you found it now?

Hip. I have, but vainly interrupt your fury
You cannot, must not pardon it; such mercy
Becomes not an Italian.

Bel. Miserable woman!

Cla. O, sir, it was my first offence; what
woman is

Without some stain? If all that in this kind
Have sinn'd, had met with present death, you would
Not find some names, that now shine gloriously
Within the catalogue of saints. My soul
Is full of shame and tears

Bel Tell me, Clariana,—
Still I shall hit upon thy name,—how couldst thou
Use me so cruelly? Did I want youth
And spring about me? were my embraces cold?
Frost in my blood? or in thy bed was I
Convey'd, a snowball, roll'd up [as] the children do
To play with [i' the] winter?^a Did I not affect thee
Beyond all comfort of the world?

Cla. I know it.

Bel. And thou, whom best of all mankind I lov'd,
Whose friendship took up my whole heart, till she
Came in a wife, yet then thou hadst a seat
One small degree below her! When this shall be
The talk of Ferrara, who shall trust his friend
For thy sake? - - - -
- - - or at the mention of thy name
Forswear ever to marry?

Cla Noble sir,
It is within your power—

Bel To kill you both.

Hyp. I am prepar'd, so well
As this short time will give me leave.

Cla 'Tis yet within your power to silence all,

^a *Convey'd, a snowball, roll'd up [as] the children do
To play with [i' the] winter? Did I not affect thee?* These
lines are given merely as some approach to the sense of the
speaker, and by no means as his genuine words. This play,
which, like all the rest, was evidently taken from the prompter's
book, is most wretchedly printed. The passage above stands
thus in the old copy

“ Convey'd a snow ball roll'd up the children
Do to play, with winter did I not affect thee ”

Here something is deranged, and something lost, which, as
there is but one edition, cannot be rectified or recovered

^a *For thy sake?* - - - -
- - - or, &c] Here again is an apparent omission
The purport of what was lost at the press readily suggests
itself; I forbear, however, to fill up the break.

What is already done, should we turn fountains,
 We heartily may grieve for, not repair ;
 The world can have no knowledge of our trespass
 Nor your dishonour, if you call it so,
 Unless you tell it ; you have nobly, sir,
 Secur'd all shame at home, which has won more
 Repentance from me than my tears , go on,
 Increase that piety, and be not you
 The trumpet of their infamy abroad,
 Whose lives hereafter may be spent with such
 Religious sorrow, for offending you,
 That you may not repent to have forgiven.

Bel. Shall I be won with foolish pity ?

Cl. Our death will gain you nothing, but the
 fear

You shall not keep your own life

Hip. Or if blood

Must only satisfy, let your sword here
 Bathe in revenge ; the greatest sinner kill :
 If men were not, what woman could be ill ?

Bel. Your fears thus vanish , I delight not in
 The bloody sacrifice , live both.

[*Throws down the pistol*

Hip. A miracle !

Bel. But I'll do more than kill you—take my love
 off —

I do desire never to see you more,
 Nor will I be a courtier to occasion
 Meeting hereafter ; what is done is circled
 Within our knowledge ; pray, farewell [*Exit*

Hip.—For you,

I do desire never to bed thee more :
 I'll force some smiles to keep suspicion off,
 But fear I never shall love heartily
 Again. Thou hast undone me here, Clariana,
 And yet I will not wish thee dead for this.
 Repent, and when I die, ask for a kiss. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

A Room in the Palace

Enter BOVALDO and a Courtier

Bov. Not at the court? why, he desired I should meet him here.

Cour. The duke hath often asked for him

Bov. He waits well in the mean time! Who, in the name of wantonness keeps him away? I know 'tis a wench, 'tis a parlous boy, my own son to a hair, an he should not love a woman I would disinherit him, for I am of opinion, an atheist sometime is better than an eunuch. And yet cannot the court find him game enough, but he must leap the pale, and straggle so far for venison, that the duke must hunt after him! an he were not my own flesh and blood, I would counsel him to marry, but they are dangerous, and a disease is more curable than a wife, for she indeed is a hectic fever: although I buried mine seven year ago, yet I feel a grudging of her still, and for a need, could guess at the change of weather by the knowledge her noise has infused into my bones.

Enter Duke and Courtiers

Cour. The duke.

Duke. Some one look out Hippolito

Bov. If [it] please your grace, let it be my employment

Duke. Signior Bovaldo

Bov. Your highness' humble servant, I am sorry my son should be absent, when your grace has service for him, but I'll find him out, I

am acquainted with two or three of his haunts , I know a tavern is next door to a——

Duke. To a what ?

Bov It has a coarse name.

Duke No matter

Bov To a bawdy-house

Duke That's not impossible—

Bov To find him there ? I cannot help it.

I Cour. He loves him the better for't.

Bov 'Tis a trick he learn'd in France, sir, where your nobility practise [it] : he will leave it when capering and kissing are out of fashion with gentlemen

Duke Oh, he is young , I have heard you were as wild at his years

Bov And wilder too, I should be sorry else.

Duke. How ?

Bov I had ne'er broke my wife's heart else with supping abroad, and midnight revels . I should have been troubled with her till this time.

Duke She was a shrew, it seems , but you promise actively still ?

Bov Not much for the cross point.

But, with your highness license, I'll find out Hippolito, to attend your pleasure.

Duke. Good signior —

A blunt honest gentleman. [Exit.

I Cour. He does not boast much honesty, with your pardon, sir.

Duke. I like the freedom of his discourse , but see Hippolito

Enter HIPPOLITO

Hip. I must not appear melancholy. [Aside

I Cour. Signior, the duke expects you

Hip His grace's humble creature.

1 *Cour* Now is he come from some vaulting school, I'll lay my life. He is a pretty gentleman, 'tis pity that nothing can persuade him from the flesh.
[*The duke takes Hip. aside.*

2 *Cour* The duke employs him.

1 *Cour* Ay, leiger at home.

Hip. Both in prison!

Duke. Both. We all know Eubella, her father is committed to prison for being too free of his tongue.

Hip. Be confident I will prevail, I have a new spell for her

Duke Be speedy and be fortunate, she is in that chamber,

Return with her consent to love, and be
What the duke's power can make thee

Hip. You too much honour me.

Duke. Come, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt Duke and Courtiers*

HIPPOLITO opens a chamber door, and brings forth
EUBELLA.

Hip Lady, I am sent to know your full and final resolution, touching the business the duke propounded. Though your father be shut up, yet change of air is fitter for your complexion, the duke is a gentleman, that may command in these parts; 'tis not for want of provision, the duke has a mind to cut up your virginity.

Eub If this be your affair, sir, tell the duke Eubella is a rock.

Hip That's very hard.

Eub His mermaids cannot win me with their songs,

Nor all his tempests shake me.

Hip Stay a little;
There's something more in my commission

Eub Hippolito,
I now have argument to think you were
Not born a gentleman ; something here is witness,
I pity thee , this is no noble office

Hip You mean a pander , it has been a thriving way for some : but I am employed by his grace.

Eub Shall fear or flattery
Corrupt a generous soul ? I am a woman,
The weakest of a thousand, yet I dare
Give man example rather to be sacrificed,
Than betray virtue's cause ; we give our life
To grow again, from our own funeral pile,
Like the Arabian bird.*

Hip. Thou hast so rich
A stock of goodness, were all other women
Vicious, thou might'st import enough to make
The whole sex white again, and leave thyself
One degree less than angel . canst thou pardon
That I have tempted thee so far ? Thy hand,
To give it a religious kiss ; when next
My tongue is orator in so foul a cause,
The argument itself turn a disease,
And eat it to the root. I am chang'd, Eubella,
And more to try thy strength than to o'ercome,
I speak now for the duke , keep still thy thoughts
Devout to honour , after I have studied
A year's repentance for my wrongs to thee,
I will presume to say, I love Eubella.

Eub. But hath Hippolito no other meaning ?
I understand, and take some joy to hear
This language.

Hip. The first proof of my conversion
Shall be to tell the duke he has done ill
To court thee sinfully. [*Takes her hand*

* *Like the Arabian bird*] The old copy reads " Assyrian ;" but Shirley was too familiar with mythology to place the phoenix in this country.

Re-enter Duke and Courtiers, behind.

Duke. How's this?

Eub Pray do not mock [me,] if you knew how much

Delight heaven takes to hear you speak so well
To the distress'd Eubella.—

Hip By this lip,
(If my profane touch make thee not offended,) There is no good I will not act, nor ill
I will not suffer, to deserve thy love,
But I am miserable, and cannot merit.
I have not been at home these many years,
Yet I will call my conscience to account
For all, and throw myself upon heaven's charity
Why dost thou weep?

Eub. My joy can wear no other livery
Than tears; and, confident all this is truth,
I cannot keep it in, you shall dispose
Eubella's heart.

Hip Then here I take it in
To my possession.

Duke [*coming forward*]—Villain!—Strumpet!

Hip Sir!
Here are none such, I can assure your highness.

Duke Is this your faith to me?

Hip I never did you
True service till this minute; and I dare
Now tell you, though you cut my head off, 'tis
Not justice to pursue the ruin of
A harmless maid

Duke. Traitor!

Hip Call me some name I understand, my
lord,
This virgin now is mine.

Duke. Your whore!

Hip. This cannot make me yet forget your person

Eub. Sir, I beseech you—

Duke. By my dukedom—

Hip. The more you vex the more we grow together

In honour and chaste love.

Duke You speak as if
You were to be her husband.

Hip. 'Tis a title
A prince should be ambitious of.

Duke. Very fine.
Do you consent too, to be call'd his wife?

Eub. If he dare make me such, there is no second
My heart affects.

Duke. Is't come to this? then hear what I determine

Eub. Sir, consider

Duke I have consider'd, do not interrupt me:—
To-morrow, if I live, I'll see you both—
Married—Thou excellent maid, forgive my passion!

Accept him freely, thou hast overcome
With chastity, and taught me to be a prince,
Which character my lust had near defaced.—
Release Sebastian. [Exit a Courtier

Eub. What duty
Can poor Eubella pay?

Duke No more;
Good deeds reward themselves, how have we slept!

Hip This exceeds all your favours

Duke. Cherish my gift, Hippolito,
She is a wife for the best prince.—No honour
Can be enough to satisfy thy virtue. [Exit

1 *Cour.* Here's a strange whirl! I do not like it,
if the duke continue this mind, we must all be honest.

2 *Cour.* Who can help it? [Exeunt

SCENE III.

A Room in Bellamente's House.

Enter BELLAMENTE and BOVALDO at several doors.

Bov. Save you, signior ; is my son here ?

Bel He was here very lately, too late[ly.]

Bov You do not answer as you were wont , I ask for Hippolito, your friend.

Bel. And did not I answer you ? cry you mercy, signior ; indeed he is not here.

Bov. How is it with your beauteous Clariana ?

Bel. She's well.

Bov Pray commend my service to her.

Bel What said you ?

Bov Nothing, but my service to your lady.

Bel. Oh, I thank you ; pray stay, and tell me how I look

Bov Look ?

Bel They will persuade me within I am not well. I must confess there is some cause of melancholy Within me.

Bov I guess'd so at first sight , may I presume to ask it ?

Bel And yet, does not Concern me in a higher nature than My friend : a scurvy chance late happen'd to him ; One that he lov'd most dearly, you will scarce Believe, made him a cuckold

Bov. That all ?

Bel. That all ! Do you understand what I have said ?

Bov Yes,
A friend was made a cuckold by a friend :
He did his wife and him a courtesy.

Bel. Go home and pray, you are in a desperate state ;

This is enough to weigh thee down to hell.

Bov. I am not of your mind ; an I had done it myself, I should never had so much despair as to hang myself ; why, 'tis as common as shifting a trencher.

Bel. But hark you, sir, howe'er you talk, you cannot in your judgment think so ; are you married ?

Bov. What do you see in my forehead you should think me so miserable ?

Bel. I'll tell you then what a wife is, or should be.

Bov. I can tell you what they should be

Bel. What ?

Bov. They should be honest, and love their husbands, and, for their sakes, their bastards, which, if they understand, they are bound to keep, because their ill conditions drive us abroad to get them.

Bel. No ; hear me :

A wife is man's best piece, who, till he marries,
Wants making up, she is the shrine to which
Nature doth send us forth on pilgrimage ;
She is a scion taken from that tree,
Into which, if she have no second grafting,
The world can have no fruit ; she is man's
Arithmetic, which teaches him to number
And multiply himself in his own children .
She is the good man's paradise, and the bad's
First step to heaven, a treasure, which who wants,
Cannot be trusted to posterity,
Nor pay his own debts, she is a golden sentence,
Writ by our Maker, which the angels may
Discourse of, only men know how to use,
And none but devils violate.

Bov. All this you'll justify a wife ?

Bel. Now tell me, signior, what punishment
That man deserves, that should deface or steal
This wealth away?

Bov. How mean you? in the way of lying with
her? I am of my first opinion, there is not much
treason in't, if she be handsome.

Bel. But is there no respect of friendship to be
observ'd?

Bov. Nor kindred much, in such a case.

Bel. Would you not chide your son, that should
abuse his dear friend's wife or mistress?

Bov. Yes, if he should abuse her, but if he did
but lie with her, I should commend him. Make
the case your own, would you deny a friend that
wanted linen the courtesy of your clean shirt? a
woman is a more necessary wearing, and yet never
the worse for't

Bel. Away, thou wilt infect my dwelling else!
To what a monster is man grown!

Bov. Fare you well, sir, I have but answered
to your questions. *[Exit*

Bel. Cynic,
I'll hold thy lanthorn now, and go with thee
Through Athens and the world, to find one man
That's honest.

Enter Hippolito's Page, with a letter.

Page. My master remembers his humble service.

Bel. To me? I'd rather thank him to forget it.
Why does he trouble me with letters? yet I'll
read them —

Ha! to be married to-morrow!—This is an honest
Sentence.—*My heart bleeds still for wronging you.*

Enter CLARIANA.

Clariana, 'tis no secret.

[Gives her the letter.]

Cla Ha! to Eubella? — I shall not conceal my passion, he must not marry. [Aside

Bel. Give me the paper.

Cla. Inspire me, Love, I'll cross it.

[Aside, and exit

Bel Why does thy master, boy, send me this letter?

Page. I know not, sir, unless it be to certify you of his marriage.

Bel. He *will marry now, and live honest*, heaven give him joy!

But it is not so fair to disturb my brain,
That is not fully settled, with his triumphs.
What is't to me? He cannot satisfy
My injury if he should court his wife,
And prevail with her to embrace me too.—
The duke, he writes, will honour his solemnity,
His conscience dares not suffer him to invite
Me as his guest; why then must I be troubled?
Cannot he laugh, and hem, and kiss his bride,
But he must send me word, whose soul he has
Put miserably out of tune? [Walks aside.

Re-enter CLARIANA with a letter

Cla. Conceal that letter from all eyes but your master's.

Bel. Sirrah, you shall return, and say I will die shortly

Page Heaven forbid, sir

Bel. That is a kind of prayer, who bad thee say so?

Then, if I must live, I'll find out a hermit
That dwells within the earth, or hollow tree,
A great way hence, there I shall be secure,
And learn to pray, for I want charity
Begone, boy. [Exit Page

Cla Good sir, talk not so strangely

Bel. Fare you well too !
 I'll come again to-morrow, or I know
 Not when, I have much business abroad

Cla. Will you ride forth ?

Bel. Yes.

Cla. Shall none attend you ?

Bel. No,
 I shall be best alone ; you know your chamber
 There's none so bold to rob me of my grief,
 Yet he that's sad as I, bears his own thief. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Hippolito's *Lodgings.*

Enter HIPPOLITO and his Page

Hip. I know not what to resolve ; this letter has
 distracted me. It is not wisdom to acquaint Eu-
 bella, let me peruse it again [*reads*] — *Sir,*
though I have repented my love, which drew my
dishonour, I have not lost my charity, and therefore
can take no pleasure in your ruin, meet me to-
morrow early in the grove behind the palace, I will
discover a plot against your life. I pity your
danger, and will secure more joys to your bride,
be secret yet, and trust her, that is no otherwise
than nobly your's CLARIANA

'Tis something Bellamente has design'd
 For his revenge.—Did he speak strangely, say'st ?

Page. Very strangely, sir, he said he would
 die shortly.

Hip. Thou didst mistake him, he meant I
 should die. He will not kill me at the altar ?
 Perhaps I shall be poisoned at dinner.

A thousand ways there are to let out life.—
 I must be certain.—Eubella and her father !

Enter EUBELLA and SEBASTIAN.

Some truce with my affliction

Seb. More welcome than my liberty, Eubella
Has made my heart glad with your new character.
And now my son, Hippolito.

Hip. That title
Will be above all honours the duke can
Let fall upon me : that I have been wild
I must with shame remember ; but my study
Of after life to her, and all the world,
I hope shall purchase me a better name

Seb. You will not leave us this morning ?

Hip. I shall return, excuse me a few minutes

Eub. Do what you please, but if it be a business
You may dispense with—

Hip. It concerns my honour ;
But nothing shall detain me long. all places are
but darkness

Without thy eyes, I'll visit them again.

Eub. How soon ?

Hip. You shall scarce think me absent

Seb. We must expect you then

Hip. May the day shine bright upon thee !

Eub. And all the blessings of it wait on you !
[*Exit Hip.*]

Enter BOVALDO.

Seb. Signior, you are most welcome, I entreat
you
To call my girl your daughter

Bov. My son has made his choice I hear, I'll call
her any thing

Eub. I shall express my duty, sir, in all things

Bov. But where's Hippolito ?—A buxom thing
[*Aside*]

Seb. Sir, please you retire, he is new departed.

Bov. Whither ?—A musical lip. [*Aside*]

Seb. Nay, we did not examine his affair ;
But we expect his quick return.

Eub. Wilt please you, sir—

Bov I should be pleased with such another —
A tight wench and a yare !' [*aside*]—I'll attend
you, lady. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in Bellamente's House.

Enter CLARIANA and MILENA.

Cla. Be just, Milena, to me, and endear
My love for ever.

Mil Madam, you know my faith.

Cla I promised to meet
Hippolito, this morning, in the grove
Behind the palace, to confer about
Some business that concerns [him,] thou shalt
presently

Excuse my travel, and entreat him hither :
He and my husband lately had some difference,
I know not why ; in this convenient absence
Of Bellamente, he securely may
Speak with me here . yet I'll not willingly
Have him come hither by the public way,
The garden door shall be left open for him,
And a clear passage to this chamber.

Mil Madam,
I understand.

Cla. Prevail with him to come,
Tell him all's safe.

Mil I'll swear it, madam,
To do you service.

Cla But use all haste.— [*Exit Milena.*]

¹ *A tight wench and a yare !* For tight, the old copy reads
light.

Which way shall I begin ? I shall want art,
 I fear, to win upon him. Oh, for some
 High and prevailing oratory, to
 Express what my heart labours with ! I could
 Accuse my unkind destiny, declaim
 Against the power of love, rail at the charms
 Of language and proportion, that betray us
 To hasty sorrow, and too late repentance,
 But breath is this way lost . wounds that are made,
 Require a balsam, and not empty curses,
 To salve^a our body Should the mariner,
 When a storm meets him, throw away his card,
 Neglect himself, and vessel, and lie down
 Cursing the winds and tempest ? If he come ;
 As but to doubt doth make me miserable,
 The genius of love assist my passion !
 I must deliver something that doth make
 My poor heart swell, and will, if I conceal it,
 Like fire lock'd up in a thick cloud, destroy
 The prison that contains [it] she's return'd
 Already.

Re-enter MILENA.

What says Hippolito ?

Mil Like an honest gentleman,
 He's at the garden gate
 I told him how things were at home ; I met him
 Hard by, as if he meant, without inviting,
 Having expected you so long, to come
 Nearer, and wait some opportunity
 To speak with you

Cla. Thou'rt fortunate, admit him : it is not
 Safe to expect there, but while we confer,
 Use thy best diligence round about, to bring,
 If there be such misfortune, the first news
 Of Bellamente.

Mil I'll be careful, madam.

[*Exit.*

^a To salve our body] The old copy reads, " To state our body," of which I can make nothing.

Cla. I'm glad he's come. With what looks shall
I first
Salute him?

Re-enter MILENA with HIPPOLITO.

Mil. Pray excuse me, sir!

Hip 'Twill purchase but a pair of gloves.

[*Gives her money.*

Mil. I have him at my fingers' ends, well, I can
but think what serviceable creatures we chamber-
maids are, sometimes we are the best cabinets
for ladies, and they trust their jewels of honour
with us: but I must look about me, I know my
office. [*Exit.*

Cla You have seen this face before, does it
seem strange?

Hip. I have seen it, when it was less sad, but 'tis
The richer jewel set in black: you never
Wore garments did so well become you, lady.

Cla. I shall not love them worse because they please
Your eye, they fit the habit of my mind.

Hip Your voice has better music too, it sounds
As some religious melancholy struck
Upon your heart, you've pray'd lately, I distinguish
A tear upon your cheek still, 'tis well done.

Cla. If there be any sign of sorrow here,
'Tis for your sake

Hip I cannot blame thy eyes,
If every time I am presented to them,
Th' unhappy object, thou dost weep, Clariana;
I have deserv'd to find the lowest place
Within thy charity, yet such is thy
Compassion, when my fate is cast, and my
Unworthy life mark'd for the sacrifice,
Thou art willing to preserve Hippolito,
And to that purpose sent'st to speak with me.

Cla. You read my letter?

Hip. Clariana, I
Shall not have time enough to thank thee, when

Thou hast discover'd what conspiracy
Threatens my head, unless you use some brevity :
There is a work this morning to be finish'd,
Requires my personal attendance.

Cla. I am

Not ignorant what business is design'd ;
It was the reason of my zealous wishes
To change some words before.

Hip. I wait your purpose.

Cla. You are this morning to receive a wife

Hip. And such [a] blessing, as the earth were
poor

Without her.

Cla. 'Tis Eubella, I understand.

Hip. That most virtuous fair one.

Cla. I'll not take from her ,

I have heard her much commended, but she is
No miracle

Hip. How, Clariana ?

Cla. Our sex were poor,

If she alone had all the grace of woman.

Though she be fair, the dukedom is not so

Barren but it may shew some parallel :

And let it not be thought a pride, if I

Affirm there have been those, have said as much

Of me ; all beauty is not circumscrib'd

In one.

Hip. You point at that which takes the eye,

And is but half a handsomeness at best,

Unless the mind be furnish'd with those virtues

Which write a woman fair , but, Clariana,

There is no time for this dispute, and I

Am somewhat sorry you have fallen upon it,

When I but prais'd Eubella, modestly.

She is to me the best and fairest now

Of all the world ; but turn to the occasion

That brought me hither , I would hear what practice

Is meant against my life, which I would now

Preserve for that dear virgin, more than love

To keep it for my use. I did imagine,
 However Bellamente shew'd a formal
 And calm release, yet he would meditate
 Revenge at such a time he most should wound me;
 And had not I a perfect confidence
 Your thoughts meant simple pity to my danger,
 I should not thus far have engaged myself;
 Then, I beseech you, tell me.

Cla. Any thing.

Hyp. Why do you thus delay me, Clariana?

Cla. Pardon, oh, pardon me, Hippolito,
 Indeed I will discover all the plot.

Hyp. I am prepar'd.

Cla. But there is no misfortune
 Levell'd at you, the danger is all mine;
 And I but use this policy, to take
 My last farewell, for I must never see
 You married

Hyp. You amaze me, what unhappiness?
 Will Bellamente be so cruel to thee,
 Having forgiven?

Cla. A hand more severe
 Is arm'd against me.

Hyp. Is there no prevention?

Cla. It is within your mercy to do much.

Hyp. Pronounce then as much safety as my
 strength

Can give thee against any enemy
 But Bellamente; I have wounded him
 Too much already, may I credit then
 There is [a] treachery aiming at my blood?
 Declare what man I must oppose in thy
 Protection.

Cla. No man

Hyp. You are mystical.

Cla. A woman is my enemy.

Hyp. There will be
 No use of valour then.

Cla But much of love :
If you resolve to save bleeding Clariana,
You must oppose Eubella.

Hip What was that ?
Kill my Eubella ?

Cla It stretches not so far ; only I beg
You would not marry her—and I shall live.

Hip. Not marry her ? why there's no steel can
bring
So certain and so violent a death
Forsake Eubella now, now when she's drest
My glorious bride, the nuptial ceremony
And priest expecting us ! I know you speak not
In hope I should believe , you may as well
Bid me commit a murder on my life,
For this will kill her, and we both are one.
Who hath instructed you to this ?

Cla My love,
My love that will not suffer me to know
Thou must be given thus away for ever.
I could endure thy absence for whole years,
And not complain, repent my equal sorrow
We have so far offended, while you keep
Your present freedom , there were then some
hope,
A possibility, at last, to meet
In new affections to redeem the old,
But thus my expectation is destroyed
You understand ?

Hip. Too much , be not deceived,
There is no love that is not virtuous,
And thy consenting thus far but in thought,
Is sacrilege, and thou dost rob the church
Twice, first in violation of thy vows,
Which there were registered, and then mine ex-
pected
I dare not hear you talk thus.

Cla. Is this all ?

All the reward for losing of myself
For thy sake ?

Hip. You are not yet quite lost.

Cla. What curse

Made black the hour of my conception ?

Farewell, Hippolito ! when you hear I'm dead,
Come to my grave, and drop one tear upon me.

Hip. What means Clariana ?

Enter MILENA, *hastily.*

Mil. Oh, madam, look behind me !
I saw my master coming in, and he,
Suspecting my haste this way, follows me
With his sword drawn.

Enter BELLAMENTE.

Bel Are you so nimble ?—Ha !

Hip. Woman, thou hast undone me.

Cla. Oh my fortune !

Again betray'd ?

Bel. Nay then, I'll make sure work. *[Exit.*

Mil Alas ! what shall become of me ?

The doors are lock'd

Hip Cruel dissembler !

Cla. Hippolito, the sequel shall acquit
My thoughts, I'm circled with more certain danger,
And cannot hope [for] life.

Hip. It is not that

I fear to die ; thou know'st I am not guilty
Of any second shame ; but my Eubella,
That every minute looks to be my bride,—
How the thought rends me !

Cla. I can prevent his fury
Against thee.

Hip. There is no way

Cla. Yes, this. *[Draws a dagger and stabs him.*

Hip. Ha, devil!
What hast [thou] done?

[*Wounds her with his sword.*]

Mil. Alas, what have you both done?

Cla. I thank thee;

Thou hast spared my execution on myse f.
I'll tell thee now, Hippolito, by this,
This crimson, in whose ebb my life hastes from me,
I did not look for Bellamente, but,
Surpris'd, I thought it honour to begin
The tragedy. I know my fate was not
To be resisted, 'twas impossible
To find a second mercy from him, and
I would secure no woman after me
Should boast the conquest of Hippolito.
Thy sword was gentle to me, search't again,
And thou shalt see how my embracing blood
Will keep it warm, and kiss the kind destroyer.
[*Falls.*]

Re-enter BELLAMENTE with Servants; MILENA runs in.

Bel. What! are you humbled? [it] must not
serve your turn.

Cla. We have deceiv'd your triumph.

Hip. Bellamente—

Cla. Hear me first, and know this bold hand
sav'd

Thy fury to Hippolito, whom, with
My last breath, I pronounce not in a thought
Guilty of new dishonour

Bel. As soon persuade
It is not day.

Hip. This letter summon'd me

[*Gives him the letter,*]

Cla. I had no other means to speak with him,
And my unruly love did prompt me to it.

Hip. I tremble not in my innocence to think
Of death, but my Eubella, poor Eubella—

Cla. If she but lov'd thee as I did, she'll follow.
Furies will lend a torch to light her to
The shades we go to

Bel. Is the wickedness
All thine ?

Hip. Except the wound my hasty sword
Gave, as reward for this, too near my heart,
I fear.

Cla. Dost fear ?

Hip. For poor Eubella's sake.

Bel. Now thou hast met a justice in thy blood
For thy first sin, but I will have a surgeon.

Hip. Send for Eubella rather,
Oh, let me breathe my last upon her lips :
It will concern thee, Bellamente, somewhat,
The world will think this murder was thine else

Bel. Make haste — [Exit Serv.]
O woman, thou didst weep once, when thy tears
Won my forgiveness ; where are all the drops,
'The penitent showers, in which thy stained soul
Should bathe itself, this minute launching forth
To thy eternity ?

Cla. They are of another colour. — Oh ! forgive
me,
Good heaven ! I have wrong'd thee, Bellamente,—
Oh wives, hereafter, mean your hearts to them
You give your holy vows : what mist weighs down
My eyes already ! oh, 'tis death, I see,
In a long robe of darkness, is preparing
To seal them up for ever 'Twere no death,
If we could lose our sins as we do breath. [Dies.]

Bel. She's gone to a long silence ; place her body
There, and then gently raise Hippolito,
To the other chair

Hip. Haste, haste, my dear Eubella.

Enter BOVALDO.

Bov. How came this tragedy?

Hip. Give me your last blessing,
I'm going a long pilgrimage: you gave
Too great a license to my youth.

Bov. How's this?

Hip. My wanton blood now pays for't; Clariana
And I have chang'd a wound. Where is Eubella?

Bov. She is too near this grief. This punishment
Should have been mine long since, I was his father
In sin as well as years: she is dead already
Thy glass had many sands till it was broken;
Then those few minutes that are left of mine,
I'll number with my prayers.

Enter Duke, EUBELLA, SEBASTIAN, and Courtiers.

Eub. Hippolito!

Hip. My wound hath had a happy patience.
Farewell! [*Dies. Eubella swoons.*

Seb. Eubella!

Bov. He is departed.

Duke. Bellamente, who
Hath done all this?

Bel. I'll do my best to tell you:
Here's all that's left of them whom how I lov'd,
Heaven and my poor heart knows.

Eub. And is he slain?
But once more let me kiss him.

Bel. I did not kill them, sir, they were too willing
To leave the world together; but their wrongs
All, all the payment for my honest love,
Awak'd me to revenge, and had they been
The very strings that tie my life together,
It should have fallen to pieces, but their hands
Prevented mine

Duke. The cause? you rather lead me

To think you were their murderer ; we must
Be better satisfied, or your blood must answer
For this effusion.

Bel. The cause, my lord ?—'tis grown since it
came hither.

Pray give me leave, because you shall not suffer
In the expectation, you shall have it all
Together, this Hippolito, and that Clariana—
Hark ! there 'tis. *[Falls, and dies.*

Re-enter MILENA

Seb. His grief has overcharged him.

Duke None to decipher these sad characters ?

Mil With your pardon, I can.

Seb Be comforted, Eubella ; all thy tears
Will not recal his life.

Eub. Pray give me leave,
Since he is dead, to embalm him, had I died
Before him, he'd have wept as much for me.

Duke. We have heard too much, but moderate,
Eubella,

Thy sorrows, he survives that will supply
A bridegroom, and thy virtue bids me tender
Myself a recompense for [all] thy sufferings.

Eub. I know you would not lead me to forget
Hippolito so soon, I dare not think
Of being a bride again

Seb Does your grace mean this honour ?

Duke By my dukedom.

Seb After this shower is over, she will shine,
Doubt not, my lord, and bless her happy stars.

Duke Lead from this charnel house. They
shall be interr'd

With all solemnity becomes their birth ;
And when their funeral rites and tears are done,
New joys shall rise with the next morning's sun.
[Exeunt.

CHANGES,
OR
LOVE IN A MAZE.

LOVE IN A MAZE] This Comedy was licensed by the Master of the Revels in January, 1631, and printed in the following year. It is in the list of plays revived at the Restoration. "The passage in the first act," Langbaine says, "where Goldsworth, examining his daughters, Chrysolina and Aurelia, finds them both in love with Gerard, is better managed in the *Maiden Queen* tho this play has been received with success in our time, and as I remember, the deceased Mr Lacy acted Johnny Thump, sir Gervase Simple's man, with general applause." What Langbaine means by "better arranged," it is difficult to say. In Dryden's plagiarism there is no "management" of any kind. The two sisters are introduced, they talk the nauseous love-slang of the time, and are then lost from the plot. Shirley is here as much superior to Dryden in character and contrivance, as he is in purity and language. That judicious person Mr. Stephen Jones, is also pleased to inform us that Dryden has "greatly improved" what he has taken from Shirley, in this play. How he discovered it, is a matter of guess, since he assures us that "*Love in a Maze*" was never printed! This Comedy was performed, in Langbaine's time, at the theatre in Duke-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

The title of the quarto, the only edition of this play, is, *Changes, or Love in a Maze, a Comedie, as it was presented at the Private House in Salisbury Court, by the Company of His Majesties Revels* Written by James Shirley, Gent. With the motto,

————— *Deserta per avia dulcis*
Raptat Amor.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

LADY DOROTHY SHIRLEY.*

*MADAM, who make the glory of your blood
No privilege at all to be less good,
Pardon the rudeness of a comedy,
That (taught too great ambition) would fly
To kiss your white hand, and receive from thence
Both an authority, and innocence.
'Tis not this great man, nor that prince, whose fame
Can more advance a poem, than your name,
To whose clear virtue truth is bound, and we,
That there is so much left for history.
I do acknowledge custom, that to men
Such poems are presented; but my pen
Is not engag'd, nor can allow too far
A Salic law in poetry, to bar
Ladies th' inheritance of wit, whose soul
Is active, and as able to control,
As some t' usurp the chair, which write a style
To breathe the reader better than a mile.
But no such empty titles buy my flame;
Nor will I sin so much, to shew their name
In print; some serve muses be their drudge,
That sweat to find a patron, not a judge*

* LADY DOROTHY SHIRLEY] was the youngest of the two daughters of the unfortunate earl of Essex, and wife of sir Robert Shirley, Bart, to whom she was married in 1615. She was probably a widow when these verses were addressed to her, as sir Robert died in February, 1632, leaving by her two sons and a daughter. In 1634 she was married again to William Stafford, Esq of Blatherwick, county of Northampton.

Lady Shirley was the grandmother of sir Robert Shirley, Knt, who, in consequence of the failure of male issue of the elder sister, was in 1677 created baron Ferrars of Chartley, &c. &c. which honour had been in abeyance between the two sisters since the death of their brother, the earl of Essex, without issue, and from her the present earl Ferrars is lineally descended.

*To you, great lady, then, in whom do meet
Candour and judgment, humble as your feet
I vow these papers, wishing you may see
Joys multiplied, to your eternity.*

Your Honour's devoted Servant,

JAMES SHIRLEY.

PROLOGUE.

*That Muse whose song within another sphere¹
 Hath pleased some, and of the best, whose ear
 Is able to distinguish strains that are
 Clear, and Phæbean, from the popular,
 And sinful dregs of the adulterate brain,
 By me salutes your candour once again ;
 And begs this noble favour, that this place,
 And weak performances, may not disgrace
 His fresh Thalia, 'las, our poet knows
 We have no name, a torrent overflows
 Our little island, miserable we
 Do every day play our own Tragedy .
 But 'tis more noble to create than kill,
 He says, and if but with his flame, your will
 Would join, we may obtain some warmth, and prove
 Next them that now do surfeit with your love
 Encourage our beginning, nothing grew
 Famous at first, and, gentlemen, if you
 Smile on this barren mountain, soon it will
 Become both fruitful and the Muse's hill.²*

¹ *within another sphere*] This was the Cockpit in Drury-lane, which, as we find by a list of plays claimed by Beeston, the manager, as the property of that house in 1639, was in possession not only of all those which Shirley had yet written, with the exception of the *Brothers*, but of several of his subsequent productions, as late as 1637. See Malone, *Hist of the Stage*, p. 138.

² The small theatre in Salisbury-court, at which this comedy was performed, was erected in 1629, only two years before it appeared. Mr Malone quotes two lines from Nabbes's *Tottenham Court*, to shew that it was a small house,—he would have found this prologue more to his purpose.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Goldsworth, *father to Chrysolina and Aurelia.*

Sir John Woodhamore, *uncle to Eugenia*

Thornay, }
Gerard, } *gentlemen, lovers of Chrysolina,*
Yongrave, } *Aurelia, and Eugenia.*

Caperwit, *a poetaster.*

Sir Gervase Simple.

Thumpe, *sir Gervase's man.*

Caperwit's *Page, disguised under the name of*
Lady Bird.

Footman.

Servants.

Dancer.

Mistress Goldsworth.

Chrysolina, }
Aurelia, } *daughters of Goldsworth*

Eugenia, *niece to Woodhamore.*

Maid

SCENE, London.

LOVE IN A MAZE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Street, before Goldsworth's House.

Enter sir JOHN WOODHAMORE and GOLDSWORTH

Golds. I heard your niece, sir, was not well ,
you should
Encourage her to take the air sometimes.

Wood Indeed she's somewhat melancholy, and
keeps
Her chamber.

Golds. 'T may prove inconvenient for
Her health , does she not languish for a husband ?
Take heed o' the green disease.

Wood I'll find a cure,
If that will do't Your daughters are not yet
Dispos'd of ?

Golds No, but we have clients daily,
That visit their affections , and while we
Are speaking, here is one.

Enter behind, GERARD and YONGRAVE

Wood. Ha ! which of them ? I hope not master
Yongrave ;
He would engage his service to my niece :

I shall not think him worthy, if he have
Two hares afoot

Golds. He is a stranger to me ,
But master Gerard, that holds conference with him,
Maintains some correspondence with my daughters .
Pray let's observe.

Ger. Prithee come, venture in

Yon. No farther , you have obligation ,
Excuse me, I have affairs , some other time
I'll wait on you.

Ger. What needs this ceremony ?
The fair ones will not blast you.

Yon. 'Twere a sin
To think their beams could hurt

Ger. 'Faith, I could wish
Thy affection not engag'd, there's so much beauty
And goodness in this pair of sisters.

Yon. Do not
Make me suspect your friendship , you would wish
Me miserable , not that I dispute
Their merit, but I must not yield to that
Will bring my faith and honour into question ,
I have a mistress, be you happy, sir,
In your's.

Wood. I like this well , let's interrupt them —
Good fortune, master Yongrave.

Yon. You are, sir,
Most opportunely met.

Golds. Kind master Gerard.

Yon. I had a present resolution,
To visit you at home, and your fair kinswoman.

Ger. I shall be bold.

Golds. Pray enter. [Exit Gerard

Wood. We'll together.—

I take my leave.

Golds. I am your humble servant.

Wood. Come, master Yongrave.

[Exeunt Wood. and Yon

Golds This Gerard is a gentleman
Of handsome parts,
And, they say, fortun'd ; diligent in's courtship :
But it concerns me to be careful in
Disposing of my children.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir Gervase Simple, sir, is newly enter'd
[*Exit.*

Golds. His wisdom must be welcome . there's a
knight
With lordships, but no manors !¹ one that has
But newly cast his country skin, came up
To see the fashions of the town, has crept
Into a knighthood, which he paid for heartily ,
And, in his best clothes, is suspected for
A gentleman [Exit

SCENE II

A Room in Goldsworth's House

Enter *su* GERVASE SIMPLE, and THUMP

Sim Thump, I have not yet the face to speak to
her ; but 'tis no matter, an I can get her father's
and mother's good will

Thump You have her mother's already

Sim. Ay, ay, she's a matron, as they say ; I
came over her with my knighthood, and begot a
consent upon her quickly . I perceive 'tis an advan-
tage for a man to wear spurs, the rowel of knight-
hood does [so] gingle² in the ear of their under-
standing

¹ We have before had this play upon the word *manors*, for
manners

² the rowel of knighthood does [so] gingle] See Jonson,
vol. ii. p 49.

Thump. I do wonder, sir, that you speak so well now, and want the audacity, as they say, to talk to your mistress.

Sim. So do I too ; but I cannot help it : I was a gentleman, thou knowest, but t'other day. I have yet but a few complements , within awhile I shall get more impudence, and then have at her

Thump. The father.

Enter GOLDSWORTH.

Sim. Pray heaven you may be saved, sir

Golds. You are charitable.

Sim. I am come, sir, to do my business.

Golds. How, sir ?

Sim. You may imagine, as they say, and so forth : your daughter is a very fine gentlewoman, and may in due time be a lady, for I do love her, by this mullet ,³ there's a touch of my heraldry.

Golds. Have you acquainted her,
How much you mean to honour us ? How far
Have you engaged her liking ?

Sim. Nay, I ne'er spoke to her in my life, nor do not mean in haste

Golds. How, sir ?

Sim. Not in haste, sir , 'twere no good manners to speak hastily to a gentlewoman, to talk post (as they say) to his mistress , I am resolved to have your consent first, and then

Golds. It argues your discretion

Sim. I think so , some wiser than some, faith , how do you like my face ?

Golds. I have seen worse in a beard

Sim. Oh, ho , I took my choice of forty, this morning

³ by this mullet,] Thus he says, pointing to his spurs, the rowel of which, the old heraldic writers say, " a mullet doth properly represent, from molette, which in French signifieth a spur rowel " In the coat a *mullet* is the distinction of the third son

Golds. Did you so?

Sim. My man knows I broke a looking-glass into forty pieces, I am sure, and this was the best face I could find among them all. Look in my forehead, have you any skill in palmistry?

Golds. Not I, sir

Sim. But this is nothing to the purpose, as they say; where is my beautiful mistress, your daughter?

Golds. Which of them?

Sim. No matter which

Golds. They are both within.

Sim. Oh, 'tis well. I will not speak with her, I told you before, but I hope I shall have your good will.

Golds. You mean to marry her?

Sim. My chaplain shall

Golds. You are witty; I hope, sir, you will give me leave, (as they say,) to deliberate, for, after your example, I would do nothing rashly, I will not give you my consent in haste, sir.

Sim. 'Tis wisdom; I can tarry; 'tis fit I should commend me to the virgin [Going]

Enter mistress GOLDSWORTH.

Mrs. G. What, leaving us already, noble sir?—Why, husband, what do you mean? no more respect

To a man honourable?—You are not going, sir?

Sim. Yes, faith, I love to be going, I cannot abide to stand still.—Thump, take off my cloak; does my rapier become me?

Thump. Excellent well.

Sim. This 'tis to be a complete gentleman. What a coxcomb was I before I came to town! the country breeds so many clowns! dost think my tenants will know me, now I am disguised?

Golds. But what assurance can he give me, wife.

that he is able to get children? for that's a thing material, I would not willingly sacrifice my daughter to an eunuch, and such a one may that knight be, for aught I know.

Mrs. G. What do you talk of children?
Is he not honourable? a proper knight?

Sim. She does commend me; do not put on my cloak yet, let her survey my person.

Mrs. G. Shall not our daughter be a lady, and I
A lady's mother? And the heralds know
That is some privilege, you have seen many
eunuchs

With a black beard! he is a man, I warrant him,
He has the right hair, husband, for a woman,
I know it by experience tell not me,
Suppose he were an eunuch, he, I say.
Is honourable, and any body can get children,
That is the least thing of a hundred,
An the woman be but fruitful

Sim. Now I'll take my leave.

Mrs. G. Wilt please you, sir, to walk in, and
speak to my daughter?

Sim. No. I think it not the best way to speak to
her, as I said, in haste, what if I had an inventory
of my good parts first drawn, to prepare her?

Golds. An his father had not left him more land
than brain, his worship had been but a poor fool.

[*Aside*

Sim. Well, if she understand signs, have at her.

Mrs. G. Come, I will direct you. [*Exeunt.*

Golds. My wife is passionate, and affects this
knight

For's title, but I hope my daughter will
Submit to my election.—

Enter Servant.

How now !

Serv Here's a gentleman desires access to you

Golds A gentleman ?

Serv. He may be a lord, by his train,
A page waits on him.

Golds Some fresh innamorato.

Enter CAPERWIT, and his Page.

Cap Save you, sir.

Golds And you, sir

Cap You do not know me ?

Golds Not I, sir

Cap 'Tis very likely , you have a daughter.

Golds I have two

Cap Two ' the better, there is more choice ,
they want husbands ?

Golds. 'Twill become my care to provide them
good ones.

Cap You say well , what do you think of me ?

Golds I know you not.

Cap You told me that afore ' may I see them ?

Golds They are not to be let out, sir, by lease,
or yearly rent

Cap You mistake me , I come not for a lodging

Golds Nor to lie with them ?⁴

Cap I come to take them, sir, another way :
What portions have they ?

Golds You should be a purse-taker, by your
enquiry after their money , they have a round por-
tion, sir.

Cap What's that ?

⁴ *Golds* *Nor to lie with them* ?] Shirley is punning here
upon the ancient meaning of the word *lie*, which signified to
reside See Massinger, vol. II. p 125.

Golds. A cipher

Cap. How?

Golds. Nothing, I hope you have no mind to marry

Cap. *Ex nihilo nihil fit* I came to offer myself a servant in affection to one of your daughters, but nothing has converted me.

Golds. Do you hear, sir? a fine humorist! if they marry with my consent, I can make figures, which, added to their cyphers, may make up two thousand pound apiece What is your name?

Cap. My name is Caperwit

Golds. You have a dancing name, I do not think but you write all the corantos.

Cap. Wit! wit! by Mercury, I shall love thy daughters the better for that: do they affect poetry?

Golds. They read nothing else

Cap. Then they are wise; 'tis a seraphic contemplation;

I'll furnish them with the most excellent poems—

Golds. Of your own composition?

Cap. That is intimated, when I say *excellent*, Your daughters shall be judge, let them vouchsafe A subject to my muse, and prove the height Of my imaginations.

Golds. They are entering.

Enter GERARD, CHRYSOLINA, and AURELIA

Cap. Thus breaks Aurora from the eastern hills,
And chaseth night away; let me salute
Your rosy cheek —

Chry. Good morrow, to you, sir, there is but one Aurora; what do you make my sister, pray?

Cap. She is the sun itself—

Aur. No, sir, I am the daughter of that gentleman,
No sun, I'll assure you.

Cap Whose golden beams do gild this lower world,
Transfixing hearts, converting ribs of ice
Into a flame

Golds. What buffoonery is this ?

Chry. Let's hear his speech out — An my sister
be the sun,
We shall have day enough : a pretty pageant !

Aur. Prithee do not mind him

Cap Virgins, that equal all the Graces, and
Only in this, that you are two, beneath them.
The miracles of beauty ! for whose eyes
The Persians might forsake their god, and pay
Religious honour to this flame.—What's he ?

Golds A gentleman, that would endear himself

Cap Has he any fancies in him ? Can he ravish
the ladies ?

Golds Ravish ladies, sir ? that's a dangerous
matter

Cap How many raptures does he talk a day ?
Is he transported with poetic rage ?
When was he styled imperial wit ? who are
The prince electors in his monarchy ?
Can he, like Celtic Hercules, with chains⁵
Of his divine tongue, draw the gallant tribe
Through every street, whilst the grave senator
Points at him, as he walks in triumph, and
Doth wish, with half his wealth, he might be young,
To spend it all in sack, to hear him talk
Eternal sonnets to his mistress ? ha ?
Who loves not verse is damn'd—

Golds How, sir ? This gentleman dares fight

Cap Who will fight with him ?

⁵ — like Celtic Hercules, with chains, &c] So powerful, we are told, was the eloquence of this Celtic hero, that those who heard him were irresistibly drawn after him. Hence he was usually represented surrounded by persons attached to him by chains (of amber, it is said) issuing out of his mouth

Golds You do not know his disposition.

Cap But I will — Sir, I have a great ambition to be of your acquaintance I hope you will excuse these fancies of mine, though I were born a poet, I will study to be your servant in prose: yet, if now and then my brains do sparkle, I cannot help it, raptures will out, my motto is, *Quicquid conabor*—the midwife wrapt my head up in a sheet of sir Philip Sidney, that inspired me. and my nurse descended from old Chaucer. My conversation has been among the Furies, and if I meet you in Apollo,⁶ a pottle of the best ambrosia in the house shall wait upon you

Enter SIMPLE, mistress GOLDSWORTH, and THUMP.

Mrs. G They are here, sir, at full view.

Cap. What's he?

Mrs. G A knight, I'll assure you.

Cap. Does he come
A wooing to the ladies?

Golds After the Spanish fashion, afar off

Mrs. G [*coming forward*]—Daughter, I must counsel you to respect

This honourable man, you do not know

What 'tis to be a lady, and take place.

Such titles come not every day; observe

With what a comely garb he walks, and how

He bends his subtle body, take him on my word,
A man of his complexion loves a woman naturally.

Cap. A pretty motion⁷

⁶ *if I meet you in Apollo, &c.*] See Jonson's Works, vol. ix. p. 84. The scrap of Latin is from Ovid

Quicquid conabar scribere, versus erat.

⁷ *Cap* A pretty motion] i. e. a puppet Simple had not yet spoken.

Mrs. G. Pray come nearer, sir.

Sim You shall pardon me for that, I know my distance

Cap Will he not speak to her?

Golds. You should do well to furnish him with an oration, a spoonful of Aganippe's well, and a little of your salt, would season, if not pickle him.

Cap Should I so waste the bright Minerva's dew, To pickle a mushroom!

Sim. Thump, she looks upon me; to say truth, I am but a bashful puppy.

Thump Your worship is more than a puppy

Sim Ay, I know I am an old dog at her mother, but an I should be hang'd, I have not impudence enough to speak to her does not that gentleman laugh at me?

Thump He is very merry with her father.

Sim 'Tis very suspicious, would I had a good jest to get off withal

Aur You shall command the duty of a daughter, But I hope, mother, you will give me leave To love before I marry I have yet No argument of his affection, But what you please to bring me, it becomes not My modesty to court him, and give up My heart before I hear him say, he means To meet and entertain it

Mrs. G 'Tis a fault, And I must blame him, that he is no forwarder

Cap I will accost² him —

Golds Do so.

Aur. Love,
Forgive me this excuse, my heart is fix'd,
I find another written here. [Aside.

Cap I do salute you, venerable sir

² *Cap* I will accost him] The old copy reads, "I will accuse him."

Sim. You may salute me at your pleasures, but you are mistaken, I am no more venerable than yourself; my name is sir Gervase Simple.

Thump And I am one of his gentlemen ushers, sir, that follow him

Cap Heroic sir, I do adore your physnomy. Now, by the dust of my progenitors—

Sim. There's a fine oath!

Cap You look like the nine worthies.

Sim I have been taken for them a hundred times.

Cap. Fairer than Pluto's self, king of the shades

Sim That king was a poor kinsman of mine, and indeed we had one complexion.

Cap. The devil you had?

Sim Sir, I am sorry I cannot stay with you, but pray, if you meet any of the nine worthies, or my cousin Pluto, commend me to them, I shall be glad to meet you, or them, at any tavern, between Cheap and Charing-cross, and so I remain yours, or not his own, *sans complement*

Mrs. G When will you please, sir Gervase, to visit us again?

Nay, it shall be your's [He complements.

Sim. Now my foot's in!

[Exeunt Mrs. G. and Sim.

Cap. But that I see't, I should not have believed there was such a fool in nature.

Ger. [to Chrys]—In this Variety of servants, I acknowledge You greatly honour me, and in the presence Of both your parents to vouchsafe this favour, Doubly obliges me,

Chry. You are most welcome.

Aur. You may believe my sister, she ne'er speaks But by direction of her heart

Ger. I am confident, Nor hath she any virtue, which you do not

Divide with her; you are twins in birth and goodness

Aur. You are bountiful in character

Golds. I'll not oppose you, sir, an you can win their opinion.

Cap. It is enough, I shall be proud to serve you ,
But at this present, with your noble license,
I take my leave , there is a lord expects
To meet me at a tavern, that has come
Fourscore and nineteen mile, to hear an elegy of
My composition.

Golds. He deserves to enjoy you

Cap. I'll attend the ladies, when my stars will
be more propitious, in the interim, wearing your
beautiful figures in my heart, I kiss your white
hand— [Exit

Ger. I think the stock of his discourse be wasted,
And he returns to take up more on's credit,
Until he break again , the town is full
Of these vain-glorious flashes,

Golds [taking *Chrys.* aside.]—*Chrysolina*,
You see what store of servants you attract,
Plenty of lovers, but I hope you will
Be ruled, and take my counsel : which of all,
And be plain with me, hold you best opinion of?

Chry. You will not, sir, be angry, if I answer
You justly?

Golds. No, no ; tell me.

Chry. I confess,
I now do feel the power of love , until
That gentleman —

Golds. Which, which gentleman?

Chry. By his fair merit, won my heart's consent,
I had my freedom

Golds. Master Gerard?

Chry. The same : oh, sir, there's no comparison
With him and those that proffer us their service :

Sir Gervase is but title, t'other noise,
 Empty of all reality and worth,
 There is my choice, more precious to my thoughts

Pointing to Ger
 Than all mankind without him, and I hope
 You will be kind in your allowance, sir

Golds You might have us'd less haste in your
 election,

Or first acquainted me, you shall do well
 To keep possession of your heart awhile;
 But I'll consider Send your sister to me —
 What say you, daughter, to sir Gervase?

Aur Nothing, as much as he hath said to me
 I affect worth, not shew, and in my choice
 I hope your judgment, sir, will meet.

Golds I like this well, be obedient

Aur What think you, sir, of master Gerard?

Golds. You do not love him?

Aur. I should then belie

My heart when I deny him my best love,
 He needs not boast his worth, like those whom
 nature

And art have left unfurnish'd, he's a man,
 For birth, for education, for his fortune,
 Worthy a nobler wife than she that now
 Commends him to you

Golds Would you marry him?

Aur. I know not that man in the world beside,
 I would call husband; in my soul I am
 Already his, and if you will not be
 Held cruel to your daughter—

Golds How's this?

Both in love with the same man? my care will be
 To a great purpose! this is very strange, — [*Aside*.
 Send your sister to me — Come hither, come hither,
 You are not yet contracted to that gentleman?

Chry. No such thing has past.

Golds But you are content to take him for your bridegroom? I mean master Gerard.

Chry And call it happiness.

Golds Your mother calls. [*Exit Chrysolina*]
So, so. Do you hear, Aurelia? do you love that gentleman?

Aur Yes.

Golds. Very good, when your wedding clothes come home, pray give me leave to pay for them, and the dinner too. I say nothing of a portion; go after your sister [*Exit Aurelia*].—Huin, this is very pretty, faith. [*comes forward.*].—Let me be bold to ask you a question, sir.

Ger My answer shall be just, and free

Golds. Which of my daughters do you love best? As you are a gentleman, the truth: if you affect either, it is quickly answer'd

Ger The truth is, as you ask, I love neither—

Golds How! do you love none of them both? they are very well rewarded.

Ger Love neither of them best; they are so equal
In beauty, and desert, by both I swear,
I cannot prefer any.

Golds You would not have
Two wives, against the statute?

Ger When I have
The happiness to speak with one alone,
There's so much sweetness in her, such a troop
Of graces waiting on her words and actions,
I love her infinitely, and think it blessing
To see her smile, but, when the t'other comes
In presence, in her eye she brings a charm
To make me doat on her. I am divided,
And, like the trembling needle of a dial,⁹
My heart's afraid to fix, in such a plenty,
I have no star to sail by.

⁹ — the trembling needle of a dial,] I know not Shirley's authority for calling the sea-card a dial.

Golds. This is stranger
Than all the rest [*Aside.*]*—*But do you love them
both?

Ger. I dare not call it my misfortune, sir,
And yet I know not—

Golds. What will become of this?
Is't possible? My daughter will be mad if this
humour hold, and I am little better while I think
on't I'll to them again [*Aside, and exit.*

Ger. On whom shall I complain for my hard
fate?
Love is not innocent enough to be
A child, yet poets give him deity;
Fond men ' prove it in me, thou quiver'd boy,
That love with equal flame two mistresses;
I will believe thee a god, and kiss thy dart,
Furnish my bosom with another heart [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I

A Room in sir JOHN WOODHAMORE'S House.

Enter WOODHAMORE and YONGRAVE.

Wood. I am her keeper, expect here awhile,
And I'll prepare her [*Exit*

Yon. I'll attend — Poor gentlewoman,
Born with more freedom than thou livest, thy parents
Left thee not rich to be a prisoner,
Nay worse, a prey to this hard man, who hath
Sold thee already, for, if I obtain
Thy love—I hear them coming.

Re-enter WOODHAMORE with EUGENIA.

Wood. Gentle niece,
Misconster not my actions, 'tis my care
Of thee, [first,] and to satisfy 'the duty
I owe to my dead brother, thy kind parent,
I thus restrain thee, thou art young, and canst not,
Being so good thyself, suspect the world
Hath any false men in't; I know there are
Gallants, that study to undo such virgins
As thou art, that will flatter and betray
Thy fortunes to their riot, this unhappiness
I would prevent, and have now found a man,
Into whose arms I may deliver up
The wealth that I am trusted with

Eug. He's welcome.—

Pray what's your business?

Yon. You may understand,
Partly by what your uncle hath deliver'd.

Eug. You come a wooing, do you not? Heigh
ho!

Yon. How's this?

Wood. I'll leave you at opportunity. [*Exit*

Eug. Troth, if you be a good man, be not tedious,
I do not love set speeches nor long praises;
I hope you have made no verses on my hair,
Acrostics on my name, I hate them worse
Than witchcraft, or the place I live in: if
You be a suitor, put me out of my pain,
Quickly, I beseech you.

Yon. I am one would be your servant.

Eug. My servant? what can you do?

Yon. I can love you

Eug. I cannot help it, it is none of my fault.

Yon. Your beauty makes me,
Which cannot be without as fair a soul.
I dare believe my eyes, which, till this present,
Could never reach more than your face, and that

At too unkind a distance, from your window :
 I have enquired your fortune,¹ and lamenting
 With loving pity, such a noble creature
 Should be confined to narrow limits, come
 To bring you freedom, make you mistress of
 Your liberty, and myself, if you can think
 Me worthy of your love . I do not court
 Your fortune, but yourself, and if I urge
 With too much haste, what great ones might be
 proud

To expect, after much suit, and that you cannot
 Find in your tongue consent, encourage me
 But for the present with one smile.

Eug. I cannot,
 Unless I counterfeit , I have not smiled
 These ten months , if a sigh will pleasure you,
 I can afford enough to break your heart,
 And yet I live Walk into the other room,
 You'll find an alteration in the air,
 And think you come into a mist, which I
 Made all with my own sighs , but I would not
 Infect you so—you seem an honest gentleman

Yon Hersorrows help the growth of my affection ,
 What will she be in peace, that is so lovely
 In her distress ' [*Aside.*]—I wish you would impose
 Something on me, to settle your sad thoughts ,
 I would embrace a danger, to assure
 The quiet of your mind

Eug. 'Tis in the power
 Of one that would be kind to help me, but—

Yon. Make me that friend

Eug You may love me too much,
 To undertake that task.

Yon. Too much I cannot

Eug Oh, yes , for, though I should esteem him
 dear,
 And call him my true friend, that, in this storm,

¹ *Fortune,*] Not wealth (as in the next lines,) but fate, story

Would lend a cord to save me, yet such is
The misery of th' employment, he must not
Love me too well that does it.

Yon. Be more plain,
And let me never hope to be call'd your's,
If I refuse any command, that may
Or profit or delight you.

Eug. I release
These hasty protestations.

Yon I pray trust me

Eug I will, though every syllable you speak
Makes me suspect you will repent this freedom
If you will do a grateful office to me,
In person ² give this paper to a gentleman.

[*Gives him a letter*]

Yon His name?

Eug In the direction
You'll find it, with all necessary circumstance
To meet with him

Yon This all? you do not well,
To mock my honest heart with this cheap service
I was in earnest, when I promised more
Than carriage of a letter

Eug If you please
To make it then a perfect act of nobleness,
You may take notice, that I long have loved him,
And, if you find him cold in the perusal,
Tell him I had the promise of his faith,
When I gave up my heart, in the presence of
A thousand angels, that will witness it
If yet he be not soft, to stir up his
Compassion, tell him how I live, and languish,
You may report you saw me weep I have not
Much more to say, if you will do this favour,
'Twill be an argument of your respect, —
I see your resolution cools already

² *In person,*] The quarto reads "*your person*—" and in the next line "*your name,*" for "*His name*"

Yon. 'Tis a severe employment, but I'll do
Something; pray honour me to kiss your hand,
I have not yet deserved to reach your lip.
Content dwell in your bosom!

Re-enter WOODHAMORE

Wood. What success?

Yon I hope well, some affairs
Call me away. [*Exit.*

Wood. Good master Yongrave!—
How do you like this gentleman?

Eug. I shall desire to see him again, my heart
Is light upon [the] sudden; please you, uncle,
I'll in, and play a lesson on my lute. [*Exit*

Wood. Do what you please, I relish not your air.
That's only sweet to me that profit brings,
There is no music without golden strings.

SCENE II

A Room in Goldsworth's House.

Enter CHRYSOLINA and AURELIA.

Chry. Was ever maid so miserable
In her affection!

Aur. Is not my fate as cruel?
Cannot we love him still, and yet be sisters?
I hope we may; the love I bear to him
Shall not destroy my piety to you
Nature hath fram'd us two in person, but
We are both one in heart.

Chry Indeed we are,
We are too much one, and both love one too much,
For either to enjoy him.

Aur. Say not so,

Give me a little time, and I will try
How I can give him you ; I will persuade
My heart to let him go.

Chry. Alas, poor sister !

Why should you give him me ? it is no argument,
Because I came one minute into life
Before you, therefore you should render first
To me, what is so precious to yourself ;
Rather let me begin, that was first made
Acquainted to the world, resign to thee,
And make thee happy, by enjoying him

Aur. But do you know the miserable consequence ?

For, if you love him with that truth, and fervour
You speak of, (as it were a sin in me
Not to believe it,) can you look for less
Than death, to see me mistress of his faith,
And led in nuptial triumph to the church ?

Chry. I cannot tell—

Aur. Or, if it did not kill you
So soon, I know the sorrow would distract you.
How can I smile to see my sister weep
Away her eyes, and tell the jarring minutes,
With hasty sighs, to know herself forsaken ?

Chry. And can it be, you could do less, that
love him

As well as I, to see him made my husband ?
Would it not make you melancholy, sister,
And oft retire into the dark to weep ?
Could you behold us freely kiss, embrace
And go to bed together,
Remembering that you gave this friend to me
From your own heart, and live ?

Aur. Why, let me die then,
Rather than you ; I shall perhaps obtain
Some charitable epitaph, to tell
The world I died to save my sister's life .
'Tis no such thing to die.

Chry This is again
Our misery, it is not in our power,
By resignation, to assure to either
His love, he only must determine it:
We cannot guide his passion.

Aur Nor himself
Direct it, as he now appears divided;
May be, it would be fortunate for both,
Would he be more particular.

Chry. That makes
Our flame encrease, that he protests he loves
Us both so equally

Aur. 'Tis very strange.

Chry Let us then join our argument to persuade
him,
To point out one of us to be his bride,
T'other, in time, may hope to gain her freedom;—
I know not what I say—we both must plead

Enter GERARD

Against ourselves: see, he is come already.

Gen. The scales are even still, that one had less
Perfection, to make the doubtful balance
Give difference in their value¹ but I wrong
Their virtues to wish either any want,
That equally incline my soul to love them.—
Justice, I now consent thou shouldst be blind,
My eyes are but the cause I cannot see,
And will not give my judgment leave to make
Distinction of these two. Democritus,
I do allow thy rashness, and confess
Then thou didst rectify thy contemplation
When thou didst lose thy sight Which of these
two,

Instruct me, Love, that? t'other? both? what fate
Hovers about my choice? Were it not sin,
I would be blind, as poets fancy Love,

Into whom now I am transform'd, that then
My soul not looking through these glasses, might
With inward speculation aim at her,
That is the happiest, if one can be so. [Aside.

Chry. Sir, if we be not troublesome—

Ger. You cannot

Aur. To interrupt your meditations,
We have a suit

Ger. Both? it must needs be granted.

Chry. Nor let us suffer in our modesties,
If our request seem strange

Ger. 'Tis a command,
And I must needs obey, you two divide
This empire

Chry. You prepare [us]; we dispute not
The strangeness of your love, but pity it,
And are so ready, in our own affection,
To answer your opinion of us both,
That, if you can collect, what [you] divide
On two, and place it fairly upon one,
Choose whom you will make happy

Aur. We expect not
Your hasty answer, though we both desire
A swift end to your trouble.

[*Exeunt Chrys and Aur.*

Ger. I pray stay,—
I would determine now, but cannot — Fair ones—
Was ever lover so perplex'd? I must
Resolve

Enter THORNAY.

Thor. Why, how now Frank? what, melancholy?

Ger. How came you luther?

Thor. Why, upon my feet
I was at your lodging, to enquire for you,
And here they told me I should find you.

Ger. Yes,

Here I am lost indeed , prithee, excuse
My dulness.

Thor What's the matter ? come, I guess
The cause , which of these gentlewomen is it ?
I saw them

Ger. Didst ? and how dost like them, prithee ?

Thor. I do like them so well, that I could wish—

Ger Which, which of them ?

Thor Faith, I cannot tell,—

The worst of them both,—abed with me.

Ger. Thy wishes are not modest . couldst thou
love

One of them nobly ? ha ? thou hast a person
And fortune to invite thy entertainment ;
Come, let me counsel you.

Thor To what ?

Ger To love, and to a blessing ; couldst thou see
So sweet a pair, and feel no burning shaft ?
Hast thou a soul about thee, that is capable
Of knowledge and delight ? didst ever love ?

Thor. Yes, once, and I think heartily, for the
time ,
But I have drown'd her.

Ger. How ?

Thor In sack, I think,
As gallants lose their mistresses, by drinking
Their health too often

Ger. Prithee do not trifle.

Thor. What would'st thou have me answer ?
I can love.

Ger. A woman ?

Thor. What dost make of me ?

Ger. With honour ?

Thor And honesty, if I see cause

Ger. Enough ; thou shalt have cause,
Within two minutes ; shalt but see again
These sisters, and be proud to be a servant,
I prophesy already ; oh, my friend ! [Going.

Thor. Pray take me with you.

Ger. Yes, thou shalt go with me,
And speak to them, and be amazed, as I am,
To know there are such creatures.

Thor. I have seen
A multitude of fair ones

Ger. All other women
Are but like pictures in a gallery,
Set off to the eye, and have no excellency
But in their distance, but these two, far off,
Shall tempt thee to just wonder, and drawn near,
Can satisfy thy narrowest curiosity :
The stock of woman hath not two more left,
To rival them in graces.

Thor. You speak for them ,
I may go farther, and fare worse. —I'll not
Consider more on't , let us to them ; stay—
Which of these two's your mistress ? let me know
Where to direct my service.

Ger. That question
Hath puzzled me already

Thor. Say, which is't
You best affect ?

Ger. I love them both so equally,
I know not which to name

Thor. How. both ? what, then,
Should I do with them ? art thou mad ?

Ger. A little,
Contain thyself, and call thy reason to thee ,
Although it be the cruelty of my fate,
It can be no bar to thee , I can enjoy
But one, and yet thou shalt have choice of both
Thou art not thus my rival, but my friend,
Relief of my distraction, for she
Whom thou refuseth, if thou canst endear
Thyself to either, in my heart shall meet
A clear and perfect entertainment.

Thor. Hum !

Ger. Canst thou resolve? win either, and we both
Grow happy at once.

Thor. You say well, this is fair—

Ger. They are here.—

Enter sir GERVASE SIMPLE and mistress GOLDSWORTH, at one door, and THUMP, CHRYSOLINA, and AURELIA, at the other.

Mrs G. With your favour, I must chide you, sir, not once speak to my daughter! she expects to be courted with kisses and embraces

Sim Ay, ay, I could kiss her all over, and embrace her too, but I have an imperfediment; I cannot speak as I would do, but let me alone a little, I'll try; let me see, an I have not forgot my verses.

Mrs. G Here they are; I'll not trouble you
[*Exit*

Ger I will leave this gentleman,
He is my best friend, ladies.

Chry You oblige us
More to respect him.

Ger. I hope you will be just,
At my return, when I declare myself.

Aur. Sir, you shall not need to urge it

Ger. I am your honourer. [Exit

Sim. Now, Thump, I am resolv'd to speak to her whatsoever come on't, hum, hum!

Enter GOLDSWORTH

Golds. What! another suitor? I were best lock up my daughters, they'll be smother'd with gentlemen [*aside*]—Sir Gervase, you are a welcome man.

Sim. You shall see if I do not speak to her, now now, and to the purpose, in spite of the devil—Thump, stroke me o' the back [*he plucks Aur by*

the gown.]—There's something in my head, an
'twere out

Aur. I hope you do not mean your brains?

Sim. Would somebody loved me but as well as
I love somebody.

Aur. Now 'tis out.

Sim. La you there! I think I talked to her

Golds. But, in my opinion, you were quickly
daunted

Sim. Was I so? well, mark me now, now, I
will wink [*shuts his eyes.*]—as hard as I can, and
then I'm sure she cannot put me out.

Enter CAPERWIT.

Sim. [*taking Caperwit's hand.*]—*Beauty—*

Cap. How now? what means this?

Sim. *Let me but kiss thy hand, and tell
How much I love thee, I know very well
Thou art a Phœnix, beauteous and bright,
And dost burn every man for thy delight,
Thy eyes are sun and moon, not to be match'd*

Chry. This was intended for you, sister.

Sim. *Thy hair is fine as gold, thy chin is hatch'd³
With silver, needs must brazen be my face,
That cannot come into thee with a grace.*

Cap. Before or after meat.

Sim. Sweet, hear me out.

*But this I know, I am thy faithful lover,
Oh quench my fire—*

Cap. *Or else the pot runs over*

Sim. You are in the right:

Accept me for thy servant, not thy foe,

³ *Thy chin is hatch'd, &c.*] i. e. ornamented with a white, or silvery beard. This absurd stuff (which is worthy of the *School of Complements*, vol. i. p. 40) explains the passage in *Troilus and Cressida*, "The venerable Nestor, *hatch'd* in silver," on which the commentators have wasted so many words. Literally, to hatch is to inlay, metaphorically, it is to adorn, to beautify, with silver, gold, &c.

For I do love thee better than any man in the whole world can do.

Cap. Come, kiss me, then, and open thy fair
eyne

Sim. With all my heart. [Kisses *Cap*

Omnes. Ha ' ha ' [All laugh

Sim [opening his eyes.]—Gentlemen, rest you merry—Thump, by this hand I'll be drunk presently

Thump. An you had taken my counsel, you had been so before you came hither Wine is armour of proof [Exeunt *Sim* and *Thump*

Cap. Ladies, I am sorry, this rude fellow has abus'd your ear with harsh and untuned numbers.

Golds Your verses have a tune, belike?

Cap I came o' purpose to present a copy
Of verses that should make your genius stand
O' the tiptoe, list to me, and grow immortal.

Chry We shall be troubled, now

Thor If't please you, lady,
We'll walk aside, I have something of more weight
I would impart. [Exeunt *Thor* and *Chrys*

Aur. I'll leave him too. [Exit.

Golds Master Caperwit, before you read, pray tell me, have your verses any adjectives?

Cap. Adjectives! would you have a poem without adjectives?

They are the flowers, the giace of all our language.
A well chose epithet doth give new soul
To fainting poesy, and makes every verse
A bride, with adjectives we bait our lines,
When we do fish for gentlewomen's loves,
And with their sweetness catch the nibbling ear
Of amorous ladies, with the music of
These ravishing nouns, we charm the silken tribe,
And make the gallant melt with apprehension
Of the rare word I will maintain't against
A bundle of grammarians, in poetry

The substantive itself cannot subsist
Without an adjective

Golds But, for all that,
Those words would sound more full, methinks, that
are not

So larded, and if I might counsel you,
You should compose a sonnet clean without them
A row of stately substantives would march
Like Switzers, and bear all the field before them,
Carry their weight, shew fair, like deeds enroll'd,
Not writs, that are first made, and after filed
Thence first came up the title of blank verse;
You know, sir, what blank signifies? when the sense
First framed, is tied with adjectives like points,
And could not hold together without wedges:
Hang't, 'tis pedantic, vulgar poetry;
Let children, when they versify, stick here
And there these piddling words for want of matter.
Poets write masculine numbers.

Cap You have given me
A pretty hint, 'tis new

Golds. And will be grateful,
My daughter will affect it much the better,
And 'twill be honour, if she be the first
To whom so choice a poem is presented
I wish you well, sir. [*Exit*

Cap. You oblige my service —
I will bestow these verses on my footman.
They'll serve a chambermaid, let me see;
I want a little quickening, two or three
Infusions of sack will heighten me,
And make my genius dance, then *Lady, lady—*
Gone?

She's hard of soul, but I must supple her,
And there's a conceit new struck upon my brain
Will do't, *ἐνρηξα*; forces united conquer.
Lady, grow soft; if merit cannot prove
Happy, we must use policy in love [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter CHRYSOLINA, followed by THORNAY

Chrys. No more , you do not well to wrong
your friend,
That trusts you with his bosom

Thor. Fair one, hear me.

Chrys He gave you welcome hither, and you
practise
Unworthily to supplant him.

Thor. You are too
Severe , I have no thought so wicked, lady
Deny me not that liberty, which all
The creatures have, to wish their own felicity ,
Which cannot be without you ; he will not
Repine to see me happy in your love

Chrys. In seeming to extenuate your error,
You thus enlarge it, and bring into question
The honour of your friend, for whom I must,
Though weak, rise up a champion for his virtue ,
And to beat off all argument, on your part,
To move for my affection, know he is,
Next heaven, the only object of my heart,
Nor can it know a change.

Thor And yet, if you collect yourself, you are not
The only mistress of his heart , your sister
He loves as well as you , your pardon, fairest,
'Tis possible he may prefer her too,
Since neither piety nor law allows,
He can be husband at one time, to both .
Then let discretion guide you first to freedom ,
I love you not with half a heart, but all ,
Heaven knows, with all , at every look you do

Transfix me, and can only cure the wound
With the same eyes, if they but smile upon it.

Chrys I must not hear you plead thus ; you
appear

Nor friend to him, nor me . so fare you well [*Exit.*

Thor. I am caught, by this good day I am, and
know not

How now to help myself . a handsome thing !
What a blind buzzard is this jackanapes,
Cupid ! Pox of his bird-bolt ! I'll not leave her .
Yet I may be too forward , I am punish'd —
Venus, thy pardon, I beseech thee, if thou
Beest not hard-hearted, as the poets feign,
Speak to thy boy to fetch his arrow back,
Or strike her with a sharp one, make her squeak,
And I'll allow thee a goddess — Ha ! 'tis he.

Enter GERARD

Ger Before thou speak'st to me, let me peruse
Thy face , I'll tell myself how thou hast sped .
Well , is't not so ? Yet do not answer me,
That smile does not shew clear, there is some cloud
I' the corner of thy forehead, that would spread,
And darken all thy face.

Thor Your physiognomy
Is quite discredited.

Ger. Hast [thou] prevail'd ?
With which ? why, now thou art too tedious.

Thor. With
The eldest, Chrysolina.

Ger Ha ! what sound
Was that ? With Chrysolina ?—

I prithee, what of her ? I love her dearly ,
Thou hast not filch'd away her heart ? it grew
With mine

Thor. How's this ?

Ger. Hast thou not seen the woodbine,¹
That honey-dropping tree, and the loved brier,
Embrace with their chaste boughs, twisting them-
selves,

And weaving a green net to catch the birds,
Till it do seem one body, while the flowers
Wantonly run to meet and kiss each other?
So 'twas betwixt us two.

Thor I mean the youngest.

Ger. What! my Aurelia?

Thou canst not rob me so: the amorous turtles
Have but their imitation from our love!
The pelican loves not her young so well,
That digs upon her breast an hundred springs,
When in her blood she bathes the innocent birds,
As I do my Aurelia.

Thor. God be wi' ye!—

I know not how to please you, nor to answer

Ger. I prithee stay.

Thor. Engage me in a business,
Nay, thrust me on the lime-twigs, to set you
At liberty, when your own wings were glued
To the bush! and do you reward me in this
fashion?

An I had known't, you should have fluttered.

Ger. I

Forgot myself, I prithee pardon me.

I will excuse thee when thou art in love.

Thor. Then do so now, and you'll be temperate,
And hear me.

Ger. Speak, I am re-collected

Thor. And I am in love

Ger. Thou didst name both, thou art [not] so
unhappy!

Thor. Your humours lead me to't; but shall I
tell you?

¹ *Ger.* Hast thou not seen the woodbine,
That honey-dropping tree, &c.] See p 27

Ger. Which, which of them did most encourage thee?

Thor Be not you passionate still, but give me thanks,

And call me fortunate; she has half consented.

Ger. I shall be lost i' the dark: declare which.

Thor Which?

Why, the eldest; which? [why,] *Chrysolina* Now
Be you advised, and court the other.

Ger. Half consenting?

Thor. I may say
Three-quarters, and not lie.

Ger. 'Tis false,
And such a stain thou throw'st upon that virgin,
Thy blood deserves to purge — [*Draws his sword*

Thor. You do not mean
To play the fool thus?—Pox upon this madness!
I will not fight with you, and I will love
That gentlewoman.—I thought I had done you a
courtesy

Ger. So thou hast,
If it be true

Thor. Have you a mind to be
The everlasting madcap? An you can couple
With both, I can resign: poor gentlewoman,
She'll have the worst on't.

Ger. But, I prithee, tell me,
With what art didst thou so soon win her to thee?
It was some months ere I prevail'd, and, were I
Not confident of thy honesty, I should
Suspect some witchcraft

Thor There is an art
In wooing, not reveal'd to every man,
Which he that knows,
Shall do more with a maid in some [brief] minute,
Than others in a twelvemonth.

Ger. It must be
A lucky minute

Thor. Ay, he must take her i' the nick ; and court her

In the precise minute : yet it may be, she,
In pity of my sufferings, or mistrusting
She might not be the first in your election,
Inclin'd the sooner Now would I have you,
Without more ceremony, neglect the wench
That I have chosen , do you mark ? neglect her,
And address all your courtship to the youngest ,
Your meaning will be clearly understood
On both sides , so you shall with ease, enlarge
Your own heart, fix on one whose arms already
Are open to you, and make my path direct,
Without any rub, to the other Is this sense ?
Obey it then , set on afore with your mistress, a
hand gallop, if I overtake you not, let me swing
i' the bridle, and set a saddle o' my back, and let
all the fools in the town ride me

Ger We must not be too rash, let's walk, and think on't. [Exeunt

ACT III SCENE I

A Room in Goldsworth's House.

Enter sir GERVASE SIMPLE and AURELIA

Sim. Thou art a brave wench.

Aur You are grown bold of late.

Sim. I think so , gramercy, sack ! come, kiss me.
Wilt thou be a lady ?

Aur. I have no great ambition.

Sim I'll buy thee a parrot to-morrow, and a monkey : here, take this ring

Aur Pray keep it, and let me tell you, sir, my mind.

Sim And I'll tell thee mine, that's one for another.

Aur. Briefly then—

Sim Be as brief as you please, I can be as brief as you, and tedious too, I know thou lovest me : sirrah, didst think I was such a fearful coxcomb as I made myself? No, I know when to be [a] lion, and when to be a hare. But prithee tell me plainly, when shall we matrimony it, ha? thou dotest upon my good parts, come, speak to me, prithee be not bashful

Aur I fear you will not understand me.

Sim Speak no language, and I warrant, I know Greek and Latin, I learn'd my accidence.

Aur Then know, I do not love you, sir.

Sim. You do not love me, sir! then I have lost my labour, sir

Aur I make no doubt it will appear so, I could be of the humour of some mistresses, By some slight favours to encourage you, Accept your gifts, extol your wit, invent New ways to melt your gold, beside the Exchange, And petticoat embroideries

Sim. Thou shalt have smock embroideries; nay, thy very skin shall be embroidered.

Aur Have every day some progress for your coach,
And tire you worse than your four Flanders mares,
And then laugh at you too but I am honest,
And will deserve your nobler character :
I tell you what you must expect, in truth,
I cannot love you, pray leave off in time,
And let this satisfy you.

Sim This satisfy? why, this is even as good [as] nothing.

Aur It is all that I can promise you.

Sim. Though you cannot love me, it shall be for your honour to marry me.

Aur. By no means.

Sim. What! not marry me neither? Then be no lady, that I first pronounce: secondly, know, I am resolved—your mother shall understand it, by these hilts.

Aur. I would advise you rather to be silent,
And take your leave like a good christian lover.
If you betray my honest meaning so,
And move her to impatience, I shall wish you
I' the West Indies.

Enter mistress GOLDSWORTH.

Sim. Here she comes.

Mrs. G. Sir, I hope you and my daughter are agreed.

Aur. And the conditions please me infinitely,
Mother you never plac'd your commendation
Upon a gentleman so noble, such
Plenty of honour dwells in him, I must
Be happy in his embraces.

Sim. Oh ho! is't come about again?

Mrs. G. Nay, nay, I told you, you should find him honourable

Aur. We understand each other perfectly:
He has so sweet a soul, I may have any thing,
He has promised me the finest parrots.

Sim. Oh ay, and madge howlets that can speak all languages.

Mrs. G. Nay, and he'll perform:
Well, for this act of duty, I shall find
Some gold beside thy portion, i' the mean time,
I'll move thy father to conclude the marriage:
And here he is already.

Enter GOLDSWORTH, CAPERWIT, *and* CHRYSOLINA.

Aur. [*aside to Sim.*].—Look you, sir,
These turns you put me to; do not believe
I bear one thought more of good-will for this;
If you suspect it otherwise, because
I carry it sweet and pleasing to my mother,
Who is so zealous in your cause, I'll swear
Your worship is the most unwelcomest man
I' the world to me

Sim. I'm glad she is not gone yet

Aur. What need you distrust?
He'll know precisely when we must be married,
Is jealous of delays, will not believe
I love him, till the priest hath seal'd me his
I' the church, he says.

Sim. These are tricks, demurs, your daughter
is not sober.

Aur. He means serious.

Sim. She doth but mock—

Aur. Who would think you could dissemble?

Mrs G. Sir, have patience, I have not been so
hasty,

To become tedious at last, refer that to my care;
Since you have made a marriage in your hearts,
The church shall soon confirm it. [*Exit.*]

Aur. What do you think of this?
Faith, yet be wise, and leave this wooing.
I shall maintain this humour to my mother,
And find a crotchet to come off with honour,
You have not yet my hate, pray let's be friends,
And never meet again

Sim. This is very fine, I' faith, if I do not study
some mischief—

Aur. Conceal, for your own shame.

Cap. How do you like them, lady? it pleas'd
your father

To impose somewhat severely on my muse,
But your divine acceptance shall declare it
A crowned poem — Most illustrious Simple

Sim. Simple me no more than I simple thee

Enter Servant

Ser. Sir, there is a lady enquires for master Caperwit.

Cap. A lady, out of complement ?— 'Tis he
[*Aside.*

Ser. She seems of noble quality ; she has coach and fair attendants, and calls herself the lady Bird.

Cap. Good Cupid, is it she ?
Who gave her direction to find me here ? —
An honourable lady, I confess,
And hath a fortune noble like her birth ;
'Tis the rich alderman's widow, the great Bird,
That died at's country-house, a kinsman to
The Ravens of the city By no means
Admit her, she'll betray her foolish passion

Golds. What is the matter ?

Cap. Some few days ago
I did by chance but drop a complement,
How much I was her servant, and she took it
To th' heart, and ever since hath sought occasion
To express her love to me, poor gentlewoman.

Golds. You cannot help it

Cap. 'Tis one but of the myriad of ladies
That have been taken—

Chrys. With your tropes and figures.

Golds. No matter, let her come, it were not civil,
Sir, to deny yourself

Cap. She'll tire all patience
But, lady, be assur'd my heart is dedicate
To you, and were all womenkind in balance
With your divinest person, their light scale
Would kick the firmament, or coming down,
Be lost in th' middle region of the air,

Or be converted to a cloud to weep
Upon the earth, for being so much excell'd

Enter lady BIRD

Lady B. Where's this footman ?

Ser. Trot, my lady's footman ! *[Exit*

Enter Footman.

Lady B Go pray my uncle, sir Walter Cor-
morant,

To dine with me to-morrow — And, do you hear ?

'Tis in your way, to ask if my cousin Bulfinch,

The steward of my land, be come to town,

He lies in Fleet-street between Hawk and Buzzard

I' the afternoon, remember, sirrah, that

You go to master Kite, that lives i' the Poultry,

And say I shall expect the thousand pound

Was lent him upon mortgage — *[Exit Footman*

Sir, beseech your nobleness excuse me,

The affairs so nearly do concern me, with

A gentleman, (now your guest) that I presumed

It should not be offence, if I took hold

Of this occasion, to speak with him

Goldts Madam, you need plead no excuse for
that,

Command your freedom here — Daughters, my lady

Would have some private conference

Lady B By no means

Let me appear so troublesome , your presence

Will be no hurt to my design, you shall

Command a great deal more

Cap. 'Twas cunningly prepared *[Aside*

Lady B Sir, after all, let me obtain your pri-
vilege.

Cap. Proceed—

Lady B. I shall accuse myself of too much boldness,
 If you neglect me, sir, before all these ;
 I come not to disturb you, nor to publish
 What you have taken from me

Golds I hope she will lay some felony to his charge.

Lady B. But, sir,
 You might have been so kind, to have seen your friend
 Once in three days.

Cap I must be pardon'd, widow ;
 The glass that tells the hour hath not more sands,
 Than there be ladies wait to catch me up
 To spend my time with 'em ? they break my dreams
 With importunity, and allow me but
 One minute in a week to say my prayers.

Lady B. Among them all, there is not one that more
 Desires your happiness.

Cap. 'Tis more your goodness, lady, than desert,
 Or provocation in me.

Lady B You are modest,
 And thus increase your value.

Cap. Your favours are acknowledg'd, and take up
 Much of my studies, how I may be active
 In service to reward 'em, still preserving
 My liberty, I must not be confin'd
 Or wedg'd in ; all that's good in nature ought
 To be communicable ; if you have
 Promis'd yourself more of me, than you are
 Allow'd, as an excellent part o' the commonwealth,
 'Tis justice you correct the imagination .
 Perhaps you'll say, you love me.

Golds A fine dialogue !

Lady B. My blushes speak me guilty, and I fear
 Betray my frailty to these gentlewomen .
 You'll sin against your knowledge, sir, to make

A question how much I esteem you ; be not
A tyrant , if my opinion of your worth
Prevail against my modesty, to say
I cannot choose but love you ; 'tis my fate ,
My breeding never suffered, but in this,
That I should lose myself to court a man,
Ambitious of my favour , 'tis in vain
To tell you, with what art, my eyes have been
Courtied by great ones for their smile, for you
Will turn them all to tears.

Chrys Alas, poor lady !

I pity her ; what doth she see in him,
To draw this passion ?

Cap May be, I am engag'd
To another beauty.

Lady B. That's my fear, indeed ,
For who can look with eyes like mine upon you,
And not be tempted to the same desires ?
But be not, sir, deceived , all foreheads are not
True glasses of the mind, and beauty alone
Deserves not such a blessing , young men do
Too hastily betray themselves to misery,
That think no heaven but in their mistress' face ,
Look on my fortune, which doth spread more riches,
Than pleasure can instruct thee ways to spend
Delights shall stream themselves into thy bosom,
Honour and titles of the state shall woo
Thy name to put them on, and not be thine,
But thou their ornament.

Cap. Affection must
Flow uncompell'd , you may be pleas'd to take
Some other time to finish this discourse.

Lady B. I may suspect I have offended these ,
But pray interpret fairly.—Noble sir, [*To Simple.*
I do beseech you, pardon
The errors that you find in us frail women ,
Yet I believe you would not use me so
Neglectfully , 'tis time, I take my leave

Golds. We are your humble servants.

Sim Sir, if you will not affect this lady, I hope some other may.

Cap And write himself the happiest man alive
She is [a] widow for a lord, but I am fix'd,
I would you had her, sir, I say no more;
She has an estate of twenty exchequers, and
Is of so gentle soul

Lady B I leave you to
Repent your cruelty — My coach—

Sim Please you, madam,
Do me the grace to let me wait upon you.

Cap Now do I expect she'll doat upon me —

[*Aside — Exeunt Golds lady B and Sim.*
Ladies, you see what fortunes I neglect,
She is a pretty handsome creature, too

Aur In my opinion, sir, you have not been
So kind as she deserves, and, for my part,
I have so much compassion of her sufferings,
Were all the wit of younger brothers in you,
And could you make me jointure of a province,
I would rather marry my father's serving-man,
And stand at livery myself, than be
Wife to a man so ingrateful [Exit *Aur*

Cap How, sweet lady?

Chrys My sister, sir, is just, can you expect
An entertainment here after your scorn
Of one that nobly loves you? [Exit *Chrys.*

Cap I have used
A precious policy to supplant myself!
She has a scruple in her conscience,
And will not wrong the lady Bird—A pox
Upon his rhetoric

Enter GOLDSWORTH.

Golds Your lady Bird is coach'd, and she hath
took
Sir Gervase with her

Cap How ?
Golds. Their legs do jostle
 In the same boot.
Cap Ha, ha, ha !
Golds Why do you laugh ? what humour's this ?
Cap Sir Gervase ! ha, ha !—he thinks—ha, ha !
Golds. You have a merry spleen , I know not
 what
 He thinks, but if he mean to retrieve the lady
 Bird—
Cap. Ha, ha !
Golds Pray let me know whence springs this
 sudden mirth ,
 I will laugh with you
Cap Hold my sides, my buttons !
Golds 'Tis well your doublet's slash'd.
Cap Ha, ha ! Next time I come, I'll discover—
 I shall not
 Contain myself i' the street. Ha, ha ! [*Exit*
Golds The poet's mad indeed : farewell, De-
 mocritus [*Exit*

SCENE II

A Street.

Enter THORNAY, and YONGRAVE

Yon By your favour, sir
Thor Your business ?
Yon I understand your name is Thornay
Thor It was my father's, and 'tis upon record,
 that I was christened Thomas ; does that concern
 you, sir ?
Yon I bring commands from a friend of your's.
 [*Gives him a letter.*
Thor. I crave you mercy, I am your servant
 [*Reads the letter.*

Yon He appears unmoved.

Thor. Thank you, sir ; God be wi' ye !

Yon. Although I am confident

You think it not my office to convey
Letters, so much respect I bear the gentlewoman
That sent it, I would think it, sir, no burden
To carry an answer to her

Thor It requires none.

Yon. Shall I return, you'll visit her in person ?

Thor. I cannot promise.

Yon Why ?

Thor. I may forget it.

Yon With your pardon, sir, she did impose on
me,

To know some resolution.

Thor. She did ?

Are you acquainted with her ?

Yon I do bear

No great age in her knowlege

Thor. Perhaps she has
Imparted the contents ?

Yon. I could conjecture,
By circumstance, she much desires to see you

Thor Cannot come , that's all.

Yon. I must have more

Thor How, sir ?

Yon. 'Tis a neglect becomes you not

Thor. You are not sent a champion to defy me ?

Yon. I have no title from her blood, and yet
Her virtue is so near me, I must tell you,
She hath deserv'd your best esteem

Thor She has told you,
Belike, some story ?

Yon. I pray see her ; I'll wait upon you

Thor. To what purpose ?

Yon. To love and cherish her, that claims your
heart,
The office of your soul to honour her :

Does not your conscience tremble yet ? what reason
Can you allege you should not love her ?

Thor Reason ?

I'll shew you a reason , walk a little further

Yon I shall expect it [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

A Room in Goldsworth's House.

Enter GERARD

Ger It must be so, and yet methinks I move
Without a soul , she is the first apostate
From love's religion , in that my honour
Is safe, and it is justice, my Aurelia,
This heart to thee should now alone be sacred

Enter CHRYSOLINA.

Chrys Sir, you are welcome , what ! not speak
to me ?
This is a strange neglect ; I have news for you .
Your friend—

Ger 'Tis so, he has prevail'd with her,
And she will boast her change. [Aside]

Chrys He cannot be
So fix'd in meditation.—[Aside.]—With your
favour

Ger. Reserve your news, I do not thirst to
hear it

Chrys Sure he mistakes me all this while , 'tis I.

Ger But 'tis not I ; I see you are a woman ,
I have nothing else to say [Exit]

Chrys I have not us'd
Him so . was there no way to express his purpose
Without this scorn ? 'tis not discreetly done,
I could be very angry.—He returns,

Re-enter GERARD, with AURELIA.

With him Aurelia.

Aur. I am ignorant
With what words I should meet this noble love.

Ger I was created for this happiness,
To these embraces, which do more than twist
Our bodies, every circle of thy arms
Enchains my soul, that doth forget all freedom,
And willingly submit to be thy prisoner.

Chrys. It does not grieve me that he loves my
sister

Ger I am too little to contain my joy,
It flows above the narrow banks, Aurelia.
What shall I say? let me bathe here eternally,
And study new arithmetic, to count
Our blessings

Aur Can you, sir, be constant?

Chrys Ay, touch him there, Aurelia

Ger You do ill

To interrupt our joys. Upon this lip,
That deserves all should open to commend it,
I seal the contract of my heart for ever [*Kisses her*]
I will be nothing when I am not thine:
Suspect the stars may lose themselves in heaven,
But never I this vow, thy sister has
No part in my affection, she usurp'd
Some title, but I now have cancell'd all
The thoughts of her, and offer thee myself,
Myself thy perfect honourer [*Exe. Ger and Aur.*]

Chrys Wherein have I deserv'd to be thus
slighted?

Is there no conflict in my blood? Can love
I bear a sister take away all sense
Of this indignity? [*Walks aside.*]

Enter THORNAY and YONGRAVE

Thor. Look you, sir,

I promis'd you a reason, why I could
Not love Eugenia; there's my reason, I
Do love that gentlewoman.

Chrys. 'Tis master Thornay.

I am resolv'd^{*} I have no other way
To punish his disdain, than to pretend
I love this gentleman, that he may see
I have the freedom of my soul, to mock
His triumph, and with as much facility
Meet his neglect. [*coming forward*]—Oh, master
Thornay,

You are very welcome, I was wishing for you.

Thor. Hum!

This entertainment is a little better
Than I expected.

Chrys. You absent yourself
Too much, believe, your visits shall not be
More frequent, than your person grateful hither.

Thor. Do you hear? you may return, and tell
this story

Unto the lady i' the enchanted castle
You see my fate, I cannot come, God be wi' ye.

Yon. You shall acquit yourself more nobly, sir,
And better satisfy her in your person.

Thor. I will not take the pains to see her, an
She were a dying

Yon. How?

Thor. Not to recover her.

Chrys. Shall you and I, sir, walk a turn i' the
garden?

Thor. Yes, lady. Heaven vouchsafe I grow
not mad

With my good fortune!

Yon. With your pardon, mistress,
I must take privilege to tell this man
He is not worthy of your favours

^{*} I am resolved,] i e convinced

Thor How, sir?

You do not know my temper

Yon Nor regard it. [Draws.

Chrys. Hold, as you bear respect to me.

Thor. I am charm'd.

Yon. I should be guilty of some sin to you,
Not to reveal, this gentleman has made
A forfeit of his honour.

Thor Will you hear him?—

Pox o' my dulness, what meant I to bring
Him hither? [*aside.*—Do not credit any thing;
We are old enemies, and he has studied this
Device to poison your opinion of me,
A mere trick, do not believe a word, sweet lady.

Chrys I am not easy, sir, to entertain
Malicious accusation of your fame,
Your virtue, in my thoughts, is not so soon
Shaken with one report.

Thor That's comfort yet.

Yon. Then you provoke me to be plain, know,
lady,
You are in the way to be most miserable,
Abus'd by this false man, that will betray
Your innocent beauty to so great a shame,
Repentance is not able to restore you:
He has a wife already.

Chrys How! a wife?

Yon A wife, if holy vows have power to bind
him^s

Thor. Do you believe this? were you by when I
Was married?

Yon. No, but heaven and angels
Are witnesses you did exchange a faith
With one that mourns a virgin, and a widow
Have you no earthquake in you? does thy soul
Itself not feel an an ague, to remember

^s For *him*, the old copy has *you*.

How many kisses seal'd the amorous contract ?
 She meant it so, and every day her eyes
 Weep in the memory of herself forsaken :
 And cause her grief will not at once destroy her,
 Despairing of your love, to shew how willing
 She is to die, doth every hour distil
 Part of her soul in tears.

Chrys This cannot be

Thor Be ! no, no, 'tis impossible , shall we walk,
 Sweet lady ?

Yon Will not this excite your pity ?
 Mercy shines bright in women

Chrys I have heard
 You, sir, and doubt not, when he comes to answer
 These imputations, he may quit himself

Thor Would we were both on us but to
 skirmish in

A saw-pit ! I must cut his throat.

Chrys Admit he promis'd love,
 Oblig'd himself by oath to her you plead for,
 This binds him not to undo himself for ever.

Yon. Undo himself !

Chrys Yes, marriage is an act,
 That doth concern his whole life, and in something
 May mar, or profit his eternity ,
 Perhaps the gentlewoman, since he gave
 His faith, is fallen from virtue.

Thor I have heard so

Chrys. May be turn'd prostitute

Thor Ay, who'll swear for her ?

Yon. I must not hear her nam'd with the suspicion
 Of such a stain,

Chrys. We do not, sir, accuse her.

Thor Not absolutely.

Yon Did you but know the creature, it would
 call

A blush into your face, for talking thus ,
 She has purity enough for all her sex,

And this attended with so many virtues,
As but to wish her more, itself were sin.

Chrys. This gentleman pleads for her.

Thor Will you please
To walk?

Chrys Dismiss him first.

Thor. Do you hear? this lady
Is weary of your company — [*Aside to Yon*] You
have

Not us'd me like a gentleman, indeed
Scurvily, 'tis no time nor place to expostulate,
But we shall meet again; in the mean time,
Return, and tell the virgin you so magnify,
I do not find myself in any humour
To see her again, pray her neglect no fortune,
For my sake, there be many younger brothers
I' the town, will be content to marry her:
You may resolve her what's become of me;
There is no wrestling with our fate.

Yon. Thou art
Not worth my answer. [*Exit.*

Chrys I'll not question, sir,
This gentleman's relation

Thor You are wise

Chrys But, in my confidence he hath spoke all
truth,

I must desire you visit me no more

Thor. You do but jest, I hope?

Chrys. Ingrateful man!

How are poor women cozen'd? with what impu-
dence

Couldst thou desire my favour? Go, and make
A satisfaction to the injur'd maid,
Born the dishonour of a man!

[*Exit.*

Thor. Am I awake?

(Or do I dream I am made a coxcomb thus?

I am a rascal, and deserve no mercy,
For abusing that poor gentlewoman, that sent

So kindly to me , would the messenger
Were here again !

Re-enter GERARD and AURELIA.

'Tis master Gerard, how hath he sped ?

Ger You are sad, Aurelia ,
What on the sudden can beget this change ?
Are you in health ?

Aur Yes, sir.

Ger Your blood, methinks,
Is wandering from your cheek, your eyes have lost
Their lightning too, call back your smiles, and bless
Him that is now your creature

Aur Mine ? excuse me
If I suspect.

Ger. Ha !

Aur. I have heard you, sir.
And have considered all that you have said
To make me think you are now wholly mine :
I must confess you have express'd a lover,
Wanted no art to flourish your warm passion ;
But language is no clue to guide us to
The knowledge of your heart.

Ger Nor is suspicion
A cause enough in justice to condemn

Aur It is not , but where circumstances meet,
They may be thought on

Ger. By your beauty,
By those fair eyes, that never kill'd till now,
Make me so happy, but to know what cause
Inclines you to suspect, and I will take it
The greatest argument of love, that ever
A virgin shew'd to man , then I'll be bold,
And with the whiteness of my soul make such
Assurance of you, that not malice, aided
With all the devil's cunning, shall be able
To interpose one scruple more against me.

Aur. You lov'd my sister.

Ger. I did once Aurelia.

Aur. And you declare you can neglect her now,
Look on her like a stranger.

Ger. 'Tis most true.

Aur. She lov'd you well, most nobly, with as
much

Fervour as ever I did or can love,
Should I think to be more secure than she?
Promise that firm to me, which in so fresh
A sight and memory you have violated
To her, that placed you in as dear a bosom?
Discretion bids me pause, I may be rash;
Either you lov'd her not at all, and so
You may play false with both, or loving her
With as much levity, I suppose you may
Forsake me too, therefore I bid you first
Farewell

[*Exit*

Ger. I am blasted.

Thor. We are both undone;

I dare not see him.

[*Exit*

Ger. Was ever man so miserably lost?

Is there a balm can cure me? Oh, I bleed:

The sword wounds gently, but love kills indeed.

[*Exit*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in sir John Woodhamore's House

Enter EUGENIA

Eug. Has truth forsook mankind? or is it my
Fate only to converse with those that are
So cruel and neglectful of our sex?
Unhappy maid!—Is he not yet return'd?

Maud. [*within*]—None yet appears.

Eug. Then I despair to see him .

And when I think indeed of the employment,
That 'tis against himself, I may with justice
Accuse my want of judgment, to expect
He should perform so hard an imposition :
I would I could not think of any man !
They rob me of my peace ; I prithee try
Thy voice, to put my heart in better tune ,
There is a power in harmony, some say,
To charm the unruly motions of the brain :
Love is itself a melancholy madness ,
Why should not music cure the wound of love ?

[*Maud sings within*

*Melancholy, hence ! go get
Some piece of earth to be thy seat,
Here the air and nimble fire,
Would shoot up to meet desire
Sullen humour, leave her b'ood,
Mix not with the pure flood,
But let pleasures snelling there,
Make a spring tide all the year*

Enter CHRYSOLINA.

Chrys. How does my dear Eugenia ?

Eug. As well

As this restraint will give me leave, and yet
It does appear a part of my enlargement
To have your company , I hope your sister
Enjoys her health ?

Chrys. And more felicity
Than I can boast mine own , she's half a bride,
Happy in the embraces of her wished servant.
You know our story , he has chosen her,
And most uncivilly neglected me
Thus laden with his scorn, I come to practise
A scene of sorrow with you , sure thy fate

Hath spun a thread for me, we are so like
 In our misfortunes — Have you heard no news
 Of your ingrateful servant? for I know
 No other name, and he indeed deserves
 To have no other memory, that takes
 A pride in his disdain.

Eug Nothing as yet.

But I have met occasion to convey
 A letter to him, yet I cannot promise —

Enter YONGRAVE, at a distance

But here's the messenger.

Chrys That gentleman?

I know the man you love then, is't not Thornay?

Eug The same, I did conceal him for his shame

Chrys Why, he's a zealous suitor for my love.

Yon It makes for me that he continues cruel;
 I was not able to command his passion
 But will she not mistrust I have not been
 So careful in advancing her desires;
 But satisfied myself with any answer,
 As knowing what must bring comfort to her,
 Must needs be killing to my hopes? In what
 A narrow path I tread! her spring must be
 My frost, and when her tree carries the pride
 And bloom of summer, I retain no sap,
 But wither, and creep backward into earth,
 Like a forsaken plant

Chrys Here I'll obscure [*Chrys withdraws.*]

Eug You are welcome, sir.

Yon I would I were

Eug Shall I believe you have been faithful to
 My grief's request?

Yon Yes, and bring comfort back

Chrys [*aside*] How's that?

Eug Pronounce those words again

Yon I bring
 You comfort.

Eug. He did say so : what meant she
To mock me with another sad relation ?
Was't a device in her to encrease my joy
At meeting ? he did talk of comfort ; is it
A thing restor'd in nature ? [*aside*]— Oh, before
You bless my ear again with that wish'd sound,
Excuse my modesty, if my heart present
A kiss to thank you. [*Kisses him.*

Yon I drink in my poison.

Eug. Now let your comforts flow.

Yon. I have return'd you
As true a lover as yet ever mistress
Could boast possession of, one so resolved
To honour you

Eug. Can this be possible ?

Yon. I have examined every secret thought
Within his soul, concerning you, and dare
Thus boldly justify, he is your own

Eug Let me but live to see him, and I write
My ambition satisfied

Yon He's here.

Eug. Where ?

Yon. Here.

In me your truest servant is return'd.

Chrys. Does he affect her ?

Yon. I call all that's good
To witness with me, I discharg'd with zeal
The unkind office to myself, but could not
Incline him to return to any softness :
In brief, he has unworthily engag'd
That heart belonging to you, and would not be
Provoked to see you again. [*Eugenia faints*

Chrys. [*coming forward.*] Eugenia '

[*Leads her in.*

Yon Is all this waking ? Have I seen her faint,
And did not she, that cherishes her enemy,
Haste to her relief, and seem to suffer with her ?
While I, as one had grown here, did not move ?

I did not well to exalt her with a hope
 To meet a blessing, and then ruin her
 If death hath whisper'd her aside, I shall
 Be accused, and I will take['t as] my preferment
 To be sent after her, to tell her ghost
 I lov'd her best, when we are both immortal
 She'll understand me better —

Re-enter CHRYSOLINA.

Is Eugenia

Alive again?

Chrys There is no danger to be fear'd; a
 qualm —

Pray let me ask you, sir, one question,
 Do you affect this virgin really?
 I move it not for any harm

Yon Would she had sent you hither,
 But with desire to be resolved

Chrys May be she has

Yon. Then tell her I do love her better than
 I can express, but when she has numbered
 All things are excellent on earth, she is
 To me above them infinitely.

Chrys This carries
 No probability

Yon Would thou wert a man,
 Then I durst tell thee, I do love her so
 I durst be wicked for her, and kill thee.

Chrys With all this, it does not appear—
 You love her so, and be an instrument,
 Nay plead, to put another in possession
 Of your lov'd treasure¹ for, if I mistake not,
 You late did urge a man, whom she esteem'd
 [Much] better, to return and marry her
 Can any man that loves a woman truly,
 Strive to supplant himself, and give away
 His comfort?

Yon There's the honour of my service.

When I am dead, the story shall remember
I lov'd a maid so well that I preferr'd
Whatever she desired, above myself,
And 'cause she lov'd one better, was content
To serve her wishes with my banishment :
He does not love a virgin nobly, whose
Affection walks not just to her desires,
To like 'em 'bove his own

Chrys If this can be,
Thou art the noblest lover in the world.
With what affection shall she be blest
That loves him, when the mistress that esteems
Him not is thus rewarded ! [*Aside*

Re-enter EUGENIA

Eug. Indeed I love him still, and shall do ever,
Nor had I now return'd to life, but that
I had not took my leave of him.

Yon More corrosive !

Eug. If you'll oblige a virgin
For ever to you, once more visit him,
Tell him I lie like one that's desperate sick,
Opprest with grief of body, and of mind,
But cannot be so fortunate to quit
The world till he vouchsafe to visit me.
Bid him not fear I will detain him long
With idle talk, six words and I am dead
Although he love me not, he may do this
If you will add this to your other work,
I will impose no more, indeed I will not ,
So farewell, noble sir. [*Exit.*

Chrys. If you will please to join with me, I
doubt not
To affect her wishes

Yon. No

Chrys. You do not know
What power I have with him.

Yon You have too much

Chrys. I'll undertake—

Yon. You shall not rob me of the reward.

Chrys. What reward?

Yon. Perhaps another kiss ; pray tell her, I
Went cheerfully to finish her command. [*Exit.*

Chrys. I do admire and love this noble temper
What flames are these ? Suppress them, they grow
high,
If he affect her so, what hope have I ? [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Street

Enter GERARD and THORNAY.

Thor. Mad ? why, you still enjoy discourse.

Ger. What then ?

May not a man be mad, and yet talk wisely ?

Thor. But few in my experience.

Ger. Do not abuse thy knowledge ; at the worst,
Thou canst but say, our senses are deprav'd,
Thrown off o' th' hinge, the tongue is none, I hope,
Though some would have the titillation join'd
To make up a sixth [sense] in the grave synod
Believe then I am mad, I'll prove't by reason

Thor. By reason ! that is a new way to prove it,
But I'll hear no reason.

Ger. Then thou art mad thyself

Thor. Nay, I think I am madder o' the two,
And have as much reason, if there be reason
Able to make one mad,—but let's be wise :
Or, if it must be that you've lost your wits,
Let's see an we can recover 'em by drinking ;
For he that is not sober after drunkenness,
Is no man of this world.

Ger. Now thou talkest wildly

Thor. I talk wildly, that would justify myself

to be in my wits, and you that talk reason and sense will not believe you have any,

Ger. If it be so, that may conclude I have lost 'em,

And do not understand myself.

Thor So, so.

I should believe another in that argument,
But not you, for in knowing that, you prove
You are no madman.

Ger Prithce tell me, thou art a piece of a philosopher,
And knowest the natural causes—

Thor Hold,

In that, I must confess, you are [a] little
Beside yourself: I a philosopher?
I studied 'Titelman' sometimes i' the college,
As others did, and wanting Epictetus'
Lantern, slept always with a watching candle
In my study-window, and might very well
Dream over learning on my desk, or so
What Aristotle might infuse into
My sleeps I know not, but, waking, I ne'er troubled
Myself to understand him, true, I lov'd
His book *De Cœlo*, for the heavenly title,
And made my father buy it, for my study
Of divinity, told him I would be a bishop,
That brought me threescore pound a year for sack:
I prithee, do not talk of learning.

Ger Why then

Acknowledge, I am mad, and I have done

Thor. Well, for this once I will allow it, thou'rt mad

Ger. But wherefore do you allow it? what's the cause?

Thor Nay, nay, I know not that.

Ger. I'll tell thee then.

⁶ *I studied Titelman*] Franciscus Titelmannus was an ecclesiastical writer of the 16th century, one of his compositions is an Apology for the Vulgate translation of the Scriptures.

Thor. 'Tis come about again.

Ger. And let thy judgment censure me, if I
Produce not able reasons—

Thor. To prove madness !
He makes me mad to hear him.—
Now I consider better on't, I confess
You have some cause to be a little mad,
The loss of such a mistress

Ger. But of one ?
Did they not both affect me ; and I them
With such equality of honour ?—

Thor. Grant it.

Ger. And I to lose 'em both ? faith, speak but
honestly ,
Is't not a wonder that I do not rave,
And kill myself ? how many have run mad
For one that never lov'd them ? and shall I
Be so unmannerly not to lose my wits
For two, and two such creatures ? 'twere a solecism
In love I prithee do not flatter me
With an opinion that I have my reason ,
It cannot be, it is against all sense
I should have any , such an expectation
Lost, is enough to make the genius
Of all the world run mad , and I will straight—

Thor. Whither ?

Ger. To Bedlam, whither should I go ?
I must not live in this community
Of fools and wise men.

Thor. There be knaves among us.

Ger. Here all are happy, there I shall not meet
With lovers that are fortunate , but with men
Of my complexion, that look twenty ways
At once, that sigh and curse, and sing mad carols .
If I can get to be their prince, I'll make
A law it shall be death to smile, or kiss
A woman

Thor. Now I fear him

[*Aside*]

Ger. Nay, we'll have

An excellent well-govern'd commonwealth,
 A delicate Utopia ; there shall be
 Lectures and public readings shall put down
 Gresham's foundation⁷ for the liberal arts,
 And make the citizens bring their shopbooks hither
 To take fine notes, how to be paid their debts,
 And yet trust none but younger brothers. then
 We will have penal statutes against eating,
 Live all by the air of commendations.
 No idle man shall live within our state :
 Do you mark ? they are the mouths of the republic .
 And therefore he that has no other work
 To prevent slothfulness, may employ his time
 In picking straws , there will be a great plenty
 Here will we live together, and be mad
 Perpetually , we will not be recovered ,
 For if at any time we incline to be
 Sober, and coming to our wits again,
 The lash will whip us into new distempers
 And mad figaries.

Thor Do you know all this while
 What you have said ? you correct me for speaking
 Extravagantly, and yet talk wild yourself.

Ger I prithee pardon, and instruct me better ;
 I am not well.

Thor. Will you walk to your chamber ?
 I'll bear you company.

⁷ Gresham's foundation, &c] The wealthy and munificent sir Thomas Gresham bequeathed, at his death in 1579, his spacious mansion in Winchester-street, endowed out of the rents of the Royal Exchange, as a college for the promotion of learning and the liberal arts. In it were maintained four professors, who began to deliver lectures in 1597. In 1601 the house was rebuilt, but the incorporation of the Royal Society, which held its meetings here from 1658 to 1711, having contributed greatly to "put down Gresham's foundation," and the delivery of lectures there being altogether discontinued, the college was razed in the early part of the last century, and the present Excise-office erected on its site. The professors now deliver their lectures in the rooms above the Royal Exchange

Ger. No, I am well again,
Upon condition you will tell Aurelia
She did not use me kindly.

Thor I will.

Ger. She did not use me kindly; nothing else.
Farewell. [*Exit*

Thor I know not what to think of him,
The unhappiness was so sudden, and unlook'd for,
It might disturb his fancy, but I hope
The worst is past, a little rest will settle him.
But which way shall I recompense the injury
I have done him? an I had not been ungrateful
To Eugenia, we might have both been happy.

Enter YONGRAVE

Ha! 'tis he — Save you, most noble sir,
If't please you now, I'll go along with you
To th' gentlewoman.

Yon What gentlewoman?

Thor. Eugenia,
That wrote the letter to me, I mean her

Yon For what?

Thor I have considered better, and do mean
To make her satisfaction

Yon. 'Tis too late;
You might have done this earlier, your love
Will appear now unseasonable, I assure you

Thor. Pray give me a reason

Yon. Do you not blush to ask it?
I told her what you said, and now we are
Resolv'd, you cannot blame her, she was covetous
To embrace you, but your answer being return'd
So peremptorily in her neglect,
We both agreed—

Thor. You both? Why, what was that to you?

Yon. That doubt will clear itself when we are
married.

Thor. Why, did you love her?

Yon And deserve her best
Of all the world : and yet she'd give me no
Assurance till she knew your resolution,
Which I was able to inform her, and
'Tis now a bargain , upon Monday next—

Thor. Your wedding day.

Yon. Right

Thor. In very good time.

You wear a sword

Yon What then ?

Thor I'll only try

How you can fence , I must not lose her so.

Yon You lose her ? you despised her, would not
see her,

Not to recover her from death. Do you not

Remember such a saying : *In the town*

Were many younger brothers, that might be

Content to marry her ; let her use her fortune,

For your own part, you were engag'd ; there was

No wrestling with your fate. Was it not so ?

Thor It is all one for that ; my mind is alter'd,
I'm of another humour now, and will
Maintain I love her better than you dare.

Yon Then I must tell you—

Thor. Tell me no tellings ;

Either resign her to me again, or—

[*Draws his sword.*

Yon. Resolve me, pray ; can you affect her
heartily ?

Thor. Else let me perish on your sword.

Yon. I heard

You court another mistress, that did answer it
With entertainment.

Thor She was a very gipsy.

You were no sooner parted, but she us'd me

Basely ; 'tis true, I did sufficiently

Deserve it, for my breach of vow to her

I now alone do honour, and for whom,

(*Chang'd into honesty*) I will rather die
Than live without her.

Yon. Heaven does hear all this.

Thor. I make no doubt, and while my heart to
her

Is reconcil'd, cannot despair of mercy.

Yon. You shall have her.

Thor. Shall I[?] then I'll love thee too

Yon. And know, she has no thought but to be
your's,

There has no obligation pass'd betwixt us :

I came for this : yet I must tell you, sir,

I love her too, and shall do ever.

Thor How !

Not when she is my wife, I hope[?]

Yon. Yes, then.

Thor. If you have cut her up, and left her cold
meat,

I shall lose my stomach.

Yon With a holy flame,

Her virtue keeps a vestal fire within me,

But she affects not me , yet I might challenge her .

Nor can you ever, but in right of me,

Glory yourself possess , I have bought her.

Thor. I hope she has not sold her maidenhead.

Yon. Her uncle

(*Whose aim is only profit*) hath concluded

With me a price for her, and therefore gives

Access to none, till I have proved my fortune ,

But I find her devoted to you only,

And have conform'd my wishes unto hers ;

She loves you best, and I prefer you too ;

Return, and be her husband, I'll direct you.

Enter behind, CAPERWIT and a Dancer

Cap. You understand my purpose ? you shall
make

The dance, let me alone to write the songs.

Dan A masque will be delightful to the ladies.

Cap. Oh, sir, what plays are taking without these
Pretty devices? Many gentlemen
Are not, as in the days of understanding,
Now satisfied without a jig, which since
They cannot, with their honour, call for after
The play, they look to be serv'd up in the middle:
Your dance is the best language of some comedies,
And footing runs away with all, a scene
Express'd with life of art, and squared to nature,
Is dull and phlegmatic poetry.

Thor Enough,
I am bound to honour thee; command my life,
Thou excellent young man.

Yon. I wish you happiness,
And never after her will love a woman.

[*Exit Thornay.*]

Cap You know my lodging?

Dan. I'll attend you, sir. [*Exit.*]

Cap I wonder what's become of my herma-
phrodite?—

[*Coming forward.*—Yongrave, how is't, man?
what! art melancholy? |

What hath hung plummets on thy nimble soul,
What sleepy rod hath charm'd thy mounting spirit?

Yon. Prithce enjoy thyself.

Cap By Parnassus,
You must not be so head-hung. why dost peep
Under thy cloak as thou didst fear a serjeant?—

SIMPLE and lady BIRD pass over the stage

Who are these? my wish! fortune hath sent thee
a cure,

'The rarest mirth' you shall not lose it, ha! ha!

Lady B. You have strangely won me to obey
you, sir,

I refuse nothing you command

Sim Shalt go,
And hear how I will talk and baffle 'em :
But what if we meet Caperwit ?

Lady B. No matter.

Sim. No ! why, then let him go hang himself in
his own verses if the lines be strong enough.
Come, my nightingale, my bird of paradise.

Cap If ever thou didst love me,
Let's follow them ; feed not this sullen humour,
I'll promise excellent sport.

Yon. You shall prevail. [Exeunt

SCENE III.

A Room in Goldsworth's House

Enter CHRYSOLINA and AURELIA.

Chrys It was not kindly done, believe me,
sister,
He did perform but our request.

Aur 'Tis granted,
But his neglect of you afflicted me.

Chrys He could not make you happy, and remain
Servant to me

Aur. Nor make me blest, while you
Seem'd discontented

Chrys Do not think I was,
I did but carry trouble in my face,
When he declared himself, withdrew my smiles,
For your sake, to make you appear most lovely,
And worthy of his choice, and could you be
So cruel to reject him, when he came
To be confirm'd your own without a rival ?
It seems he did not know who lov'd him best

Aur Best !

Chrys. Yes. and I in this will make't appear,
That, now you have exil'd him from your love,
I'll sue for his affection.

Aur He is mine.

Chrys. But you, Aurelia, are not his, I will
Appeal to his modest reason, that shall guide
His eye to look on both again, I do not
See what in me should not invite him hither,
With as much ardour, rather more, since he
Hath prov'd already your too much unkindness;
What if this noble gentleman should lose
His wits upon't! will all your beauty call
His straggling senses to their seat again?
I'll seek him out betimes, and comfort him.

Aur 'Tis more than will become you, sister.

Chrys. How?

Aur. And it must bring your modesty in ques-
tion,

To follow one that cares not for you.

Chrys. Thus

I may awake his noble flame, nor is it
Any dishonour when the world shall know
How you have us'd him, if I make return
To what I lov'd so dearly.

Aur Not while I

May challenge interest; here are company,

*Enter SIMPLE and lady BIRD, followed at a distance
by YONGRAVE and CAPERWIT.*

let us withdraw, I have something more to tell you.

Chrys. Defer it rather now, here comes my hope.

Aur How's this? nay then, I'll stay a little
longer.

Sim. By your leave, gentlewomen—I should mock
you,

To call you ladies—perhaps you may wonder at me.

Chrys. I see no cause.

Sim. Have you no eyes?

Aur. Such as you see.

Sim. *Oh eyes, no eyes' but mountains fraught
with tears!*

Chrys. He's turn'd Jeronymo.

Sim. *Go by, Jeronymo, go by, go by!*

[He passeth by them with disdain.]

Chrys. Do you know where you are?

Sim. Yes, and to whom I speak, I hope.

Aur. Noble sir, I hope you do not scorn us.

Sim. Scorn you! no, but I do not care a rush for you, you might have had me when I was offered, 'tis none of my fault an you do fall to eating of chalk, and die o' the black jaundice, I cannot help it now, for I proclaim, here is the what-do-you-call it, of my heart *[pointing to lady B.]*

Aur. Has he won this lady? I suspect her.—
I hope you have not quite forsaken me,
Virgins, for custom sake, sometimes deny
Believe me, sir, when you did plead for love,
My heart did not so much as think on it.

Sim. Nay, 'tis no matter, I have took my course,
yet I have a suit to you, that you would not break
your heart, nor you, to see us kiss *[he kisses lady
Bird.]*—Nectar¹ immortal nectar!

Oh let this diamond purchase such another,
'Tis pity that my lips should ever open,
To let the breath she gave me out again.

Chrys. Do you pay so much for every kiss? a
diamond!

Sim. I never offer less to touch her lip, marry,
her hand, or her a—, or foot, or so, I may salute
for a ruby, or an emerald or a satire,² or so, but I

¹ *Oh eyes, no eyes, &c.]* A blundering quotation from the *Spanish Tragedy*

² *an emerald or a satire,]* Meaning probably, an emerald, or a sapphire.

have stones—now do thou speak a little, for their further mortification.

Lady B. I did not think to have return'd so soon,

A trouble to you, but the importunity
Of this most worthy gentleman prevail'd ;
I think there was some magic in his tongue.

Sim. Nay, you may swear that , the wisest in the country thought my mother a witch

Lady B. He did no sooner open his desires,
But he did wound my heart , you see his bounty,
What jewels he has given me.

Sim. All thine own ; somebody else might have been wise, and had them.

Cap. Somebody else might have been wise, and kept them. [*Aside.*

Lady B. I must confess, I loved another lately,
But his affection's frozen up

Cap. [*coming forward.*—Bless you, bevy of ladies !

Lady B. Sir, you are come most seasonably ;
before

These gentlewomen, I release your promise,
My thoughts are fix'd upon this noble knight,
Affect now where you please , here is my husband.

Cap. You are not married ?

Sim. No, but I came to bid you all to my wedding, I have bespoke gloves, and points, and knacks, and knaveries.

Cap. I will die Hymen's saffron robe in blood,
Put out the torches with the tears of virgins,
And make the temple quake.

Sim. Will you so, sir ?

Cap. Excellent rascal ! [*Aside.*

Lady B. There is no way but to acknowledge it,
It is no shame in love, there's no disgrace,
For else by law he may recover me.

Sim. Do you hear, sir, you may take her if you

please, but if she be troubled with a tympany, there is a man within a mile of an oak, I name nobody, that has had—some earnest of her body.

Cap. I hope you do but jest

Sim. I'll make all sure, what a loving lady is this!

Cap. Then I require you give me back this diamond,

The token once I gave of my devotion.

Sim. Why, that's mine, I gave it her but now before all this company.

Lady B. Be wise, and let him have it, 'tis like his within my cabinet; let's be quit on him, this will secure our marriage.

Sim. Let him have it, there be more in Cheapside; but let's not tarry any longer, Bird, he'll challenge all the rest of thy feathers.

Lady B. I will obey you, sir

Sim. Farewell, beauties, and kind gentlemen, if you come to my wedding, I name no time, nor place, we'll be very merry, excellent cheer, I'll promise you your bellyfull of fiddlers.

Cap. Ha! ha! [*Exeunt Sim. and lady B.*

Aur. What did you mean? that ring was his.

Cap. The boy shall have't again. ha! ha! you do not know the mystery, this lady is a boy, a very crackrope boy

Aur. Is't possible?

Cap. I made him first disguise himself.

Aur. Indeed!

Cap. Yes, faith, to come to you

Aur. Then I must tell you, sir,
You have not us'd us civilly, to make our conversation ridiculous, to talk and complement with a boy.

Cap. Sweet lady, by Hippocrene—

Aur. Do you not think your wit found out a precious device to make me love you by a precedent? is this your great lady?

Cap. Do but hear me speak.

Aur. Not now, I know you have art enough to excuse it,

Yet I am not merciless, let me entreat
Your absence, without ceremony, when
You come again, your talk will be more musical.

Cap. Does she not prophesy the conceit? I go,
The masque will do't. *More musical!* 'tis so.

[*Exit.*

Chrys. Then he's gone to her?

Yon. He did promise me.

Chrys. Let other virgins, when they hear this story,

Wonder, but give me leave to love you for it,
Indeed I do; look not so strange, your virtue
Compels me to reveal it, 'tis no shame
To own a passion, kindled by such goodness

Yon. If I do understand you, give me pardon,
To think you are not perfectly advis'd;
I am a prisoner still to my Eugenia.

Chrys. She is satisfied, and you are disengaged

Yon. But she has not yet resign'd the heart I
gave,

Nor can I think of any other mistress,
Choose in a plenty of more happy men,
I gave too much away to love again

[*Exit.*

Chrys. I will retire to blush and weep

Aur. Not so

Alas, poor sister! now I fear you not,
I see your purpose was to make me kind:
I would he were my brother; but let's in
And join our heads, some counsel would do well,
'Tis pity we two should lead apes in hell [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in sir John Woodhamore's House.

Enter EUGENIA and THORNAY embracing.

Eug. May I believe myself so fortunate?
Art thou return'd, or do I dream thus happily?
Are these my Thornay's arms? are those his lips?
Can he repent his cruelty, and love?
How soon are all my tears dried up! I do
Forgive my griefs, and think they have been modest,
And gentle sufferings Who can merit such
A joy, that has not felt a world of sorrow?
Let us embrace again, and, if thou canst,
Confirm me yet more that I am awake,
And taste my true delight

Thor. By this, and this. [*Kisses her*
Through which, if it were possible, I durst
Convey my soul, I am for ever thine,
Created new to be made worthy of thee,
I have been dead too long to thee and virtue,
Committed sin enough, in my neglect
Of thee, to plant a fierce and deep antipathy
In every woman's heart against mankind;
But you are merciful, and imitate
The eternal nature [*Kisses her*

Enter WOODHAMORE.

Wood. Ha! how is this? a kissing?

Eug. We are betray'd!

Thor. So, now 'tis done, I would not
Be engag'd to kiss you again, for all the estate
Your father left you.

Eug. I hope my breath has not offended you.

Thor I cannot tell, I have not kiss'd a woman this twelvemonth, and had not done this, but that he had my oath to perform it, well, you have the lip-labour he sent you; master Yongrave is well, will see you again shortly — God be wi' ye.

Eug. Pray stay a little.

Thor You'll send him such another token, employ your waiting woman, I am no common kiss-carrier

Wood Oh ho! is't not otherwise, he is a messenger from master Yongrave — You are welcome, sir.

Thor. An I be not, I am going, sir, to the place from whence I came, sir.

Wood How does master Yongrave?

Thor As foolish as ever, he is still in love.

Wood I pray commend me to him.

Enter YONGRAVE

Thor You may now commend yourself; he is here

Eug Oh let me fly into his arms, and boast
Never had woman such a noble servant,
Blest was that minute, uncle, in which you
First knew this gentleman, more blessed I,
That do enjoy by him, that which my heart,
Next heaven, affecteth most; 'twill be an age
Till holy church confirms our vows I cannot
Manage the comforts you have given me
I did not think I should so soon have met
A husband, uncle.

Wood. I am glad to hear it.

Thor [*aside to Yon*]—Command thy truest servant, nothing wants
But how to get her forth, 'twere soon dispatch'd.

Yon. Sir, we resolve not to lose any time,
We'll marry instantly.

Wood. With all my heart.

Yon. The license will be at church as soon as we,
Then I shall quickly make you perfect owner
Of all those lands, that lie so near your lordship ;
You have security, I shall perform
When we are man and wife.

Wood Right, master Yongrave !
You are an honest gentleman, my niece
May glory in such a choice. I have some business,
Excuse three minutes, I'll despatch, and go
Along with you myself [Exit

Thor How's that ? he go !
We must prevent that mischief.

Eug Noble sir,
What service can reward this goodness in you ?

Yon. If you acknowledge any benefit
From me, in that I am enough rewarded,
I wish you what I cannot hope for, joy ;
But yet we have not finish'd.

Thor What do you think ?
If—it is gone again—we must have some trick
To get off without him

Enter Servant with a letter

Eug. From mistress Chrysolina ?

Thor. What an we should set some one's house
a-fire,
Do you think he would stay to quench it ? how
has he
Liv'd all this while, and has no more diseases ?
No honest gout to keep him warm at home,
In furs, no charitable ague fall
Into his legs to stay him ? no sciatica ?
He is no gentleman, he 'scapes so well.

Eug. [reads] *I love him above my life, but you
have only his heart, he says, for which I languish ;
if you have power to dispose it, I will cherish some
hope he will love me, at least for your sake —*

Thor. If he should with us, is't not possible he may have a fall, and break a leg?—an 'twere but his neck—why may not some 'prentice throw a stone, and put an eye out, that he may go to the surgeons² or some horse, or cartwheel, squeeze his toe, and stay his journey?

Eug. [reads.]—*His noble carriage to you, made me first affect him; then since you are happy in another, let me owe to your virtue for his affection, without whom I am the most miserable*—

CHRYSOLINA.

Let me entreat you, sir, peruse that paper.—

[*Gives the letter to Yongrave.*]

Sir, you know Chrysolina²

Thor. I do know her.

Eug. Poor gentlewoman! is in love with Yongrave.

We have arriv'd at our desires already,
And want but the church sealing, she is lost,
Unless he meet her wishes, 'twill become
Our piety to advance, in what we may,
The common cause of love, then briefly thus—

[*Whispers Thor.*]

Yon. Can any virgin affect me so much?
She did prepare this argument before

Eug. As you are charitable, go presently.

Thor. And leave you thus?

Eug. We'll get off well enough.

Pray her to meet us.

Yon. I do pity her,
And I have learn'd it from my sufferings,
But I must keep my word, Eugenia
Hath still my heart, and only can dispose it

Eug. Then I resign to her, in this alone,
I will deserve these noble offices.—

You know the place.

Thor. I'm perfect.

[*Exit*]

Eug. Love her, and let us all be happy

Re-enter WOODHAMORE.

Wood. Sir, I must desire
You would excuse me, I would go with you,
But that I have considered, 'twill be better
That I should not appear, since you intend
To have it private, there will be less notice
If I be absent, and it may be thought
You by some trick stole her away. Do you mark?

Yon. Well thought on.

Wood. Then, sir, that opinion
Will save our credit, and excuse the want
Of ceremony, and the fruitless charge,
Which is expected at her marriage.
Is it not best?

Yon. You shew your providence.

Eug. Though I could wish your presence

Wood. You're not wise,
Eugenia, go to the church, and let me
Salute you quickly happy bride and bridegroom
Away, I say.

Eug. He has prevented us. [Aside

Wood. The land's my own, you wrong your
joys to tarry, [Exeunt *Eug. and Yon.*
I would I had more nieces thus to marry. [Exit

SCENE II.

A Room in Goldsworth's House.

Enter THORNAY and CHRYSOLINA

Thor. Nay, never blush, but haste and meet the
gentleman.
You have no reason to distrust me, lady,
After this circumstance.

Chrys Can I be so happy?

Thor. Have a strong faith, and find it so,
Though once I was guilty of some wrong to thee.

Chrys Never to me · or if you had, this news
Is recompense enough

Thor. I'll tell thee now :
I was the cause that Gerard did neglect thee,
In hope to gain thee for myself , I told him
Thou hadst half consented to be mine.

Chrys This truth?

Thor Bade him direct his courtship to Aurelia,
And so be sure of one ; poor gentleman
Believ'd, and after lost thy sister too ·
But if no cure be seasonably applied,
Gerard, I fear, will sink beneath his loss.

Chrys Was this the cause?

Thor I must accuse myself

Chrys. I'll tell Aurelia this.

Thor Do so.

Chrys She meant
To visit him, but this will give her wings

Thor I will entreat her pardon , but make haste,
I would not willingly be seen.

Chrys. I feel
Another soul , what raptures are distill'd
Upon my heart !

Enter CAPERWIT.

Cap She cannot choose but take it.

Thor. You know how to direct her , but be swift
In your return.—Master Caperwit !

Cap Your servant ,
Sir, if my sight be not unfaithful, I
Have seen you

Thor. I owe much to your eyes,
It was my happiness to see you here

Cap I do remember.

Thor. I observ'd your courtship
To fair Aurelia.

Cap Pray, sir, can you dance ?

Thor Dance ?

Cap I presume you are a friend to her
Whose name made sweet your breath so late

Thor It did not stink before.

Cap. Excuse my poetry.

Thor. Cry you mercy

Cap I know you've heard wherein consists my
excellence.

Thor You are a prince in poetry, and please
your excellence.

Cap. The phrase in Latin's modest, use no re-
verence.

To tell you true,—you are a friend,—I am upon a
masque.—

Thor. That made you ask if I could dance

Cap 'Tis right, and you should do me honour
To lend your person to it , but I would
Have it this night, before my mistress, whose
Mention perfum'd your lips so late.

Thor. Sweet language ! With your favour, mas-
ter Caperwit,

Who are the principal maskers ?

Cap Faith, I have none yet,
Beside myself, but a foolish knight, one sir Gervase,
And his lady , I want persons.

Thor. Let me furnish you.

Cap. And tie my everlasting friendship to you

Thor They shall be of quality, most of your ac-
quaintance

What if Aurelia be one ? she loves you,
I have discovered that , I know she'll do't ,
Her sister for another, and myself,
Frank Gerard, and Jack Yongrave, with his mis-
tress.

Cap. The number I desire.

Thor I know your lodging, say no more, I'll
bring them

This afternoon to practise, we may soon

Perfect a dance

Cap Shall I trust to you ?

Thor Here's my hand.

Cap I kiss it.

Thor. I may give you a hint perhaps for the de-
vice too.

Cap. I have no other gratitude but this,
Live but a week, I'll send you an ode , or die,
I'll write your epitaph [Exit.

Thor I have no purpose
To put your muse to such expense Farewell,
Phantasma.

Re-enter CHRYSOLINA.

Chrys Have I not been tedious ?
I told my sister all, and she is gone
To master Gerard , if their meeting prosper,
I have directed where to find us.

Thor Excellent !
Come, let's away, a thousand joys expect us
[Exeunt

SCENE III.

Gerard's Lodgings.

Enter GERARD in his gown and cap

Ger I once believ'd women were full of pity,
Of soft and gentle constitutions,
But I have found them cruel ; for Aurelia,
One of the best of all her sex, doth own
A hard and tyrannous nature

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, 'tis done

Ger. I prithee let it be undone, as I am.

Ser. The song—

Ger. I gave to be taught music? I'll hear't anon
I prithee go—

Ser. Whither?

Ger. To prison

Ser. How, sir?

Ger. Yes, and ask when are the sessions

Ser. They are every month.

Ger. I would 'twere execution-day to morrow!

Ser. Why, with your pardon, do you wish it, sir?

Ger. I would entreat the surgeons to beg
Some woman for anatomy, nothing else :
I have heard their lectures very much commended,
And I'd be present when they read upon
Her heart, for sure there is much difference
Between a woman and a man, in that
Same thing we call a heart they do not love
As we do, we are fools, indeed we are,
To doat so much upon them, and betray
The glory of our creation, to serve
A female pride, we were born free, and had
From the great Maker royal privilege,
Most brave immunities, but since have made
Tame forfeit of our charter Let me see't,
It is the same; first read it, reach the chair
'Tis yet no song, infuse a soul into it [*Ser. sings.*

SONG

*If Love his arrows shoot so fast,
Soon his feather'd stock will waste.
But I mistake in thinking so,
Love's arrows in his quiver grow,*

*How can he want artillery ?
That appears too true in me :
Two shafts feed upon my breast,
Oh, make it quiver for the rest,
Kill me with love, thou angry son
Of Cytherea, or let one,
One sharp golden arrow fly,¹
To wound her heart for whom I die
Cupid, if thou beest a child,
Be no god, or be more mild.*

[Ger sleeps Exit Ser. and returns with
AURELIA

Ser I have not, since I serv'd him, known him so
Oppress'd with melancholy, he's asleep,
I dare not wake him.

Aur. I'll expect awhile.

Ser. This quiet will much benefit him, he began
to talk idly.

Aur. Heaven preserve
The temper of his brain !

Ser. He wakes.

Ger. Ha ! 'tis not she, do I dream still ? Come
hither,
Dost thou see nothing ?

Ser. Yes, a gentlewoman
That came to visit you.

Ger. Do not abuse
Thy master, 'tis not possible Aurelia
Will do me so much honour ; in my sleep
Methought I parlied with her, and my fancy
Hath not yet lost her shape — Oh, my Aurelia

Aur I come to ask thy pardon

Ger. Do not mock me.
Thou wilt be cruel when I wake again,
And then I shall repent I dream'd so sweetly.

¹ One sharp golden arrow] See Massinger, vol i p 19
A a 2

Aur. You are now awake, and I am your
Aurelia,
That, if you can forgive her past neglect,
Will give you proof of her repentance, by
These tears—

Ger. Let not the ground be hallow'd with
Such water, I have a heart to drink this balsam :—
Enough, Aurelia, do not make thy eyes
Poor, to enrich thy bosom, where the drops
Shew like a carkanet of pearl upon it ;
Thou hast enough restored me.

Aur. Oh my Gerard !
Thou art too merciful, and dost forgive
Too soon the injury I did thy love ;
But I am come to make thee satisfaction ,
And this is but a shadow of those joys
We must divide, if you vouchsafe to follow,
As I direct

Ger. 'Tis sin not to obey.

Aur. You must walk then.

Ger. It is to heaven thou goest.
Convey me swiftly thither

Aur. Nay, 'tis haste
Is now required

Ger. What bliss can be denied,
A man that follows such an angel-guide ? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter THUMP.

Thump. Where, in the name of simplicity,
should my master be all this while ? I have been
at six ordinaries, twelve taverns, and I think four-
and-twenty bawdy-houses, places that gentlemen
use to frequent, and yet cannot find him . well, I

am resolv'd to ask every man I meet, and if I cannot hear of him the sooner, I'll have him cried —

Enter YONGRAVE and EUGENIA.

Pray did you see my master?

Yon Thy master? I know him not.

Thump Nay, sir, did you see him? for if you see him, you cannot choose but know him, for he had a hundred marks, brought him warm out of the country this morning

Yon. Much good do it him next his heart, I saw him not [*Exe.*

Thump No, no, there is no hope: 'tis but an unmannerly trick of any master, to leave his man o' this fashion, 'tis well there is no press abroad, no disguis'd constable, twelvepence, and the King's name, would put me into a pitiful fever, and I should curse sir Gervase in another country, as often as I heard the report of a musket, for bringing me up no better, that might have lived quietly at home, and gone a feasting with the train'd-band, without any danger

Enter THORNAY and CHRYSOLINA

Here is another youth, and his commodity, I'll enquire of him — Pray, did you see my master?

Thor Thy master? what's he?

Thump A knight, sir, I'll assure you, of the last edition, that was my foolish master, for want of a better.

Thor His name?

Thump Sir Gervase Simple

Thor Something of a black complexion, with a weazel face?

Thump The same, sir.

Thor. In a doublet of orange-tawny satin, richly laced? and blue trunk hose very suitable?

Thump. Very right, sir.

Thor. A long Italian cloak came down to his elbows, a Spanish ruff, and long French stockings?

Thump. Just the same, how happy was I to meet with this gentleman!

Thor. Faith, honest friend, I saw none such

Thump. Pox o' these questions!

Thor. But if thou'lt go with me, I may chance help to a sight of this pageant.

Thump. Heaven bless your worship, and the sweet-faced modicum in your company! [*Exeunt*

SCENE V.

A Room in Goldsworth's House.

Enter GOLDSWORTH and mistress GOLDSWORTH

Mrs. G. To prison with your servants, husband!
hang
Them all, unless they find our daughters

Golds. And I have sent to sir John Woodhamore's,

They may be with his niece.

Mrs. G. They never us'd
Thus to absent themselves, oh me unhappy!

Golds. We have been too indulgent

Mrs. G. I would have had them more restrain'd;
young wenches

That have so many suitors, grow soon wanton,
And throw off their obedience, had you been
Forward as I, they had been married;
And then we had not suffer'd this perplexity
I did commend an honourable man,

But your deliberation hath marr'd all
An they were here again—

Golds. Have patience, wife,
They are not lost for ever.

Mrs G. No, no ; lost !
They'll come again double, I warrant you,
And perhaps treble, with some unthrift husbands,
Of their own choosing

Golds It does trouble me.
They were not us'd to walk abroad without
A servant, to wait on them

Mrs G. You must think
They have servants of their own, for such a business ,
Young maids have plenty of such waiting men,
And this has been a long conspiracy,
I'll lay my life.

Enter Servant.

Golds. What, hast found them yet ?

Ser. I can hear no news,
And sir John Woodhamore is much troubled, sir,
His niece is gone too

Golds. Hey day !

Ser She has been absent
Ever since morning

Golds Precious, precious thieves !
Eugenia's gone, let's have them cried together.

Mrs. G They that have found them, will too
soon, I fear,
Alter the property

Golds. We shall keep no virgins in the town
shortly.—

Enter WOODHAMORE.

Welcome, sir John

Wood. Is not my niece Eugenia here ?

Golds. Not here.

Mrs. G We have lost our daughters, and that's
two for one

Golds Our's have been absent ever since the
morning :

Nor can we study what's become of them.

Wood. Is't possible? is there no plot in this?

Golds. Our servants have enquired in every place
Of our acquaintance

Wood. I will tell you, sir,
You do remember master Yongrave?

Golds. A servant of your niece's.

Wood The same, sir ,
With my consent, he took her forth this morning,
To marry her , I do believe he has done it,
But it doth rack my brain, why they should stay
thus,

They might have married forty times by this

Golds You did perhaps desire it private?

Wood. And he too

Golds I will engage my life they are all together

Wood Do you think so?

Golds I am confident.

Let's in to supper, and expect the best.—

Enter Servant, *and whispers* mistress GOLDSWORTH.

What news with him?

Mrs. G 'Tis something that he says.

Ser I cannot find them.

Golds How?

Ser But I have met a gentleman, that can
Tell you some news

Golds That does concern my daughters?

Ser So he reports ,
He is a cunning man, I think a conjuror,
He talks of art, and spirits.

Enter CAPERWIT disguised like a Conjuror

This is he, sir

Cap. *Gentles, in your troubled brow,
I read what you desire to know,
Let no fear invade your heart ;
I will tell, by powerful art,
Your children's fate, and where they are ,
Know then, they are wander'd far,
Led by Cupid, God of loves,
They have now arriv'd those groves,
Where no happy soul can sleep,
Venus doth there revels keep ,
Consecrating day and night
To song, to kisses, and delight .
They in Elysium breathe , choose whether
They shall move thence, or you go thither.*

Wood This is some poetical business.

Mrs. G. Sweet husband, let us go to them , I have heard poets talk much of Elysium, I would fain see whether they be honest of their words or no.

Golds No, it will befit them to come to us.

Cap. *It shall be so ; harmonious strains,
That do bless those happy plains,
Usher them forth, and shame the spheres,
Charm with heavenlier notes our ears,
[Recorders within.
That when we see the lovers come,
We may believe Elysium
Itself come hither, all those bowers,
And the shades of pleasure our's*

Enter masked, YONGRAVE, CHRYSOLINA, GERARD, AURELIA, THORNAY, EUGENIA, SIMPLE, and lady BIRD, between every couple a torch carried; they march over the stage, and exeunt.

Golds. Who are all these?

Mrs G I guess some of them, oh that I were in Elysium!

Wood. What! are they vanish'd? Another turn of your art, good sir

Cap. Chime other music [Music within]

Re-enter the Maskers, and dance.

Wood. Now they will discover. [*Yon. unmask*]
—Master Yongrave! I rejoice to see you here.
—This is the gentleman I prais'd so much, he has married now my niece

Chrys. [*unveils*]—But I must ask your blessing, we are married.

Wood. Ha! another sweetheart? I am abus'd, he is a very knave, where is my niece?

Golds. Is he worse for marrying of my child? nay, then my blessing on you both, my son and daughter

Mrs. G. Where's Aurelia?

Aur. [*unveils.*]—Here, mother, I have met a husband too, let us divide your prayers—Soft, master Caperwit, we are married, sir, already.

Cap. How! married? did not you promise me?
[Gerard unmask.

Golds. Master Gerard! nay, an it be no worse
I care not

Rise to my heart

Ger My duty shall deserve it 'tis e'en so, good master Caperwit, you must dance without her.

Cap. Have I made verses and studied speeches for this ?

Mrs G Since there is no remedy, I bless you both, but I did wish —

Eug [*unmasks*]—Sir, if you will acknowledge your niece, you must accept a nephew too ; we are as fast as they — [*Thornday unmasks.*]

Wood. Death ! I am cozen'd, cheated , there is law.

Yon. And there is conscience.

Wood I'll not give you a penny.

Yon. I will not publish, sir, your avarice
Wish them good joy

Wood. Well, 'tis done

Thor. Yes, faith, uncle, we are coupled, man and wife

Wood I'll enquire how this came about hereafter , look you love her, sir.

Thor As I will do my soul.

Sim Gentlemen, all is not yet discover'd , there are a pair behind, worth taking notice of, do you know sir Gervase Simple ? I am the man. [*Unmasks.*]

Thump Simple as he stands there.

Sim. And this is my lady.—What ! does thy hair come off already ?

[*Page takes off his mask, and head dress*]

Page Your worship is a most egregious coxcomb.

Sim. A boy ! Gentlemen, have I married a boy, or is she metamorphos'd ?

Yon. Ha ! ha ! master Caperwit's page

Omnes Give you joy, sir.

Page. The Bird is flown indeed, la !

Sim. Bird ! they make a coxcomb of me.

Cap I am glad somebody else is cozen'd beside myself ;

Nay, nay, take her, *there is a man within a mile of an oak, I name nobody, has had earnest of her body.*

Sim. Bawdy, quotha — *Thump*, I will sell thee my knighthood for half the money it cost me, and turn yeoman in the country again ; why, there is neither wit nor honesty in this.

Thump Be rul'd by me , let's to some tavern, and drink away melancholy

Sim Ay, and then we may steal away disguis'd , a match !

Thor Nay, nay, let's all together, and make a merry night on't.

Sim Why, how now *Thump*, are you sneaking away ?

Golds Let's all together.

Ger But first we must [ask] the license of these gentlemen. [Coming forward.

*Our poet knous you will be just, but we
Appeal to mercy, he desires that ye
Would not distaste his muse, because of late
Transplanted, which would grow here, if no fate
Have an unlucky bode. Opium
Comes hither but on crutches yet, the sun
Hath lent no beam to warm us ; if this play
Proceed more fortunate, we shall bless the day,
And love that brought you hither 'tis in you
To make a little sprig of laurel grow,
And spread into a grove, where you may sit,
And hear soft stories, when, by blasting it,
You gain no honour, though our ruins lie,
To tell the spoils of your offended eye
If not for what we are, for, alas ! here
No Roscius moves, to charm your eyes, or ear,
Yet as you hope hereafter to see plays,
Encourage us, and give our poet bays* [Exeunt.

THE
BIRD IN A CAGE.

THE BIRD IN A CAGE.] This play is not registered in the office-book of the Master of the Revels, it is however clear, from the circumstances alluded to in the Dedication, that it could not have appeared earlier than 1632. The date of the quarto is 1633: its title is, *The Bird in a Cage A Comedie. As it hath been presented at the Phœnia in Drury Lane. The Author James Shirley, Servant to her Majesty*, with this motto from Juvenal

Et spes et ratio studiorum in Cæsare tantum

At the end of the quarto, there is a short address from the ‘Printer to the Reader,’ in which a few errata are corrected, a thing very unusual in the early editions of our old dramas. “Many other errors,” it adds, “(though for the most part literal,) thou shalt meet, which thou canst not, with safety of thy own, interpret a defect in the author’s judgment, since all books are subject to these misfortunes.

Vale, et mutus interpretare.”

This Comedy was reprinted by Dodsley in his Collection of Old Plays

TO
MASTER WILLIAM PRYNNE,
UTTER-BARRISTER OF LINCOLN'S-INN

SIR,

THE fame of your candour and innocent love to learning, especially to that musical part of humane knowledge, Poetry, and in particular to that which concerns the stage and scene, (yourself, as I hear, having lately written a

* Pryne was in confinement at the time this Dedication was addressed to him. A slight glance at his life will best explain the allusions made in it. In 1632 Pryne published a virulent attack on Play-houses and Players, under the title of *Histrionastix*, which, on account of some personalities said to be directed against the queen and her ladies, gave great offence to Charles and his court; the author was in consequence committed to prison, and, in the early part of 1633, sentenced, by the star-chamber, to pay a fine of 5000*l.*, to be expelled the University of Oxford, and the Society of Lincoln's-Inn, degraded, and disabled from his profession of the law, to stand in the pillory, to lose his ears, his book to be publicly burnt, and himself to remain in prison for life. The Poets and Players no doubt exulted in this heavy visitation, although the ignominy of the punishment, and the extreme severity with which a part of it was inflicted, ought to have inspired them, if not with compassion, at least with forbearance. After suffering from another prosecution in 1637, Pryne finally obtained his liberty in 1640, became a member of parliament, and when his old persecutor Laud fell under the hand of the law, was, not much to the credit of his feelings, one of the managers of his trial. Shirley speaks of his writings in contemptuous terms, and not without reason, for excepting his *Records* and other law collections, his publications are for the most part mere rhapsodies, breathing all the virulence, bigotry, and fanaticism of the Puritans of the time, in language at once inaccurate, coarse, and obscure.

Tragedy)² doth justly challenge from me this Dedication. I had an early desire to congratulate your happy retirement; but no poem could tempt me with so fair a circumstance as this in the title, wherein I take some delight to think (not without imitation of yourself) who have ingeniously fancied such elegant and apposite names for your own compositions as Health's Sickness, the Unloveliness of Love-locks, &c)³ how aptly I may present you at this time, with the Bird in a Cage, a comedy, which wanteth, I must confess, much of that ornament, which the stage and action lent it, for it comprehending also another play or interlude, personated by ladies, ⁴ I must refer to your imagination, the music, the songs, the dancing, and other varieties, which I know would have pleas'd you infinitely in the presentment. I was the rather inclined to make this oblation, that posterity might read you a patron to the muses, and one that durst in such a critical age, bind up the wounds which ignorance had printed upon wit and the professors · proceed (inimitable Mécenas) and having such convenient leisure, and an undefatigable Pegasus, I mean your prose (which scorneth the road of common sense, and despiseth any style in his way) travel still in the pursuit of new discoveries, which you may publish if you please, in your next book of Digressions. If you do not happen presently to convert the organs, you may in time confute the steeple, and bring every parish to one bell.

This is all I have to say at this time, and my own occasions not permitting my personal attendance, I have entreated a gentleman to deliver this testimony of my service; many faults have escaped the press, which your judgment will no sooner find, than your mercy correct, by which you shall teach others a charity to your own volumes, though they be all errata. If you continue where

² yourself, as I hear, having lately written a *Tragedy*] This alludes to the *Histrio-mastix*, the second title of which was "the Actors' Tragedie" It proved, indeed, to be the writer's tragedy, and when we consider the indiscriminate and overwhelming asperity of the attack, we cannot be greatly surprised that one of the sufferers should have so little generosity as to remind him of it.

³ See p 372

⁴ Female actors are strongly reprobated in the *Histrio-mastix*

*you are, you will every day enlarge your fame, and beside
the engagement of other poets to celebrate your Roman
constancy, in particular oblige the tongue and pen of your
devout honourer,*

JAMES SHIRLEY

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Mantua.

Perenotto, captain of his guard.

Philenzo, lover of Eugenia, under the disguise and name of Rolliardo.

Fulvio, } *noblemen.*
Orpiano, }

Morello, } *courtiers.*
Dondolo, }
Grutti, }

Embassador of Florence

Bonamico, a decayed artist (as Altomaro, a mountebank)

Carlo, servant to Bonamico.

Gentlemen Ushers.

Guard

Attendants.

Eugenia, the duke's daughter.

Donella, }
Catherina, } *ladies attendant on Eugenia.*
Mardona, }
Fidelia, }
Cassiana, }

SCENE, Mantua.

THE BIRD IN A CAGE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter FULVIO and ORPIANO

Orp He does not mean this building¹ for a college, I hope²

Fulv That were an ill foundation ; there are more scholars than can live, one by another, already ; 'tis pity we should have more plenty of learned beggars.

Orp 'Tis past all my conjecture, why he built it

Fulv Signior Perenotto, captain of the guard, is of counsel only with the duke in't.

Enter MORELLO.

Mor. Signior Orpiano, and Fulvio

Fulv My spark¹ whither in such haste ? let us change air a little.

Mor. You are travelling to your mistress.

Orp Madam Donella is newly return'd to court.

Fulv. With the princess²

Orp. She was but late retired into the country : What's the matter²

Mor. Your lordships, I hope, have heard, the

¹ *this building*] i. e. the palace of his daughter, the New Prison, as it is afterwards called.

duke sent post for them, as they say: there is something in't.

Fulv. What?

Mor. Does not your lordship know?

Fulv. Not I

Mor. Your lordship's wisdom and mine is much about a scantling, then; yet, for aught I hear, there be others of the court as ignorant as we — Your honour's pardon, I beseech you, I must in all haste to the princess's lodging.

Orp. Farewell, signior.

Your amorous lock has a hair out of order.*

Mor. Umph! what an oversight was this of my barber! I must return now and have it corrected, dear signior. [Exit.

Fulv. Here's a courtier that will not miss a hair of his complement, when he is to appear before his mistress: every morning does this fellow put himself upon the rack, with putting on his apparel, and manfully endures his tailor, when he screws and wrests his body into the fashion of his doublet — but that the court cannot subsist without a fool, I should marvel what this fellow does to follow it.

Orp. There are more have much about his parcel of brains, the benefit of youth and good clothes procured their places, and ignorance and impudence have since maintain'd them

Fulv. Two great helps, as the world goes.

Enter Gentlemen Ushers, DONDOLO, and GRUTTI

Gent. Clear the presence, the duke is entering

* *Your amorous lock has a hair out of order*] This was worn on the left side, and was considerably longer than the rest of the front hair. Charles himself wore an "amorous lock," and was, of course, imitated by his courtiers. It was in reprobation of this fashionable appendage, which gave great offence to the Puritans, that Prynne wrote his well known book on the *Unloveliness of Love-locks*.

Enter Duke, EUGENIA, PERENOTTO, and Attendants.

Eug. I ever was obedient—

Duke 'Tis for thy honour, which, I know,
Is to thyself a precious sound—that building
I late erected, then, shall be thy palace.

Eug. Or my prison, sir,
If I do rightly understand.

Duke. That name
Is too unworthy of it, my *Eugenia* ;
Nor will it seem restraint to my lov'd daughter,
Since, free to all delights, thy mind shall be
Its own commander ; every day shall strive
To bring thee in fresh rarities , Time shall be
Delighted with thy pleasures, and stay with thee.

Eug. Indeed I shall think Time has lost his
wings,
When I am thus caged up.

Duke. Thou shalt give
To him feathers when thou pleasest Mantua
Shall pour her raptures on thee—Why have I
A crown, but to command what thou canst wish for,
My dear *Eugenia* ?

Eug. A deer, it seems !
For, as you had suspicion of my wildness,
You'll measure out my walk

Duke I am thy father,
Who, by example of the wisest kings,
But build a place to lay my treasure in,
Safe from the robber, where I'll place a guard—

Eug. Do you suspect I shall break prison, [sir ?]

Duke To keep off violence, and soliciting,
Which may disturb thy pleasures , until we
Shall find out one to match thy birth and virtues,
(My dukedom is too poor that way,) maintain
Thy father's soul : thou hast no blood to mix

With any beneath prince.—Forget, as I shall,
Thy love was ever falling from thy greatness,
Into the arms of one carries but style
Of honour.

Eug Sir, I am your daughter

Duke. Thou hast

Deserv'd my blessing, and thy obedience
In this, new crowns thy father : I see I need not
Urge what I am to move thee, and lay force ,
Thy understanding does appear convinced,
And loving duty teaches thee to more
Than the command —Perenotto !

Eug What narrow ground I tread ! I know he is
Too passionate to be denied his will,
And yet to yield will make me miserable ,
'Tis my misfortune to be born so great.
Each common man, and woman can enjoy
The air, when the condition of a princess
Makes me a prisoner But I must obey,
In hope it will not last [*Aside*]—I have a soul
Is full of grateful duty, nor will suffer me
Further dispute your precept · you have power
To steer me as you please

Duke All the graces

Speak in my girl —Each syllable doth carry
A volume of thy goodness, all my cares .
So well rewarded, do convert to sweetness :
I thank thy filial piety. Know, my girl,
That place wherein I lock so rich a jewel,
I do pronounce again, shall be thy paradise ,
Thy paradise, my Eugenia, saying that
In this man only finds no being,—other
Delights shall stream themselves into thy bosom,
And those that pass, shall flow again to invite
Thy sense to tasting —Perenotto !

Per Your grace's pleasure ?

Duke. Admit those ladies that attend

[*Exit Perenotto*]

Fulv. The duke shews much indulgence.

Orp. Observe the issue

Duke. We will not limit thy companions ;
Elect what Mantuan beauties thou canst best
Delight in, they shall serve thee : or, if some
Of your own train, whom we have thought most
proper
To be your personal guard, affect you, they
Attend our pleasures :

*Re-enter PERENOTTO, with DONELLA, CATHERINA,
MARDONA, and FIDELIA.*

See, they are ignorant
Yet of our purpose , if to any thy
Affection be not free, thy breath discharge them,
And point thy own attendants.

Eug I shall be pleas'd with your appointment
Ladies, I know you love me

[*She goes to the ladies*

Donel Doth your grace hold suspicion, any of us
Serve you not with our heart ?

Eug I do not doubt,
Or if I did, you now approach a trial ,
For my sake can you be content to be
All prisoners ?

Ladies. Prisoners ?

Eug. Yes , shut up close prisoners, and be barr'd
The conversation, nay, the sight, of men ?

Cath Marry, heaven defend ; wherein have we
offended,
That we must lose the sweet society
Of men ?

Mard. How have we forfeited our freedom !

Duke No man argue,³—'tis our pleasure.

³ *Duke* No man argue —] Dodsley reads, "No one argue," apparently from a suspicion of incongruity in the language

Donel. 'Las, madam,
I am new contracted to a handsome signior.

Cath. I have but newly entertain'd a servant,
that gave me these gloves, they smell of him still,
a sweet courtier !

Donel. Not one man among so many ladies ? not
a gentleman-usher, nor a page ? How shall we do,
madam ?

Mard I beseech your grace let me be exempted,
if I have committed an offence deserves your anger,
let one of your lords cut off my head rather, signior
Dondolo.

Fid Shall we express
So cold a duty to her highness ? Fie, ladies !

Eug. You shall but suffer with me : I partake
As much severity as any of you shall.

Duke I will expect your duties, lords, in
silence
Orpiano, you shall to Florence, with
Our daughter's picture, your commission's seal'd.—
Now, fair ladies,
I hope you are fix'd to wait upon Eugenia.
If your restraint be a burthen, it shall be
In her power to enlarge you, and elect
New friends into your places

Ladies 'Tis our duties
To obey your grace and her.

Duke. Perenotto, are all things prepar'd ?

Per They are, my lord

Duke. For once, then, let us usher you.

[Exit with Eug.]

Cath. Whither do we go ?

Per. I'll tell you.

Donel. Whither ?

But he mistakes, the Duke is not addressing the ladies, but the gentlemen, who are endeavouring to dissuade him from his purpose, he does not turn to the ladies till some lines below

Per. To take physic, madam. The duke has prepar'd to stay all looseness in your bodies, you must be all fast: stone walls and mortar will bind

Fid. Come, follow with a courage.

Donel. I hope we shall be allowed our little dogs and monkeys *[Exeunt ladies.]*

Dond. Sweet madam—

Grut. Madam Catherina:—they are gone, signior.

Dond. Would I had known this afore!

Fulv. The duke will be censur'd for this act

Orp. 'Tis very strange: good lady,
I read a forced obedience in her eye,
Which hardly held up rain

Enter MORELLO

Mor. Save you, dear signiors, which way went the ladies?

Grut. News, signior, news!

Mor. I beseech you I may partake.

Fulv. Have you forgot there was suspicion she affected signior Philenzo, the cardinal's nephew?

Orp. Alas, poor gentleman, he suffers for't

Fulv. By this restraint he would make her sure, his jealousy is not yet over—Signior Morello, is your lock rectified? you have miss'd your lady but a hair's breadth

Mor. Nay, but, my lords and gentlemen, where are the ladies gone, indeed?

Grut. We have told you

Mor. What! committed to New Prison?

Fulv. Very true, signior

Dond. Our dancing days are done:—shut up close, not a man must enter.

Mor. Would I were a mouse then!—why, but is the duke mad?

Orp Take heed what you say, signior : though we be no informers, yet walls have ears.

Mor. Ears ! would I had left mine behind me ! here's news indeed !

Fulv An you had come a little sooner, you might have taken your leave , but 'twas your barber's fault

Mor Would he had left me in the suds an hour ago ! What shall we do, gentlemen ? 'tis a hard case, when a man that has an intention to marry and live honest—

Enter ROLLIARDO

How now ! what art thou ?

Rol. Any thing, nothing, yet a man, yet no man, for I want—

Mor. What ? Thou art no capon, I hope.

Rol Money, sir , will you spare any from your precious sins ?

Grut Thou art very free

Rol Yet, sir, I am in debt.

Dond What dost owe ?

Rol No body harm.

Fulv Whence cam'st ?—

Rol I dropt from the moon

Orp So methinks , thou talk'st very madly , thou hast much humour in thee.

Rol. Have you any thing to do that you account impossible, gentlemen ?

Fulv. Why, wilt thou do it ?

Rol An you'll pay for it Let me have money enough, and I'll do any thing.

Orp. Hold, hold.

Rol Yes, I will hold

Mor I'll lay with thee ; what wilt hold ?

Rol Why, paradoxes.

Grut. Dond. Paradoxes !

Mor. I hold you a paradox.

Fulv. Let's hear some

Rol. There are no beasts but cuckolds and flatterers, no cold weather but in the dog-days; no physic to a whore, no fool to an alderman, no scholar to a justice of peace, nor no soldier to a belt and buff jerkin

Orp. A smart fellow.

Re-enter the Duke.

Mor. The duke

Duke. So, my fears are over, in her restraint I bury all my jealousies — How now? what fellow's this?

Fulv. Such an humourist as I never before convers'd withal: it seems he makes himself free of all places

Duke. What would he have?

Rol. Thy pardon, mighty man; if it be no treason to pray for thee, save thee! wilt employ me? 'tis vacation, and I want work, ask me not what I can do, let me have money enough, and I'll do any thing

Duke. You have your senses?

Rol. Five, I take it* I can see greatness big with an imposthume, yet towering in the air like a falcon, the small birds dare not peep for him I can hear a man swear, *I am thy eternal slave, and will serve thee*, when, if opportunity were offered, for [the] price of a plush cloak, *he will* be the first shall strip thee to the very soul: *I can* taste wine

* *Rol. Five, I take it, &c*] The quarto reads, "Five, the small birds dare not peep for him, I take it, I can see greatness big with an imposthume, towering in the air like a falcon." Dodsley could make nothing of this, and therefore omitted the first section. I believe that it now stands as the author meant it to stand To peep is to chirp.

that another man pays for, and relish any thing that comes of free cost : I can smell a knave through a barr'd gown,⁵ a politician through a surplice ; a fool through a scarlet outside : I can touch a wench better than a lute, and tell money with a secretary, to shew I have [not] lost my feeling : tush ! all's nothing. I have a humour to do something to be talked on ; nothing can come amiss to me ; let me have money enough, and my life to a cheese-paring, I'll do any thing

Duke. You'll except somewhat

Rol. Not to do o'er the seven wonders of the world, and demolish them when I have done, let me have money enough. What star so high, but I will measure by this Jacob's staff, divine money, the soul of all things sublunary ? What lawyer's tongue will not be tipt with silver ? and will not money with a judge make it a plain case ? Does not gouty greatness find ease with *aurum palpabile* ? and he's a slight physician cannot give a golden glister at a dead lift — Money, I adore thee, it comes near the nature of a spirit, and is so subtle it can creep in at a cranny, be present at the most inward councils, and betray them. Money ! it opens locks, draws curtains, buys wit, sells honesty, keeps courts, fights quarrels, pulls down churches, and builds almshouses

Duke. A wild fellow.

Fulv. Will your grace have him punish'd for this insolence ?

Duke. No, his humour is good mirth to us — Whence art ?

Rol. I am of no country

Duke. How ?

⁵ barr'd gown,] The gowns of the judges, and other officers of the law, had broad stripes or bars of gold lace in front. It is singular that Dodsley should not be aware of this — he reads, *furred gown*, which confounds the author's meaning.

Rol I was born upon the sea.

Duke When?

Rol In a tempest, I was told

Mor A blustering fellow

Duke Thy name?

Rol Rolliardo.

Duke And how long hast thou been mad thus?

Rol Your highness may be merry, and if you have no employment for me, I am gone.

Duke Stay, we command you, and bethink again,

What to except in your bold undertaking.

Rol I except nothing, nothing, duke, it were no glory not to be general, active in all, let me have money enough, and I'll do any thing

Duke You shall

Fulv Will your grace set him awork?⁶

Rol Name the action

Duke What say you to a lady?

Rol I will fall upon her, as Jupiter on Danae, let me have a shower of gold, Acrisius' brazen tower shall melt again; were there an army about it, I would compass her in a month, or die for it

Duke Ha?⁷—A lady without guard would try your wit and money, to get her love.

Rol A toy, a toy.

Duke Through a credulity, you may too much Traduce the sex, and merit such a justice
No money will buy off.—admit some branches
Grow not so straight and beautiful, as nature
Intended them, will you disgrace the stem,
Or for some woman's levity,⁸ accuse

⁶ set him awork.] i. e. set him to work I know not why Dodsley reads, "set him a work."

⁷ For levity, the old copy reads lenity, a slight mistake of one letter for another there is an obscurity in the following lines, which seems to arise from the lax manner in which Shurley uses salary. He evidently gives it the sense of sale "Promise

That fair creation? Money buy their love!—
 Promise a salary of that sacred flame
 'Themselves cannot direct, as guided by
 Divine intelligence!

Rol. Your highness' pardon, if you prohibit, I must not undertake, but let me have freedom, and money enough, (for that's the circle I walk in,) and if I do not conjure up a spirit hot enough to inflame a frozen Lucrece' bosom, make mummy of my flesh, and sell me to the apothecaries. try me with some masterpiece; a woman's love is as easy as to eat dinner without saying grace, getting of children, or going to bed drunk. Let me have money enough, and tax me to the purpose

Fulv. Orp He's constant.

Duke. Admit there be a lady, whom a prince
 Might court for her affection; of a beauty
 Great as her virtue, add unto them, birth
 Equal to both, and all three, but in her,
 Not to be match'd.—Suppose this miracle
 (Too precious for man's eye) were shut up, where
 A guard, more watchful than the dragon's, did
 Forbid access to mankind.—men pick'd out,
 Between whose souls and money were antipathy
 Beyond that which we know, and you as soon
 Might bribe^a * * * * *

* * * * * to be a saint, what would you do
 With your *enough of money*, were your life
 Engag'd to win her love?

Rol The sky may fall,
 And aldermen cry larks about the city

Duke. The fellow's impudent.—Sirrah, thou
 hast landed thyself upon a rock, you shall have

a salary, &c" i. e. do you venture to promise, or assert, that
 sacred flame to be saleable, which is independent of the will,
 &c?

^a *Might bribe*] Here is an apparent confusion of the sense.
 a line was probably dropped at the press.

sense of what you would condemn, a life : put on a most fortified resolution, you shall need it ; we have a daughter thus lock'd up—

Fulv What does the duke mean ?

Duke A virgin

Orp He is in passion.

Duke Shalt not engage thee on a work so much Impossible as procurement of her love ,
Make it appear with all thy art, thou canst
Get but access to her ; a month we limit—
But take heed, boaster , if you fail, your life
Shall only satisfy our charge, and teach
All other mountebanks to be at distance
With such bold undertakings : you shall expect
A severe justice —By this, I shall
Try the fidelity⁹ of those are trusted. [*Aside.*

Rol 'Tis a match , I shall have money enough ?

Duke. You shall. What do you call enough ?

Rol I will not be particular, and agree on the sum , you look I should die if I perform not, and I'll look to be merry and want nothing while I live ; I'll not take the advantage on you, because I hope to receive credit by it : if I use now and then a round sum, set me up on the ticket for it¹—But who shall pass his word, if I do this feat, you'll let me keep my head on my shoulders ?

Duke. Our royal word secure thee

Rol 'Tis enough

Fulv What security can your grace expect for his forthcoming, if he fail ?

⁹ Try the fidelity] Dodsley reads *know* These, and a hundred other petty observations of the same kind, are only made to obviate any doubts of the accuracy of the present text

¹ set me up on the ticket for it,] we write me your debtor on the card for it, (see p. 385) In both places Dodsley adopts the modern vulgarism *tick*, though, in the latter instance, it spoils the verse.—but Dodsley had little feeling of metre

Duke. We have studied that ;
'Tis but the loss of some superfluous crowns ,
Let the end carry what success fate please ,
All the expense will not be lost, to try
The faith of those we shall employ in this :
Our city's strong, the river that environs
On three parts, shall be carefully attended,
A wall makes safe the fourth, which shall be
 guarded,
Our vigils shall be so exact, he shall
Deserve his liberty, if he escape us —
We are constant, sir.

Fulv. Would he might pay for his curiosity !

[*Aside*

Rol I'll wait upon your highness for some earnest . I have a month good , let me have fair play and my bargain, *money enough*, if I do come short, let my head be too heavy for my shoulders if I do more than is expected, you'll believe it possible hereafter, when a man has money enough he may do any thing

Duke Maintain your humour still —Attend us
[*Exeunt Duke, Rollardo, Fulvio, and Orp*

Mor. Here's a mad fellow ; does he mean to get in to the ladies ?

Dond It seems so

Grut I would not be in his taking when the moon changes

Mor Our best course then is to observe and humour him , he may have a trick more than we know , he seems to be a good fellow, let's be drunk together, and get him to confess it, ha ?

Dond Grut A match

Mor Like errant knights, our valiant wits must wrastle,
To free our ladies from the enchanted castle.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Street, before Bonamico's House, with a painted sign over the door.

Enter from the house BONAMICO, disguised as a mountebank, and CARLO.

Car. Do you think this hair
And habit will sufficiently disguise you,
From your inquiring creditors?

Bon. No question.

Have you dispers'd my bills about the city?
Does every public place carry the scroll,
As I commanded?

Car. I have been careful.

Bon. What do they say abroad? do they not
wonder?

Car. They are stricken dumb at reading; he
that has

The use of tongue, employs it to express
His admiration of your art, your deep,
Invisible art.

Bon. There's hope, then, we shall prosper
In this believing age; Italy is full
Of juggling mountebanks, that shew tricks with
oils,

And powders, here an empiric dares boast
Himself a Paracelsian, and daub
Each post with printed follies, when he went
On the ticket with some midwife, or old woman
For his whole stock of physic: here a fellow
Only has skill to make a handsome periwig,
Or to sow teeth in the gums of some state madam,
Which she coughs out again, when so much phlegm

As would not strangle a poor flea, provokes her ;
 Proclaims himself a rectifier of nature,
 And is believ'd, so getteth^a more by keeping
 Mouths in their quarterly reparations,
 Than knowing men for all their art, and pains
 In the cure of the whole body :—Shall we doubt
 To be made rich, rich, Carlo, by our art,
 Whereof I am the first and bold professor
 In Italy ? we shall grow fat and purchase,
 Dost not think so ?

Car. To go invisible
 Who will not learn at any rate ?

Bon. True, Carlo.
 There may be in the throng of our admirers,
 Some will presume't above the power of art
 To make men walk and talk invisible ,
 But we can clear the mystery, and make
 Mantua, in the proof, acknowledge it
 A matter feasible.—Here's some customer.

Enter ROLLIARDO

Ha ! 'tis the humourist, the undertaker,
 The bird I spread my art for ; he has money
 Enough, and is apt to prove a fortune to me.

Rol. So ! the covenants are seal'd : I am like a
 famous cathedral with two ring of bells, a sweet
 chime on both sides. Now 'tis nois'd I have money
 enough, how many gallants of all sorts and sexes
 court me ! here's a gentleman ready to run himself
 in the kennel, for haste to give me the wall , this
 cavalier will kiss my hand, while the other signior
 crinkles in the hams, as he were studying new
 postures against his turn comes to salute me. As
 I walk, every window is glaz'd with eyes, as some
 triumph were in the street , this madonna invites

^a *getteth*] Dodsley, *getting*.

me to a banquet for my discourse, t'other *bona roba* sends me a spark,¹ a third a ruby, a fourth an emerald, and all but in hope to put their jewels to usury, that they may return again with precious interest.—Thus far it goes well, very well, what's next?

Bon. [*coming forward.*]—Save you, signior.

Rol. What art thou?

Bon. One appointed by fate to do you service, sir.

Rol. But I gave fate no commission to take you up for me; I have more followers than the duke already, prithee have me commended to the lady Destinies, and tell them I am provided.

Bon. Mistake me not, he speaks to you has power
To make you happy.

Rol. Prithee make thyself happy with a warm suit first, thy house is but poorly thatched. An thou beest so good at making happy, why hast no better clothes?

Bon. 'Tis no felicity; or admit, the sun Dispenseth a rich warmth about the world, Yet hath no heat itself.

Rol. Philosophy!

Bon. To omit circumstance, I know what you Have undertaken, to the general Amazement: upon penalty of death, You must procure access to the fair princess, 'Tis in my art to help—to perfect—what The duke holds so impossible

Rol. How canst thou assist me?

Bon. Although my outside promise not, my brain Is better furnish'd, I have gain'd by study A secret, will advance the work you labour with; I'll teach you, sir, to go invisible

¹ *sends me a spark*] i. e. a diamond. In this sense the word frequently occurs in our old dramatists.

Rol. How ? thou hast no cloven foot ; I scent [no] brimstone ; an thou beest a devil, tell me.

Bon. I trifle not ; I am a man, whose fame Shall outlive time, in teaching you this mystery, For which I must expect reward — you are, (Loud noise proclaims it) able, and can pay me Out of the duke's exchequer, being yourself His walking treasury.

Rol. You'll teach me to go invisible, you say ?

Bon. I can, and with your safety, for I deal not With magic, to betray you to a faith Black and satanical, I abhor the devil.

Rol. Very like so.

Bon. Which some have conjured into a ring, To effect the wonder, I admit of no Suffumigation, incense offer'd to Infernal spirits ; but by art, whose rules Are lawful and demonstrative—

Rol. You think I admire you all this while — Hark, when did you eat ? or do you hope again, that you are put to this pitiful and desperate exigent ? I see you, my would-be-invisible, fine knave.

Bon. Do you mock me, sir ?

Rol. I'll tell you a better project, wherein no courtier has prefool'd you. Stick your skin with feathers, and draw the rabble of the city, for pence apiece, to see a monstrous bird brought from Peru ; baboons have pass'd for men already, been taken for usurers, in their furr'd gowns and night-caps : keep a fool in pay, to tell the multitude of a gentle faith, that you were caught in a wilderness, and thou may'st be taken for some far-country howlet.

Bon. Do you despise my art ?

Rol. Art ? but such another word, and I shall mar the whole expectation of your invisible traffic In, to your nest, and leave me, distinguish men before you practise on them, 'tis wholesome caution.

Bon. I leave you to the misery of your unbelief; when you hear of me hereafter, you will curse your fortune to have thus neglected me, fare you well, sir
[*Exeunt Bonamico and Carlo*]

Enter PERENOTTO, with some of the Guard.

Rol. This is Perenotto, captain of the guard.

Per. Not yet attempted you?

1 G. We have not seen him, my lord.

Per. He's here.

2 G. Is that he that has gold enough? would I had some of his yellow-hammers!

Rol. Do you hear? you are one of the list.

1 G. A poor halberdman, sir.

Rol. Poor? hold thee, there's gold for thee:—
[*offers to give him money.*—thou wilt be honest now?

1 G. O yes, sir

Rol. Not a penny, an thou hadst not been a fool, thou wouldst have been a knave, and so thou might'st have got by me—yet by those scurvy legs there's some hope thou wilt be converted, at all adventures, take it
[*Gives him money.*]

1 G. I will be what you please, sir

Rol. Tell me, what condition is that signior of? is he rich?

1 G. He loves money.

Rol. Come; shalt be my pensioner—here's more gold for thee,—and will he take a bribe?

1 G. Do you make question of that, sir? He bought his office, and therefore may sell his conscience, he has sold two hundred of us twice over, he was brought up at court, and knows what belongs to his place, I warrant you

Rol. Good

1 G. Am I not a knave now, sir?

Rol. I like thee.

1 G. To your cost [*aside*]—I hope you will not

tell him what I say : but if you do, and he chance to turn me out of my office, your gold is restorative.

Per. To your stations, and be circumspect.

[*Exeunt Guard.*]

Rol Noble sir, you are the only man I have ambition to honour

Per. I should be proud to merit such a phrase.

Rol 'Tis in your power to oblige my soul—we are private,

I am jealous of the wind, lest it convey
Our noise too far. this morn I had some traffic
With a jeweller, and, if my judgment err not,
He has richly furnish'd me. What says your
lordship

To this diamond ?

Per. It is a glorious one.

Rol Does it not sparkle most divinely, signior ?

A row of these stuck in a lady's forehead,
Would make a Persian stagger in his faith,
And give more adoration to this light,
Than to the sun-beam · I have fellows to them,
A nest of bright ones.

Per. This box

Is studded, like a frosty night, with stars.

Rol. You have outbid their value, make me a
gainer

In changing them for your commends

Per. How, sir ?

Rol. I'm serious

Per. I never shall deserve this bounty : if
You'd point me out some service to begin
My gratitude—

Rol You have a noble soul,
I'll teach you how to merit more.

Per. I am covetous of such a knowledge.

Rol Make but my path

A smooth one to the princess, —I am brief,
You know my undertaking

Per. So I should be a traitor.

Rol. It comes not near the question of a life :
Do it, I will enable you to buy
Another dukedom, state, and title.

Per. Although 'twere necessary in affairs
Of such high consequence to deliberate,
Yet for this once, I'll be as brief as you,
I will not do it.

Rol. How ?

Per. No, indeed, signior, you shall pardon me
At this time, and I'll keep your jewels too,
For they are gifts : hereafter you will know me ,
So fare you well, sir. [Exit

Rol. Was I not told this officer was corrupt ?
I want faith to believe the miracle.
Sure he does but jest with me.—Ha !

Enter MORELLO, DONDOLO, and GRUTTI.

Mor. The guard will accept no money.

Dond. What an age do we live in, when officers
will take no bribes !

Grut. Not the golden one.

Dond. Here's Rolliardo.

Rol. I'm quite lost.

Grut. 'Tis he.

Rol. Yet he keeps my jewels ; there may be
some hope.

I'll to him again, 'tis but his modesty
At first, not to seem easy ; he must be courted.
Statesmen, like virgins, first should give denial,
Experience and opportunity make the trial.—
Save you, gallants !

Mor. An you go there too, save yourself: you
are in a worse pickle than we are.

Dond. And how is't with you, signior ?

Grut. Do you thrive in your hopes ?

Rol. I do not despair, gentlemen , you see I do

not wear my hat in my eyes, crucify my arms, or entreat your lordship's brain to melt in a petition for me

Mor. I did but jest, I know you have a way to the wood in your pericranium; what is't? we are honest simple-minded lords.

Rol I think so.

Grut Nay, nay, impart.

Dond We'll tell no tales

Mor Would we were whipp'd an we do.

Rol Why, shall I tell you? you are three—

Mor Very secret—

Rol Coxcombs

All How?

Rol A miserable leash of court mimics

Mor Mimics! what's that?

Rol You perfumed goats!

Mor Oh, is that it? I never heard what a mimic was before

Rol Do you think I am so wretched in a point that concerns my life and honour, to trust my ways and purposes to you, that have no souls?

Dond No souls!

Mor Peace, how comes he to know that?

Grut Why, hast thou none?

Mor 'Twas more than ever I could see in myself yet

Rol Things that have forfeited their creation, and had not your tailors took compassion on you, you had died to all men's thoughts, who long since would have forgotten that ever there were such things in nature

Dond Shall we suffer this?

Rol Yes, and make legs, in token of your thankfulness. If I were at leisure, I would make you shew tricks now. [Seizes Morello

Dond. Do I look like a Johnanapes?

Rol. But I will not.

Mor It were not your best course.

Rol How?

Mor Alas, sir, I should but shame myself, and be laughed at afore all this company.

Rol When you see me next, avoid me, as you would do your poor kindred when they come to court. Get you home, say your prayers, and wonder that you come off without beating, for 'tis one of my miracles. *[Exit.*

Mor Had we not better have gone to [a] tavern, as I plotted at first? he could not have been more valiant in his drink.

Grut I'm glad he's gone.

Dond I know not what to make on him.

Mor Make on him, quotha? he made little reckoning of us, but an he had not gone as he did, I should have made—

Dond What?

Mor Urine in my breeches—he squeezed me, I think I was ready to melt on both sides.

Grut But hark you, signior, we forget the ladies still.

Mor Well remember'd

Dond Let us consult to purpose about that—shall we?

Mor No, every one think what he can by himself, my thoughts shall be private, and not free at this time, every one scratch his own head.

Grut And he that gets the first hint, communicate—

Dond A match.

Mor Let me see—umph.

Dond What if I did—nothing; my brains are dull.

Grut Ten to one, but if I did—let it alone, a pox on't, I were best drink some sack, they say it helps invention.

Mor O rare!

Both. Rub, rub, out with it.

Mor No, 'tis gone back again, I drank buttered sack this morning, and it shipp'd back when 'twas almost at my tongue's end—but it was a delicate project, whatsoever it was

Grut Recover it with thy finger.

Dond. Follow it, Morello.

Mor Now, now, now! let me alone—make no noise, 'tis coming again, I have it! I have it!—

Dond Hold it fast, now.

Grut Lose it not, thou art great with wit, let us deliver thee, what is it?

Mor Some wiser than some

[*They follow him up and down for discovery.*]

Dond Wilt not tell us?

Grut Didst not promise?

Mor No haste—as occasion serves—it cost more than so, yet you may know it.

Dond Well said.

Mor Hereafter, but not now—away, do not tempt me, I will eat the sweat of my own brain.—O rare! never was such a strain of wit invented.—Do you hear, gentlemen? if you will command me any service to the ladies, I do purpose to visit them, with a quirk—hey!

Grut How?

Mor. Marry do I.

Dond. Nay, Morello.

Mor. Gentlemen, as I told you, if you have any thing to the ladies, before I go, I am the messenger, there is a crotchet, and so forth, a carwhicket is found out—your ears—I will do such a stratagem as never the like was heard of in the world—Oh rare!—

[*Exit*

Dond. He's mad.

Grut So am I, that he is so reserv'd.
What shall we do?

Enter BONAMICO, in another habit.

Bon. Save you, signiors ; pray, whereabouts is the sign of the invisible man ?

Don. *Grut.* The invisible man ?

Bon. Cry you mercy, now I see it

[Enters the house.

Dond. See it, he does more than we can, the gentleman's mistaken, here's no such sign, yet he went in there.

Grut. He has better eyes than we, to distinguish it

Enter Carlo.

Car. This, ay, this is it.

Dond. What is it, pray?

Car. What's that to you.

Grut. In courtesy we ask.

Car. Then, by the sign, this is the house whither I am going to enquire for a gentleman that teaches men to walk invisible.

Grut. That would be seen ; this is news.

Car. News ! either you have slept long, or you are gentlemen of very small intelligence ; examine the next paper you see advanced, and inform yourselves. Farewell, gallants. *[Enters the house.*

Dond. He's entered there too

Grut. Teach men to walk invisible ! a very fine trade.

Dond. Would 'twere true, we should desire no other device to get in to the ladies

BONAMICO and CARLO pass over the stage, in other dresses, and enter the house.

Grut. 'Tis impossible.—See, see, more gentle-

men ; prithee let's to him ; this will be a trick worth our learning.

Dond Stay, we are not acquainted, let's knock first. [Knocks.

Re-enter CARLO, disguised.

Car. Your pleasures, gentlemen

Dond Pray, sir, what sign is this ?

Car 'The invisible man, sir.

Grut Man ? I see no man

Dond Here's nothing but a cloud.

Car. Right, sir, and he is behind it ; the man's invisible.

Dond Pretty, faith, it may be the man in the moon, for aught we know.

Car Would you any thing with my master ?

Grut. He does teach to walk invisible, they say.

Car He is the only professor of the miraculous invisible art

Dond. May we change a little discourse with him ?

Car. There are some gentlemen with him, but I'll tell him —I am prevented, he's coming forth himself.

Re-enter BONAMICO, in his mountebank disguise

Dond. Signior Altomaro, I take it ?

Bon 'Tis my name, sir, a poor artist, not warm in these parts of Italy.

Grut An you were not too busy, sir—

Bon. Please you walk in ; I am now alone, your persons will grace my poor habitation.

Dond We saw four or five enter but now.

Bon. I have dispatch'd them, they are fresh departed.

Dond. Which way ?

Grut. Here's not a man ; are they not sunk ?
came they out here ?

Bon. Upon my credit, sir, no other way.

Dond. Then they went invisible.

Bon. Right, sir, they came hither to that purpose : their designs required haste.

Grut. This man can do it, I see, already.

Dond. Sir, if you can assure us this invisible walking,—for we are not so ignorant as we seem, we have seen the play of *the Invisible Knight*,[†] and—

Bon. That of *the Ring*, too, have ye not ?

Dond. Yes

Bon. The one was magic, and t'other an imposture ? what I do is by art, fair and natural. Are you in debt, and fear arresting ? you shall save your money in protections, come up to the face of a serjeant, nay, walk by a shoal of these mankind horse-leeches, and be mace-proof[‡]. If you have a mind to rail at them, or kick some of their loose flesh out, they shall not say *black's your eye*, nor with all their lynxes eyes discover you. Would you see, when the mercer's abroad, how his man plays the merchant at home with his mistress' Silkworm, and deals underhand for commodity ? Would yourself talk with a lady in secret, sit down, play with her, ravish a diamond from her finger, and bind her soft wrist with a bracelet, kiss her abroad, at home, before her servants, in the presence of her jealous husband, nay, truss her up, when the tame lord is a-bed with her, and to his eyes be undiscovered as the wind, signior ?—Do you suspect your mistress

[the play of the Invisible Knight,] I know nothing of this play, that of the Ring is, according to Dodsley, the comedy of the Two Merry Milkmaids, Acto 1620.

[†] and be mace-proof] i. e. exempt from all fear of bailiffs. The city-serjeants carried a mace (a short gilded or painted staff) as a badge of office. See Ben Jonson, vol. 1 p. 142

plays double? would you hear how she entertains t' other's love, and know what she does in the closet with the smooth page?—Would you be present at secret counsels, betray letters, see how such a lord paints his thighs, this perfume his breath, t' other marshal his fine French teeth; see this statesman's eyes put out with a bribe, how that officer cozens the duke, and his secretary abuses them both; this lawyer takes fees a-both sides; while the judge examines the fertility, and price of the manor, before the witnesses, and then decrees who shall have the land? Would you see justice employ her scales to weigh light gold, that comes in for fees or corruption, and flourish with her sword like a fencer, to make more room for causes in the court?

Dond. All this and more may be done, if we can but go invisible, but how can you assure us of that? I would fain see any man go invisible once.

Bon. See him, sir?

Grut *Video pro intelligo*, I mean, sir.

Bon. Nay, sir, you need not distinguish, for it is possible to see a man invisible. Observe me, you see me now perfectly in every part: if I should walk before you without a body—

Grut How?

Bon. My head only visible, and hanging in the air like a comet.

Dond That were a strange sight!

Bon. Sometimes nothing shall be seen but my arm, another while one of my legs, hopping without a body

Grut. This is admirable.

Bon. When I please, I will have nothing conspicuous but my hand, nay, perhaps my little finger.

Dond Do not you conjure then?

Grut Come, you will cast a mist before our eyes.

Bon. 'Tis a mystery indeed, but a safe one, signiors.

Dond. Why, look you, sir, if you will be pleased that we may see you first walk invisible, we shall not only credit your art, but at any rate be ambitious to be your disciples.

Bon. Why, gentlemen, you speak but justice, you shall have experiment I will be invisible first, but as t' other in this kind, I will not demonstrate without half in hand, let me have fifty crowns apiece, I'll 'point you a day when I will be invisible

Grut. Can you not do it presently?

Bon. I can be invisible in a twinkling; but what assurance can you have, that I am here at the same instant, when you see no part of me? I may deceive you

Dond. He says true

Bon. I do purpose, therefore, to give you reality and proof, for I will walk invisible, all but—my hand.

Both. Your hand?

Bon. Only my hand, you shall touch it, see every line in it, and the rest of my body be to you invisible, this will require a little time for preparation, and when, with the consent of your eyes, and understandings, I keep my promise in this point, you will think your monies well expended to be taught the mystery.

Dond. This is very fair.

Grut The crowns are ready, sir

Dond. Expect them within this hour

Re-enter ROLLIARDO

Bon. At your own pleasures —Ha, Rolliardo!—
[aside]—I must not be seen, gentlemen [Exit

Both. Farewell, incomparable signior!—What luck had we to light upon this artist! he shall not publish it, we'll buy the whole secret at any value, and then get him remove into some other province. —Who's this?

Rol. Am not I mad? sure I am, though I do not know it, and all the world is but a bedlam, a house of correction to whip us into our senses. I have known the time when jewels and gold had some virtue in them; the generation of men now are not subject to corruption, Democritus, the world's refin'd

Dond. 'Tis Rolliardo, he looks melancholy: let's have a fling at him.—Give you joy of the great lady, sir! which is the next way to the moon, pray?

Rol. Bolt upright, musk-cat, and if you make haste you may be one of her calves, next time she appears, you shall see her beckon to you, with a pair of horns, just of the size of those are preparing for your forehead, my precious animal

Dond. Ha, ha, ha! the fellow's mad.

Grut. Can you tell, sir, what became of all the swallows, cuckoos, and small birds, we had here last summer!

Rol. Marry, sir, they went to sea, to aid the cranes, and there have been mustering ever since, but for want of a woodcock* they have left behind them, they dare not venture upon the pigmies, you may do well to overtake the buzzard, and relieve the army, sir

Grut. Ha, ha, ha! [*Exeunt Dond and Grut.*]

Rol. I shall be grinn'd to death as I walk the streets, 'tis no policy to be dull and modest—But let me see, which way to compass my work and

* but for want of a woodcock, &c.] i. e. of a fool, such as he insinuates Grutti to be. Woodcock is one of the most popular synonyms for a fool with all our old writers.

put myself out of the common laughter? the very children will jeer me shortly, I think, and point me out with stones, "the precious undertaker," I might have had more wit than to run myself into this calamity Whom have we next?

Enter Duke, Ambassador, FULVIO, DONDOLO, GRUTTI, Attendants, and Courtiers.

The duke? what stranger's that? I must not seem dejected

Amb. Is this he your highness discoursed of?

Duke This is the piece made up of all performance,

The man of any thing, without exception,
Give him but gold, kings' daughters and their heirs,
Though lock'd in towers of brass, are not safe
from him.

Nay, though I play the chemist with my trust,
And from a million of sure confidences
I draw the spirit of honesty into a few,
He can corrupt them.

Rol. You are my prince, great sir, and you have spoke

Not much unlike a brave one.

Dond. He'll jeer the duke, too.

Rol. If my head

Come to be paid to you, before sun-set
That day when it is forfeit, I have clear'd with
you,

And shall depart out of your royal debt:
There's all you can demand, a good sharp sword
Will make an even reckoning.

Amb He seems confident.

1 Cour. With your grace's leave, let me come to him.

Rol. Now, a fierce dog
VOL. II. D d

1 *Cour.* What came into thy mind, thou daring madman—

Fool is a word of favour to thee—

Rol. So, sir.

1 *Cour.* To undertake such an impossible task?

Rol. Mushroom, I'll cast away a few words on thee

Had I another life, I'd undertake yet,
Though I be low in all opinion,
To venture it, with the riches I have spread
To corrupt others, to make thee my parasite ;
I would engage my life to wear no steps
To thy white daughter, thou and thy grave matron
Most humbly should present her, when I was
pleased too,

For fear I should refuse the sport you brought me

Duke. I never knew a man bear his scorn so high.

To him some other.

Grut. Not I, sir, you shall excuse me ; 'twas the last thing I did.

2 *Cour.* In the position general, I'll not touch him,

For money may be said to purchase all things ,
But to aspire to my good sovereign's daughter
Of blessed memory—

Rol. She's not dead, I hope?

2 *Cour.* There gold and trash was impudently
inferred,

And 'twas a task too insolent ; in that point
You'd willingly give a pound of your proud flesh,
To be releas'd.

Rol. Releas'd!—

I heard a pound of flesh, a Jew's demand once—

'Twas gravely now remember'd of your lordship.

—Fortune, and courtesy of opinion
Gives many men nobility of birth,

That never durst do nobly, nor attempt
Any design, but fell below their honours
Cased up in chambers, scarcely air themselves
But at a horse-race, or in the Park with puppets.
That for which I'm your laughter, (I speak to
You, flattering tribe of courtiers, to you, glow-
worms,)

Is my chief glory, that, perhaps, being sprung
From humble parentage, dare yet attempt
A deed so far above me, that sets all
Your wisdoms in combustion. You may think
I've made a sorry bargain for my life :
Let scorers know, in aiming at her only,
My memory after death receives more honour
Than all your marble pinnacles can raise you,
Or alabaster figures, whiter far
Than e'er your souls were , and that hour I die,
If you dare look upon me, without fainting,
(Which I much fear,) you shall see death so scorn'd,
I mean for any terror, you shall think him
My slave to take my upper garment off

Dond I told your highness how you should find him.

Amb **A brave resolution !**

Duke Be this the prologue to the mirth, my lord,

Attends to entertain you — Set on, we'll leave him
Ha, ha, ha!

[*Exeunt all but Rolliaro, who pulls Fuh to back.*

Rol. Sir, I observ'd you noble, and not apt
To throw derision on me with the rest,
Which does encourage me to ask you a question.

Fulv Name it, sir.

Rol. Pray what stranger's that walk'd with
the duke?

Fulv 'Tis an ambassador from Florence, sir

Rol. An ambassador? his design, I pray?

Fulv. To treat of marriage betwixt our princess
And the great duke's son, desired much by our
master,

Who has some hope it will be effected too :
He has brought rich presents to her.

Rol This is all.

Fulv. You have it freely. [Exit

Rol. You have honoured me.—Married to 'Tuscany? so! if my ambition had been fortunate, I might have been his taster, but my stars want influence, they are too dull, and weary of my fate Rolliardo then must forfeit; why, that's the worst on't, I will make a glorious blaze in death, and while I live, make the duke's treasure pay for it, nor shall he accuse me, I exhaust him poorly; I'll study out some noble way to build me a remembrance Ha! a church or college? Tedious, my glass has but few sands, I must do something I may live to finish: I have it, I will send to all the prisons in the city, and pay the poor men's debts for them; the world wants such a precedent. I have money enough, since I fail in my other ends, I will do some good deeds before I die, so shall I be more sure of prayers, than if I built a church, for they are not certain to continue their foundation. Fate, I despise thee, I sink under no cheap and common action, but sell my life to fame, in catching my death by so brave an aspiring
If I obtain a monument, be this all

Writ on my grave: *This man climb'd high to fall.*

[Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Before the Castle.**Enter Guard.*

1 *G.* Come, gentlemen, we must watch still,
that none run away with the princess

2 *G.* He must have an excellent stomach, that
can break these stone walls, to come to her.

3 *G.* Beside this moveable wall of flesh which
we carry.

2 *G.* One makes towards us,—'tis a lady.

Enter MORELLO, disguised like a lady

Mor. So, now am I as valiant as Hercules,
when he turned spinster ; great Jupiter, the pa-
tron of scapes, assist my petticoat, and at my return,
I will sacrifice my linen-breeches to thee—Here
be the men, the men of mettle, now, Venus, I
beseech thee, an they be men, they will let a lady
enter without many questions.

1 *G.* Save you, sweet lady ! your affairs this way ?

Mor. I go but in to the princess.

1 *G.* From whom ?

Mor. From the duke's grace

1 *G.* What may be your ladyship's name ?

Mor. I never thought to give myself a name—
my name is madam—umph My name is some-
thing, an odd name, but—I do not stand upon it—
my name's Thorn.

1 *G.* Indeed, madam Thorn, if his grace have

sent you to such a purpose, you must shew something for our discharge

Mor. Why, hark you, it was but forgotten of the duke, to send his signet ; but I have brought some of his highness' deputies with me, I hope that will satisfy.

[*As he takes out money, he discovers his breeches*

2 *G.* By this gold, breeches !

3 *G.* No, they are but silk.—Here will be sport, I have a hint already

1 *G.* Say you so ? 'Tis very well, but, madam, we are many, and we would be loth to venture deal ingenuously, sweet lady, have you no more gold in your breeches ?

Mor. Not a doit, as I am virtuous and sinful.

1 *G.* Pass—but, do you hear ? an you should not be secret now !—

Mor. As I am a gentleman.

3 *G.* A gentleman ? dost hear him ? I'll put him to't

Mor. I have left some crowns with your fellow.

2 *G.* Tush, that will not satisfy me

Mor. Indeed, I have no more money.

2 *G.* You have commodity, hang this transitory gold ! give me—what's this ?

[*Feeling his hand.*

Mor. Nothing but a wart on my little finger

2 *G.* A wart ! let me see't [*Pulls off his glove*

Mor. 'Tis a diamond, 'twas my mother's legacy, or else—

2 *G.* Is it your will I should have it ?

Mor. It was my mother's will I should wear it, her ghost will haunt me, an I should give it away

2 *G.* You know the way back, lady

Mor. You will give me my gold again ?

1 *G.* Not a doit, as *I am virtuous and sinful.*—Stand with him for a toy, and know you have no warrant from the duke ! 'tis in our power—

Mor Do you hear, sir, an it were a diamond of gold you should have it

2 *G* Lady, I kiss your hand,

Mor. You have kiss'd the ring off my finger, I'm sure

2 *G*. Use your fortune, pass.

Mor If I get to the ladies, somebody shall pay for this, that's my comfort.

3 *G*. Can you wrestle, madam?

[*Takes him by the shoulders*

Mor. Ah!—wrestle, sir? ladies do not use to wrestle

3 *G* They are thrown down with their good wills, then, come, you and I will have a bout, I must hug your little body

1 *G* Humour him, and you are past danger.

Mor Would you have me tear my clothes?

1 *G* I'll persuade him.

2 *G* To tell you true, madam, this fellow is an abominable lecher, there is no 'scaping him without a fall, a very satyr, he leaps all comes near him. if your ladyship's modesty can dispense with a private favour—you understand; for our parts, we are satisfied otherwise, and our lips are sew'd up: take him o' one side, and see how you can mollify him, he's a cock of the game, and will tread you, an you were ten 'Thorns

Mor Mollify him? doth he use ladies so? he will mollify me.

2 *G* An you were his sister, all's one to him, the devil is not more hot and robustious, where he finds opposition to the sport. therefore the duke made choice of him, as suspecting some lord might come disguis'd in this fashion, to prevent dishonour to the princess and ladies—use your own discretion

Mor. What will become of me? if he be such a wencher, he'll ravish me, and discover all. What

a rascal was I to venture thus! [*aside.*—I'll give thee my fan to persuade him [3 *G.* *seizes him.*—Help, help!

3 *G.* Nay, then —

[*He throws him down, and discovers his breeches*
Why, how now? breeches!

1 *G.* This is a man.

2 *G.* Sure, 'tis a woman.

Mor. To tell you true, gentlemen, I am neither a man nor a woman, I am an hermaphrodite.

1 *G.* How? an hermaphrodite? What would you do among the ladies, then?

2 *G.* An hermaphrodite?

3 *G.* Let's search him.

Mor. Ah!

1 *G.* Stay, let's be advis'd; if he be such a monster, our best way is to carry him to the duke.

2 *G.* 3 *G.* Agreed.

Mor. I shall be undone.—Do you hear, noble friends? 'tis but a folly to dissemble, I am no such thing, I am no hermaphrodite, I am a friend of your's.

All. Of our's?

2 *G.* Your name, I beseech you?

Mor. I did but jest all this while, the duke himself put me upon't, to see whether I could cozen you; my name's Morello

1 *G.* Signior Morello? 'tis not possible

Mor. As I am virtuous, I am, I am no hermaphrodite. no matter for the gold or diamonds, 'tis your own I'll acquaint his grace how careful I found you, and if he do not reward you beside, I'll say he's the poorest duke in christendom. I'll tell him presently.

3 *G.* Noble signior, we'll wait upon you to him.

Mor. No, no, 'tis better for me to go alone.

1 *G.* Your pardon; you shall tell him how

careful you found us, we'll relate to him how cunningly you carried the business

Mor. Nay, do you hear, gentlemen?

All. It must be so, sir, come, sweet, effeminate signior. [Exeunt.

SCENE II

A Part of the Palace.

Enter FULVIO, and Ambassador.

Amb. You have done me a noble office, signior, in this discovery. Where now lives her banished lover?

Fulv My kinsman lives in Florence, but two days since
I received letters from him.

Amb In Florence too?

Fulv Sir, you may censure me;
But my affection to the injur'd lord,
And not without respect unto the honour
Of your master too, hath been the cause of my
Free language.

Amb Trust me, signior,
We are all engag'd to study you a recompense,
But Mantua was unjust to banish him,
For being too much a servant

Fulv Sir, when princes
Resolve to punish—

Amb Virtue shall be treason;
'Twas tyranny.—Why now is she thus caged?

Fulv I can conjecture nothing but his jealousy,
Which will be ever active. By that love
We interchang'd at Pisa, when we grew

Together in our studies, I conjure
Your nobleness to silence me.*

Amb. You will

Dishonour me by suspicion : I am charm'd.

Enter PERENOTTO, DONDOLO, and GRUTTI.

Per My honour'd lord.

Amb Signior Perenotto.

Fulv. My gentle sparks.

Dond *Grut.* Your servants.

Fulv You are all courtship

Per Is your lordship for this wonder ?

Amb. What wonder, my lord ?

Per These pair of gentlemen have discours'd
me into admiration, there's one has undertaken to
go invisible.

Amb Invisible ?

Per. This hour expected, and in this place.

Fulv. How ?

Dond With a trick that he has

Fulv Do you believe him, gentlemen ?

Grut. You shall see it

Dond We were heretics in that point, but our
understandings are convinced ; he did demon-
strate.

Grut And because you shall know the truth of
his art, he will be invisible all but his hand, what
think you of that ? the rarest fellow in chris-
tendom

Amb Nothing visible but his hand ?

Dond. As sure as we have given him one hun-
dred crowns in hand

Amb. Why is not the duke presented with this
novelty ?

* ——— to silence me] i. e. to suppress all mention of my
name. Dodsley omits the last word.

Dond. He's travelling to the emperor first ; only, as he goes, for our sake, he will shew us a figary of his art —

Enter ROLLIARDO.

Here's Rolliardo, he's somewhat costive on t' other side, wants faith

Rol Save you, nest of courtiers ! smooth faces, rich clothes, and sublime complements, make you amorous in sight of your ladies ! *Donze' del Phebo*, and *Rosicleer*,² are you there ? what pestilent diseases have you got, that you wear so much musk and civet about you ? Oh for a priest of Cupid to sacrifice you now ! how your breeches would burn like incense, and your hair, disguised in sweet powder, leave your bodies in a mist, while your bones were inwardly consuming with the fire of dame Venus' altar !

Dond The same humorist still.

Rol I heard say, we shall have strange apparitions in the air, and yet invisible wonders, a hand must appear, as fatal to some as that hung over the Capitol ; for there is a suspicion some purses will be juggled empty, and as silent as the moon, no bright sol appearing, nor a piece of pale-faced silver in your silken hemispheres.

Grut He is an infidel.

Rol Right, Jehochanan, right, my precious Jew, we are all infidel that will not believe the court catechism — My lord ambassador, you are welcome from Florence, does the great duke pick salads still, I mean, continue his assize, return into his exchequer once in seven years the wealth of Tuscany ? Vespasian was held covetous for ordaining vessels to receive the beneficial public

² Heroes of Romance. See *the Mirror of Knighthood*.—*Dods*

urine, but 'tis heathenism among Christians not to hold *Dulcis odor lucri è re qualibet*.

Amb. He's mad.

Rol. Signior Perenotto, it has puzzled my understanding, how you can subsist at court without making use of the common sins, flattery and corruption, take heed, you are a great man, and 'tis ominous to die in your bed, a sign your children are like to inherit but weak brains: thou mayst go to heaven, but thy heir had rather thou shouldst make a journey to Erebus, for the proverb sake,—*Happy is that son, whose father goes to the devil*—Why, when comes out my don invisible? may be, he's here already, for we cannot see him, what says my squirrel? thou look'st dull and physical, methinks, the crowns will return again invisibly, never fear it: and how does my grave gymnosophist, whose ambition is to be registered an honest lord? though thou beest buried upon alms, carried to church with four torches, and have an inscription on thy marble worse than the ballad of *the Devil and the Baker*, and might be sung to as vile a tune too—Gentlemen, I'll invite you shortly to see my head cut off, and do only entreat, you would not laugh at me when I am dead, 'twill shew but poorly in you, and I shall revenge it with my ghost walking

Fulv Either he is very confident to achieve his design, or late grown desperate, he talks so wildly

Enter CARLO.

Dond. I wonder signior Altomaro forgets us—Now, now, you shall hear, this is his servant, I know he is not far off—Where is thy master?

Car. He is invisible this letter is directed to you [Gives Dondolo a letter]

Dond. [reads.]—Gentlemen, that you may perceive

I deal plainly with you, I am now invisible—all but my hand, and here it is ; you may with ease read every line, as I promised upon the receipt of your crowns —His hand !

Car. Ay, sir, 'tis his own hand, I can assure you
Omnes Ha, ha, ha !

Dond. He does not mean to serve us so ; thou dost but jest , where is he invisible ?

Car. Here, I think, for I cannot see him ; nor do I know when I shall, or where he will be visible again upon diligent search I found this paper, but my master is not to be found

Fulv. Then he is invisible indeed

Rol. All but his hand. Ha ! ha !

Grut. I do incline to believe, that we are cheated

Per With a trick that he has Ha, ha, ha !

Amb You were heretics in that point, till he did demonstrate Ha, ha, ha !

Rol. I cannot contain my merry spleen. Ha, ha !

Fulv Come, my lord, let us leave them now, to be their own derision [*Exeunt Amb. and Fulv*

Enter Guard with MORELLO disguised as before

Dond Signior Morello ? ha, ha, ha ! How came he in a petticoat ?

Mor Carry me away quickly, they will laugh me out of my little wit

Rol No, no, do not, gentlemen, remember yourselves.

Grut We will not, then

Per Morello ! I'll wait upon him to the duke myself.

Mor. What wise man in Italy would be in my coat now ? [*Exeunt Per and Guard with Mor*

Rol I was costive, and an infidel, yon are chris-

tian coxcombs ; and so, while I see what will become of the mirth that is gone before, I leave your wise signorships to the mercy of your garters, which is a speedy way, after a little time, to make yourselves invisible indeed. Fare you well [*Exit.*

Dond Signior Grutti, we are gull'd .

Grut. I always thought he would cheat us
What shall we do, to prevent more laughter?

Car. I am resolved —I shall get no more money by him [*aside.*—Gentlemen, be not head-hung, droop not, 'tis in this sconce to revenge yourselves, and, it may be, recover your crowns too.

Dond How, prithee?

Car. My master—

Dond. Is invisible, we know it too well.

Car. What will you give me, if I discover him to your eyes again, nay, give him to your possession?

Dond. This.

Grut. And this. [*they give him money*]—Oh, quickly

Car. Then, first, know, my master is not that man you took him for ; no Altomaro he, but Bonamico the decayed artist, he that made properties,³ and grew poor for want of pictures , who for fear of his creditors, left his dwelling, and in this quaint disguise, set up the trade of cozening such wise gentlemen as you are

Grut. Dond Bonamico!

Car. The same.

Dond Oh that we could reach him again !

Car. Follow me close, and I will bring you

³ *he that made properties,*] i. e. such rude machinery, paintings, &c as the stage required Carlo seems to play on the word pictures Bonamico grew poor for want of portraits (to paint) or money, in which sense Shirley often uses the word.

within an hair's breadth of his false beard immediately

Grut That will be excellent.

Dond Nimble, good Mercury, nimble [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Castle —Eugenia's Apartments.

Enter EUGENIA, FIDELIA, MARDONA, DONELLA, CATHERINA, and CASSIANA.

Fid Madam, you are too passive, if you be dejected, what must we, whose hopes and blisses depend upon your fortune?

Donel. Oh, liberty, liberty, are all the Roman spirits extinct? Never a Brutus in nature, to deliver poor ladies from this captivity?

Cas Since there is no probability of our enlargement, let's be merry, and despise our sufferings; laugh, tell tales, sing, dance, any thing to cozen our melancholy

Eug There are some thoughts that stick upon my memory, I would fain discharge

Cath Shall we try our lutes, madam?

Eug. And voices, if you please

Donel Yes, you may try; they say music built the walls of Thebes, it were a miracle if you could charm these to fall. I shall never endure to live an anchorite thus. And it were not for the happiness that I do sometimes dream of a man, I should leap the battlement. Now would I give all my jewels for the sight of a pair of breeches though there were nothing in them. [*A Song by the ladies.*]

Donel This but feeds our dulness. Shall we dance, madam, and stir our selves?

Cas. I am for that music ; we shall grow to the ground an we use no more activity

Eug. With all my heart

Donel None of your dull measures, there's no sport but in your country figaries ; a nimble dance will heat, and make us merry,

[*They dance ; a bell rings*

Eug. Hark, the bell

[*Exit Donella, and re-enters with a letter*

Donel Some news from the duke.

A letter, madam, and these jewels

Eug. Ha ! whence ?—*from Florence* [*Reads.*
This is my father's practice I'll peruse the paper.

[*Exit.*

Donel I have an excellent hint, ladies, of a mirth cannot but please the princess.

Fid. What is't ?

Donel. It will require every one's endeavour
What if we play some pretty comic story ?

Cath. A play ?

Cas Shall we ?

Donel [*Shall*] *we !* do not distrust your own performance. I have known men have been insufficient ; but women can [always] play their parts.

Mard I like it, 'twill be new

Donel. We will not present it to the princess, but engage her person in the action ; we shall be too few else ; some pretty interlude, to square with our number —Do you allow it ?

All. Willingly

Donel. Come, I'll acquaint you with a plot, then, instantly refer yourselves to me for your parts, we can receive no disparagement, our spectators cannot jeer us, for we'll speak but to the people in the hangings, and they have as much judgment as some men that are but clothes, at most, but walking pictures.

Fid I shall be of it.³

Cas. What part will you give me? I'll be a king

Cath Thou'lt play a tyrant bravely.

Donel Let me alone, I'll fit you all, I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV

The Street

Enter DONDOLO and GRUTTI

Dond. Now our invisible merchant is caged, we may redeem our opinion, and pass again in the rank of discreet courtiers.

Grut I think, now, to most of the beholders, he is invisible all but his head, for he has but a small grate to look out at

Dond. He shall gull no more with his art, I warrant him

Grut. Nay, he is like to lie by it, for I hear since, all his creditors, like so many crows, have lit upon him, and they'll leave him but a thin carcase.

Dond Let them pick out his eyes, what care we?

Grut He sent me an epistle, to take pity on him.

Dond. But I hope thou hast more wit, than to shew thyself a christian to such a rascal as he is.

Grut I returned him my court complement, that I was sorry I could not serve him I would do him any office that stretch'd not to mine own prejudice, that we had taken order with his keeper,

³ of it] The quarto reads *on't*, which Dodsley has mistaken for *out*. *Fidelia* was anxious, like *Nic Bottom*, to have a part

upon payment of our sums disburs'd, he might be enlarged.

Dond. Which is impossible.

Enter behind, BONAMICO, brave. ⁴

Prithee let me see his letter, in what submissive language the rogue does beseech us —[reads] *Most heroic signiors,—Good—I throw myself at the feet of your mercy, for to your justice, I beg I may not be made a sacrifice—*nay, we'll make him beg ere we have done.

Grut At the grate.

Dond. *I confess I have done you wrong*, —does he so? it shall not serve the turn—*there is no hope I shall ever satisfy you*—all the better. lie and rot —*if I be known a prisoner to my creditors, I am irrecoverably lost; oh, compassionate a miserable man, who otherwise must soon forfeit his day-light, and die in a dungeon* —Ha, ha, ha!

Bon. [*coming forward*]—Save you, noble signiors!

Grut Ha!

Dond 'Tis he!

Grut. Did he not die in prison, and his ghost haunts us? brave!—'Tis not he.

Bon *When this eternal substance of my soul, Did live imprison'd in my wanton flesh,* ⁵
And so forth? And how do you like don Andrea, gentlemen? poor snake! but he has cast his skin, and recovered a new coat of the Destinies spinning. The bird is flown again

Dond. How the devil came he at liberty?

Grut. And thus gallant?

Bon The slave does not beg of your heroic

⁴ *brave*] i. e. richly apparelled

⁵ *When this, &c.*] Lines taken from *the Spanish Tragedy* the everlasting but of ridicule. The speaker is the Ghost of don Andrea

signiorship a court compassion, debts must be paid, there is no danger of *the grate*, as the case goes, nor of *forfeiting his day-light in a dungeon*, if I mistake not, my illustrious pair of widgeons, my serene, smooth-faced coxcombs, whose brains are curdled this hot weather: will your neat worship sell your cloke, ha? or you that superfluous double-hatch'd rapier? there be sums in nature to lend you, upon security that I shall like of.

Dond. He jeers us

Grut Would we durst beat him!

Bon You see me now, gentlemen, perfectly, what if I should *walk before you without a body, my head hanging in the air like a comet?*

Enter ROLLIARDO.

Grut Would thou wert hang'd any way!

Dond Here's Rolliardo too. Let's be gone.

Bon. Or shall I appoint you a day, *when I will be invisible all but—my hand?*

Dond No, I thank you, sir, we have some business at this present.

Grut Let's to the prison, and know the wonder better—noble signior—

Bon. For your crowns—

Dond. We are glad we had them for you, dear signior, talk no more of them.

[*Exeunt Dond and Grut.*]

Bon Farewell, phantasmas, then.—Ha! 'tis he.—Sir—

Rol. Keep your way.

Bon You do not know me,
But I have brought a life, which by your means
Has been preserv'd from wretchedness, your bounty
Deserves you should dispose it

Rol What are you?

* *double-hatch'd rapier* ?] 1 e doubly gilt, see p 301.

Bon I was the object of a charity
We seldom meet in mankind ; from a prison
You sent a sum to free me.

Rol. Prithee, friend,
If thou hast receiv'd a benefit, go home,
And say thy prayers : I would forget it.

Bon. 'Mong many whom your nobleness enlarg'd,
I came to make you tender of my service ,
Despise not, sir, my gratitude

Rol. Do you mock me ?

Bon. May my soul want heaven's mercy, then !
to you,
Next my Creator, I do owe this my being ;
I have a soul is full of thanks , but name
Employment to assure you, and you make me
Twice happy.

Rol. I have nothing to say to you

Bon Then I have something to say to you.

Rol How ?

Bon. And you shall hear it, too, and give me
thanks.

You have sow'd your charity in a fruitful ground,
Which shall return it tenfold ; nay, one hundred .
What you have done for me you shall acknowledge

I will deserve to the height

Rol. Thou art liberal in language

Bon I'll be active

Off with this sullen face,
It scurvily becomes you ; do you hear ?
I studied for you, since you paid my debts ;
I'll do you a courtesy, and save your life,
Which your attempt upon the princess has
Left desperate , a happy fancy, sir,
If heaven will please to prosper it, and you
Not be your own enemy to refuse it.

Rol. Ha, ha, ha ! what mean'st ?

Bon. Nay, you shall laugh,
And heartily, ere I have done with you :
The duke does love his daughter, sends her all
Rarities are presented to him

Rol His soul's not dearer to him;—what of that ?

Bon. Why, then, you shall be admitted into the castle of comfort, that's all, the conceit is in my brain, and would you could as probably get her consent, to untie her virgin zone, as I dispose your access to her¹ it shall not cost you much, if I fail, instead of saying of my prayers, I'll curse the Destinies, and die with you

Rol Do you hear ? I have bestow'd three hundred crowns already to set your heels at liberty, if you do mock me, it shall cost me five hundred, but I'll have you clapp'd up again, where you shall howl all day at the grate, for a meal at night from the basket²

Bon. You are in earnest, now ?

Rol Yes.

Bon By all that you have threaten'd, so am I,
Have but the patience to walk and hear me

[*They discourse aside.*]

Rol Can thy art procure this ?

Bon. My art ? Why, look you, I made this watch. I'll bestow it on you

Rol. What to do ? to reckon the hours I have to live ?

Bon It shall not cost me so much trouble as

¹ for a meal at night from the basket] i. e. the basket, into which, at this time, the broken meat, &c from the Sheriff's table was thrown See Massinger, vol iv. p 12 Shirley, like all our old dramatists, never scruples to introduce the customs and manners of his own country, wherever the scene of his play may be laid A little further on, we have another allusion not less strange than this, when put into the mouth of a Mantuan

that toy did, to make you master of your wishes,
still if heaven prosper it: come, let's talk pri-
vately, you shall have the plot.

He that doth many good deeds, it may fall,

Among the rest, one may reward them all:

I long to be discoursing it, pray lead the way.

Rol Provide again, you mock me not —Come
on, sir. [Exeunt

ACT IV. SCENE I

A Part of the Palace.

Enter DONDOLO and GRUTTI.

Dond. Rolliardo pay his debts? Sure, the fel-
low, that never saw much money in his life, now
by the duke made master of so many sums, is grown
mad with them.

Grut Many other he hath discharg'd, they say

Dond. He'll undo the exchequer, an he hold
on, he shall be chronicled for it.

Grut He has some cause to imagine himself
short-liv'd, and that makes him so desperately
charitable toward his end —Signior Perenotto.

Enter PERENOTTO

Per Dondolo and Grutti, news, news for you.

Dond. What? we beseech you?

Per You have lost the best mirth in Italy in
your absence, your companion Morello—

Dond Was carried to the duke in a petticoat,
in which he attempted a passage to the sequestered
ladies— what's the issue?

Per Mirth in abundance.

Grut How came he off?

Per Nay, 'tis on still, the duke, to make himself sport, would call a council, before whom the poor signior must be arraign'd, not to hold you in circumstance, the business was merrily discuss'd, and the pitiful projector was judged--

Dond How, how?

Per To wear the petticoat for a month, if he appear without it during the term, he incurs his perpetual exile from court.

Dond *Grut* Ha, ha, ha!

Per You may imagine with what variety of lamentable faces the courtier heard his unexpected sentence, some would have pleaded for him but for laughter, which continued so long and so high, that he had time to collect his scattered senses, and instead of swooning, which was expected, he grew fortified, and most humbly besought the duke, since his sentence had past so definitive he would be so merciful, to admit him that course of a moon to be his jester, that since he could not shake off the fool's coat, that he might have that favourable pretence to keep it on

Grut Very good--

Per 'Twas easily granted, but ever since, to the astonishment of the hearers, he is grown so jocund and airy, nay, as if he had been born with a song in his head, he talks everlasting ballad, no man laughs at him, but he lashes him in rhyme worse than a satyr, the duke has privileged his mirth, made him fool-free, and now he plays the tyrant.—He's here already

Enter MORELLO, in his former disguise

Mor O yes, O yes, O yes!

If there be any one in city or in town can shew me a wise man, I'll please him for his pain.

Per. Disgrace has made him witty

Dond. What will you say to him, will shew you a wise man?

Mor. Marry, if he go far, he is not so wise as he should be.—Dondolo, Grutti! old acquaintance, how is't? how is't?

Grut. The case is alter'd with you

Mor. It does appear so, but nothing can make me proud, I'll know my fellows.

Per. How do you mean, Morello?

Mor. Your lordship may make one at foot-ball, 'tis all the sport now-a-days. [Sings.

What other is the world than a ball,

Which we run after with whoop and with hollow?

He that doth catch it is sure of a fall,

His heels tripp'd up by him that doth follow.

Dond. Do not women play too?

Grut. They are too light, quickly down

Mor. [sings.]—*O yes, they are the best gamesters of all,*

For though they often lie on the ground,

Not one amongst a hundred will fall,

But under her coats the ball will [be] found—

With a fading.¹

But we be three of old, without exception to your lordship, only with this difference, I am the wisest fool, for you play the fool in your old clothes, and I have a new coat on.

Per. Does it not become him?

Dond. Rarely well.—Do you ever mean to resign it?

¹ *With a fading*] The burden of a licentious Irish song, there was also a popular dance adapted to the same tune. In the next line, there is an allusion to the old sign of two fools, with the subscription of *We three*, &c.

Grut. 'Twere pity but he should have a patent for it, to him and his posterity.

Mor. Hark you, gentlemen, do you hear the news?

Dond. News! what news?

Mor. Do you not hear on't yet? why, 'tis in a ballad already

Grut. And thou canst sing it?

Mor. 'Twas well guest; an I can but hit on the tune. [Sings.

*There was an invisible fox, by chance,
Did meet with two visible geese,
He led them a fine invisible dance,
For a hundred crowns apiece.*

*Invisible, all but his hand, he would go,
But when it came to be tried,
Not only his hand, which was left, he did shew,
But a fair pair of heels beside*

*Invisible since their wits have been,
But yet there is hope of either,
Their wit and their crowns may return again,
Invisible altogether.* [Exit

Grut. An he continue thus but a moon, he'll make the court mad

Per. Oh, 'twill be excellent; since it is not safe for a wise man to speak truth, 'twere pity fools should lose their privilege — The duke.

Enter Duke, FULVIO, and Courtiers

Fulv. My lord.

Duke. What is't?

Fulv. Here's an importunate suitor calls himself An artist humbly craves admittance with A present which he'd tender to your acceptance, And if my judgment err not, a most pleasing one.

Duke. Let us see him, and his present;

It will reward my daughter's patience,
 Love, and obedience — All the rarities
 Ten kingdoms yield, shall not be thought too
 weighty,
 That she may shift each solitary hour
 With a fresh object

*Enter BONAMICO, with servants drawing in a large
 cage filled with various birds.*

Dond Bonamico!

Grut 'Tis he!

Duke By my love to goodness,
 It is a master-piece, 'twill feed the eye
 With plenty of delight

Bon. I am as jocund since I am admitted, I talk
 as glib, methinks, as he that farms the monu-
 ments² [*Aside*

Duke Is't not, sirs

Per My lord, I have not seen so much delight
 In any piece these seven years.

Duke. Where is the master of this work?

Bon. My lord, I am the constable, that put all
 these in the cage, and you may call it a point of
 injustice for they never kept late hours, though
 they all wear feathers, there's not a roarer amongst
 them;³ and yet were they suffer'd, they'd fly high,
 for some of them are very lofty-minded

Duke. A pleasant fellow too.

Bon Oh, my lord, we are all born in our de-
 grees to make one another merry, the birds make
 me merry, I make my wife merry, the fool makes

² as he that farms the monuments] i. e. the privilege of
 shewing the monuments in St Paul's and Westminster abbey
 to the public. Still thinking on England

³ though they all wear feathers, there's not a roarer among
 them,] The poet satirically alludes to the fashionable bravoës
 and bullies of his time, who all affected to decorate themselves
 with plumes of feathers

your courtiers merry, and the courtiers make your
grace merry

Duke And whom do I make merry?

Bon The whole commonwealth, if you govern
handsomely

Duke. There's salt in his mirth:—

I'll have this fellow wait in the court.

Bon I shall be kick'd out by the pages.

Duke Why so?

Bon Because I cannot flatter.

Duke A conceited thing! ⁴

We lack the humorist Rolliardo here.

Dond We saw him in the court erewhile, my
lord

Duke This humour would have been a gadfly
to him,

And stung him to the quick

Bon Not altogether so, duke [*Aside*

Grut Fellow, what bird is that?

Bon *Fellow* ²—Cry mercy, I'd forgot you, fel-
low, I'll tell thee, do you not know him, 'tis an
Arabian woodcock, the same that carried a bunch
of grapes in January last to Bethlem Gabor.³

Dond And what call you this?

Bon This was the duke of Venice his own
bulfinch,

And taken by the Turks.

Duke By the Turks, say'st thou? He droops
indeed

Bon Since his captivity the wretch endur'd
Much misery by the infidel, it had nothing
But bread and water for three months

Fulv A shrewd calamity

⁴ *A conceited thing*,] Not vain, but full of wit, this sense of
the word is common to all our old writers

³ *Bethlem Gabor*] Europe was at this time full of the feats
of this Hungarian partisan, who was in arms against the
emperor But Bonamico is playing on the ignorance of Giusti

Duke. I do affect this fellow's prate.

Per. What's this?

Bon. This is the blackbird, which was hatch'd
that day

Gondomar died,⁶ and, which was ominous,
About that time Spinola's thrush forsook him

Per. Was this he?—

Bon. Yes.

Duke. And what was this?

Bon. This was the pigeon was so shrewdly
handled

For carrying letters at the siege of Bergen

Per. Alas, pretty bird—

Bon. This a wagtail of the city, which a silk
man

So dearly lov'd, he call'd it wife, but could not
(Though in much jealousy he had cag'd her up)
Keep her from flying out—This was a rail,
Bred up by a zealous brother in Amsterdam,
Which being sent unto an English lady,
Was ta'en at sea by Dunkirks.⁷—Name but Rome,
And straight she gapes, as she would eat the pope,
A bird to be made much on! She, and the horse
That snorts at Spain, by an instinct of nature,
Should have shewn tricks together. I could run
over—

But your gracious pardon.

Duke. How, our pardon?

Bon. I'm now another man, and know my dis-
tance

⁶ Gondomar died in 1625, a few years before this play was produced. There is much pleasantry in the satirical touches of Bonamico, which all refer to circumstances familiar to the times, but into which it would be tedious now to enter.

⁷ *Dunkirks*, (not *Dunkirkers*, as Dodsley needlessly prints it, to the injury of the metre,) are privateers from this port, which were then, and long afterwards, the disgrace and the terror of England.

Duke This man is good at all

Bon My buffoon face is off, I did but shew
The impudent condition of a mountebank,
That sets off base toys with miraculous lies :
Thus far I'll boast : they are the only choice
Italy and other parts of Europe yield.
For the work, if it prove so fortunate
To receive grace from your divine acceptance,
The workmanship (so duty suffer not)
I freely tender—

Duke No, that were to quench
The fire in all deservers.—*Fulvio*.

Fulv My lord

Duke Pay the cost double, I'll send it to my
daughter

Bon It takes, as art could wish it. [*Aside*

Duke I know it is a present, the sweet soul
Will raise much joy in.—*Signior Perenotto*—

Per My lord [*Walks aside with the duke.*

Bon There are two birds I have not named.

Dond. What are they?

Bon A pair of gulls, which you may share be-
tween you

Per. It shall, my lord.

Duke. If Florence now keep touch,* we shortly
shall,

Conclude all fear with a glad nuptial. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Castle.—Eugenia's Apartments.

Enter EUGENIA, FIDELIA, MARDONA, DONELLA,
CASSIANA, and CATHERINA

Donel You like this story best then?

* keep touch.] i. e. adhere to the proposal of marriage

Eug That of Jupiter and Danae comes near our own

Donel Be it so, we are all perfect in the plot, I think

Eug You shall dispose the rest

Donel You will not be ambitious then, and quarrel about the parts, like your spruce actor, that will not play out of the best clothes, and the fine young prince, who, if he fight, 'tis six to four he kills all and gets the lady.

Fid We are constant, you shall appoint them

Donel Then, madam, without ceremony, you shall play Danae, that is shut up in the brazen tower.

Eug Well, I'm contented, 'twill suit with my present fortune

Donel I need not to instruct you in the character [*to Mardona*]—you shall be the king Acrisius, her father, a jealous, harsh, crabbed man, who in fear of the oracle, commands her to be thus enclos'd

Mard So.—I'll fit you for a vinegar king

Donel No matter for properties⁹—We'll imagine, madam, you have a beard

Fid What shall I play?

Donel You must be ladies whom the king leaves to keep her company, entertain what humour you please

Cas Cath. This is our own parts indeed

Donel You will play it the more naturally, and let me alone to play the Thunderer, I'll wanton Jove it:—now whet your inventions and about it; imagine our scene express'd, and the New Prison, the title, advanc'd in form¹

⁹ *properties*] i. e. dresses, &c. suitable to the characters represented

¹ *the New Prison*, the title advanced in form.] This confirms what was said in Massinger respecting the extreme poverty of

Eug. *The New Prison!* why?

Done! O 'tis an excellent name, where spectators throng together, as our's do, methinks, in the arras, already the music have their part. Dispose yourselves for your entrances, while I speak the prologue to our mix'd audience of silk and crewel gentlemen in the hangings — Hem! [Music

Cath. Let it be a confident prologue, howsoever

Done! [coming forward] — *You are welcome to New Prison! we have still*

*Our ancient keeper, and we fear he will
Speak in his old key too, but do not look for
Choice diet, for, alas! we play the cook for
All you are like to feed on, let your palate
Expect at most, then, but a root or salad
Pick'd from the prison garden, we know you are
Judicious hangings, and well seen, nor dare
We lift you up (too bold) lest we incense
Your green and spreading wits with impudence.
As I began, let me conclude in rhyme
Hang still, you learned critics of the time.
Now Danae and the ladies.*

Eug. [coming forward.] — *Was ever father to
his child*

*So unkind? it makes me wild,
When, to beguile a tedious hour,
From the top of this high tower,
I see every other creature
Enjoy a liberty by nature.
Can the silver-running fountains,
And the cloud-aspiring mountains,
Every grove, and flowery field,
But a new affliction yield?*

Done! This is excellent, she has played the part before

Cas. [coming forward.]—*Waste not yourself in
 woeful plaint,
 Sorrow will not help restraint.
 Think, madam, all is but a dream,
 That we are in—Now I am out—beam, cream
 Help me, Catherina, I can make nonsense rhyme to't.*

Donel Cream is as good a rhyme as your mouth
 can wish Ha, ha, ha !

Cas. Does not the arras laugh at me ? it shakes,
 methinks.

Cath It cannot choose, there's one behind does
 tickle it.

Eug. *A dream ' alas, 'tis no relief
 For us to flatter so much grief
 Fancy wants power to delight,
 Or if we could think it might,
 Such a dream so sad would make us,
 That it could not choose but wake us*

Donel. My lady has help'd her pretty well out
 of her dream

Cath. [coming forward]—*The sun with glitter-
 ing golden rays
 May appear one of these days
 You know always after winter,
 Comes the spring and pleasant summer*

Donel. *Winter and summer, ha, ha, ha !*

Cath. *Winter and summer ?* By my faith, that's
 well, there's but half a year between ; there be
 some call themselves poets, make their rhymes
 straddle so wide, a twelvemonth will hardly recon-
 cile them , and I hope, a lady may straddle a little,
 by poetical license

Cas. *Madam, your father, king Acrisius*

Mard Must I enter already ?—Hem.

Eug. *This is his hour to visit us.*

Mard. [coming forward.] — *How fures our
 daughter ?*

Cas. What voice is that ?

Donel. The king speaks through a trunk ¹

Mard. *How is't, heroic birth ? what dulness, cold
As Saturn's, dwells on thy forehead ? be bold
To give thy grief a tongue, instruct, child,
My paternal nature, lest I grow wild
As the rude north :—thought of thee makes my hairs
Silver, my blood is curdled with my cares.*

Donel. Most high and mighty nonsense ! Sure
the king has swallow'd pills, and his stomach, not
able to digest them, does vomit them up again

Mard *Is thy organ dumb ?
Or am I grown cheap in majesty ? truest fool !
Shall I reap crabbed thistles in neglect for rich love ?*

Cas Crabbed language, I am sure

Donel Sure my lady does not understand him

Eug *If my brow so sad appear,
My fortune's livery I wear*

Mard *Weep no more, thy eyes pave the ground
with pearl*

*My power is raz'd, my crown thy tribute, girl
Here is nothing to want*

Eug *Nothing to want, indeed, to be
A prisoner speaks all misery.*

Mard *Curse not thy soft stars, but take thy fair
bliss*

*With comfort, free from loud noise and fear is
Thy gaudy station ; when I have unscrew'd
Mystic oracles, which not understood,
Do perplex with involved sense, I shall then
Enlarge thy person, Danae, till when
If aught else do clog thy thoughts, with unkind
Thoughts, unload the dark burthen of thy mind.
Pronounce thy grief aloud, my amorous darling,
And I will—*

Cas. Let him choose his rhyme, I beseech you,
madam.

Mard *Uh, uh!—cold phlegm obstructs my language—burling, carling.*

Donel *Ha, ha! 'tis time to make an end,*
He was almost choak'd with his own phrase.

Mard. *An you get me to play an old man again—* [Exit

Donel. *We'll have a young one for thee, twenty-one and a coat, is a double game.³—My turn comes next*

Eug *He's gone, and leaveth us behind*
To tell our passions to the wind.

Ha? what o' the sudden doth surprise

My active motion? On my eyes

What dark and heavy cloud doth light,

To persuade me it is night,

It is some charm, I cannot keep

These windows open, I must sleep.

Cas *This was well passionated.—Now comes Jupiter*

To take my lady napping, we'll sleep too,

Let the wanton have her swing: would she were a man for her sake!

Donel [coming forward]—*Let the music of the spheres,*

Captivate these mortal ears;

While Jove descends into this tower,

In a golden streaming shower,

To disguise him from the eye

Of Juno, who is apt to pry

Into my pleasures I to-day

Have bid Ganymed go play,

And thus stole from heaven to be

Welcome on earth to Danaë

And see where the princely maid,

On her easy couch is laid,

³ twenty-one and a coat is a double game] i. e. it receives (besides the stakes) a forfeit from each of the puits. The allusion is to the old and favourite game of *One-and-thu ty*.

*Fairer than the Queen of Loves,
 Drawn about with milky doves.
 To thee let Paphian altars smoke,
 Priests thy better name invoke.
 When Hymen lights his holy fires,
 Thou that canst infuse desires
 In the gods,—from thy lap
 Let Jove heavenly nectar sip
 And translate, by kissing thee
 Into thy breast his deity
 But I rob myself of treasure,
 This is but the gate of pleasure
 To dwell here, it were a sin,
 When Elysium is within.
 Leave off then these flattering kisses,
 To rifle other greater blisses.* [Bell rings within

Eug. The bell—news from my father.

Cas Then your play is interrupted, Jove.—
 Madam, I'll see [Exit.

Donel. Beshrew the bell-man! an you had not
 wak'd as you did, madam, I should have forgot
 myself, and play'd Jupiter indeed with you, my
 imaginations were strong upon me, and you lay so
 sweetly —How now?

Re-enter CASSIANA.

Cas A present, madam, from the duke one of
 the finest pieces of pageantry that e'er you saw
 'tis a cage with variety of birds in it: it moves on
 wheels.—your assistance, ladies, to bring it in
 [Exeunt ladies

Eug. A cage?—If from Florence it shall to the
 fire,

Or whencesoe'er, it cannot be intended
 But as a mockery of my restraint
 I'm very sad o' the sudden. Ha! 'tis so,

Re-enter Ladies drawing in the cage

Break it to pieces

Donel. 'Twere pity, madam, to destroy so much art

Eug. Yet spare the workmanship, in the perusal

There's something pleads for mercy :—I feel within
Some alteration, I know not what

Let me entreat your absence for some minutes ,

I am in earnest , pray do, without reply

Your eyes shall feed with plenteous satisfaction

On this gay object, when I call you.

Ladies. We obey you. [*Exeunt.*]

Eug. Yet can't I say I am alone, that have

So many partners in captivity —

Sweet fellow prisoners, 'twas a cruel art,

The first invention to restrain the wing,

To keep the inhabitants of the air close captive,

That were created to sky freedom ? surely

The merciless creditor took his first light,

And prisons their first models, from such bird-loops ;

I know you nightingale is not long-liv'd ,

See how that turtle mourns, wanting her mate !

And doth the duke my father think I can

Take comfort either in restraint, or in

The sight of these, that every moment do

Present it to me ? [why] were these tendered me ?

They shall no more be prisoners to please me,

Nor shall the woods be robb'd of so much music

[*She opens the cage, and ROLLIARDO comes from the central pillar.*]

Rol I take you at your word, fair princess.

I am the truest prisoner , tremble not,

Fear flies the noble mind, for injury

Dares not come near.

Eug Sir, what are you ?

Rol. The humblest of your servants

Eug You are not mine,

For in this bold attempt you have undone me.

Rol. You see I keep at distance.

Eug You are too near,

I will discover you, though I fall myself

By your presumption.

[*Going.*

Rol Hold , be counsell'd rather

But to calm silence for a pair of minutes,

And none shall perish , you shall save him too

That would for your sake lose himself for ever.

Eug For my sake ? What relation has my birth,
Or any passion I call mine, to you ?

Rol. Nor doom me unto scorn. I am a gentleman,

And when my inimitable resolution

In those attempts, whose very sounds breed earthquakes

In other hearers, shall your knowledge fill,

With wonder and amaze ; you will at least

Think I fall too low, if I love beneath you

Eug Ha ? this is a strange accident.

Rol Was it less

Than death, dear princess, to adventure hither ?

Eug. It will be death however.

Rol You are deceiv'd, lady.

Eug. How I'm perplex'd.

Rol. It had been death [to fail ,]

Your sight gives me a lease of longer life,

My head stands fast.

Eug He speaks all mystery.

I shall not get him off, I fear, without some stain.

[*Aside.*

Rol. The truth is, princess, if you now discover me,

(Though I made nice at first to put your fright by)
You cannot harm me much, I have done my task.

Do you fear me still ? why is there such a space
Betwixt us, lady?—Can you keep that man
At so unkind a distance, that, for your sake,
Has in his undertaking swallow'd danger,
Robb'd death of all his fears.

Eug. For my sake ?

Rol. Your's.—

Fair princess, dare you so far trust me yet,
To let me kiss your hand ?

Eug. Audacious sir,
I shall grow loud, if you forget your distance,
Nor that you may hold long——
I'm studying how I should be rid of him
Without their knowledge: yet that's dangerous too,
And might shew guilt in me, for he will boast on't.

[*Aside.*

Rol. Such was the duke your gracious father's
care,

He would put confidence in none about him,
But saw me brought himself.

Eug. This is a fine paradox.

Rol. Which must be to high purpose: come,
be wise,

And keep me while you have me, tis but reaping
This fruitless harvest from my cheek and chin,
And you can form the rest, you are young and
beautiful,

Lose not the blessing of your youth, sweet princess,
Fair opportunity waits upon your pleasure,
You want but the first knowledge of your joy.
Your blood is ripe, come, I am confident
Your will is but control'd by upstart fears,
Like advanc'd beggars, that will check their princes.
My safest way is your's now, to conceal me,
It may be thought I have enjoy'd you else.
Ill censure soon takes fire, nay, perhaps
To be reveng'd of your stern cruelty,
I'll swear myself I have possess'd you freely.

Play your game wisely then, your honour lies
Full at my mercy, come, 'tis in your love
To lead me to a secret couch.

Eug Bold villain,
For these uncivil, most unhallow'd words,
I'll die but I'll undo thee. [*Gong.*

Rol. Stay, and let me circle in mine arms
All happiness at once, I have not soul
Enough to apprehend my joy, it spreads
Too mighty for me know, excellent Eugenia,
I am the prince of Florence, that owe heaven
More for thy virtues, than his own creation.
I was born with guilt enough to cancel
My first purity, but so chaste a love
As thine, will so refine my second being,
When holy marriage frames us in one piece,
Angels will envy me.

Eug Ha! the prince of Florence?

Rol. I have made no travel for so rich a blessing;
Turn me to pilgrimage, divinest beauty,
And when I have put a girdle 'bout the world,
This purchase will reward me

Eug. Purchase?—I am not bought
And sold, I hope?

Rol. Give it what name you will,
You are mine, Eugenia.

Eug Your's, prince? I do not
Know by what title you pretend this claim;
I never yet remember that I saw you,
And if I had any interest in myself,
Produce your witness, when I gave it you.
I have possession yet; ere I deliver it,
You must shew stronger evidence.

Rol Are we not
Contracted?

Eug Contracted?
When? where?—Good prince, I pity your abuse.

Rol. 'Tis firm between our fathers.

Eug. Mine cannot give away my heart.

Rol. Cannot?

Eug. Shall not.

[It is not,] prince, your travel and your trouble,
With this conceit to boot, were it your own
Invention, with all your birds about you,
That can take me

Rol. Is it my person, madam,
You hold unworthy? For my birth and fortune
Cannot deserve your scorn

Eug. It takes not from
The greatness of your state, or blood, my lord,
To say I cannot love you, since affection
Flows uncompell'd, and rests in the clear object,
Nor do I rob your person of just value,
If to me other seem as fair, and comely,
Form may apparel, and become what we
Affect, not cause true love, you have enough
To promise you a happier choice, attempt
A nobler fate, and leave me to myself
And humble destiny, for know, Florentine,
I have but one faith, one love, and though my
father

Lock up my person, 'tis beyond his will
To make me false to him I gave my faith to,
And you are not noble now, if you proceed.
Be then what you were born, and do not tempt
A woman to commit a sacrilege
For when I give my heart to any other
Than my Philenzo, I commit that sin!

Rol. If you'll not pardon, I'll deliver up
Philenzo to be punish'd for this trial —

See, lady [Pulls off his false beard and hair]

Eug. My dear, banish'd Philenzo!

Rol. O, let not such a glorious building stoop,
It is my duty

Eug. I will make it mine.

Rol. I have a double duty, for I owe

Your constancy as much respect and reverence,
As your most princely person.

Eug What, for our safety?

Rol Oh, with what willingness could I be lost
In this distracted wilderness of joy.

To morrow, madam, I go to my arraignment.

Eug How?

Rol Spend no fear upon it,
Your story shall be pleasing—I have much
To tell you—for your ladies—

Eug They are mine, what should our innocence
Fear in their knowledge? I desire to hear
The circumstance of this wonder

Rol It attends.

The story past, we must some counsel find;
The puzzle of our fate is still behind [Exeunt.

ACT V SCENE I.

A Part of the Palace

Enter DONDOLO, MORELIO, and GRUTTI

Dond We are sorry we gave thee distaste
come, let's be friends, you did apprehend too
nicely

Mor Nicely? it might have been your own case.

Grut. Come, you were unkind to rub us before
the duke so.

Mor Be wise hereafter, and make the fool your
friend, 'tis many an honest man's case at court It
is safer to displease the duke than his jester, every
sentence the one speaks, flatterers make an oracle,
but let the impudent fool bark never so absurdly,

other men have the wit to make a jest on't ; 'tis policy in state, to maintain a fool at court, to teach great men discretion *

Dond Grut. Great men ! we are none.

Mor No, but you may be, by the length of your wit and shortness of your memory , for if you have but wit enough to do mischief, and oblivion enough to forget good turns, you may come to great places in time ; keep a fool of your own, and then you are made—

Dond. Made ! what ?

Mor. Cuckolds, if my lady take a liking to the innocent O, your fool is an excellent fellow upon all occasions

SONG.

*Among all sorts of people
The matter if we look well to,
The fool is the best, he from the rest
Will carry away the bell too.
All places he is free of,
And fools it without blushing
At masks and plays, is not the bays
Thrust out, to let the plush in †
Your fool is fine, he's merry,
And of all men doth fear least,
At every word he jests with my lord,
And tickles my lady in earnest : }
The fool doth pass the guard now,
He'll kiss his hand, and leg it,
When wise men prate, and forfeit their state,
Who but the fine fool will beg it
He without fear can walk in
The streets that are so stony ,
Your gallant sneaks, your merchant breaks,
He's a fool that does owe no money*

* Here is an evident allusion to the licentiousness of Archy the king's jester There is a strong vein of political satire runs through the whole of this play.

Enter ROLLIARDO.

Rol. The duke, where is the duke?

Mor. He's forthcoming; there's no more money in the exchequer.

Rol. I come to give up my accounts, and reckon with him, somebody tell him so

Mor. An you do not reckon well with him, he'll be even with you I'll do your message [*Exit.*

Rol. Do, and say I sent a fool on my errand, prithee — Cry mercy, such an office would have become either of you, gentlemen

Dond. His tongue moves circular in abuses

Grut. The duke.

Enter Duke, FULVIO, PERENOTTO, and Attendants

Duke. How now? what day is't?

Rol. 'Tis holiday.

Duke. How?

Rol. Therefore we are preparing a morris to make your grace merry; they have chosen me for the hobby-horse, and if I do not deceive their expectation, they will laugh at me extremely before I die

Duke. Do you come like one prepar'd for death?

Rol. Not so well, I hope, as I may be hereafter, unless you will be unjust, and have a desire to be clapp'd into the chronicles with some of your predecessors, for cutting off heads when you do not like their complexion; 'tis but laying one block upon another, and I am quickly sent of a headless errand.

Duke. *Unjust!* do you remember what sums you owe for? do not jest away your life.

Rol. I crave no longer day for it, an I prove not myself free from my engagements.

Duke How?

Rol For although I had not the art to go invisible, as these wise courtiers, nor could counterfeit another sex so becomingly as t'other gaudy signior, to introduce me to the ladies, yet, with your princely license, I may say, 'tis done.

Duke Done! what is done?

Per He's mad, sir

Rol I come not to petition for a mercy,
But to cry up my merit, for a deed
Shall drown all story; and posterity,
When it shall find in her large chronicle
My glorious undertaking, shall admire it
More than a Sybil's leaf, and lose itself
In wonder of the action, poets shall
With this make proud their muses, and apparel it
In ravishing numbers, which the soft-hair'd virgins,
Forgetting all their legends, and love tales,
Of Venus, Cupid, and the 'scapes of Jove,
Shall make their only song, and in full quire
Chaunt it at Hymen's feast.

Duke What means this boasting?

Fulv Rolliardo

Rol You think I am a lost man, and your gay things
That echo to your passions, and see through
Your eyes all that's presented, do already
Tickle their very souls, with expectation
To see me beg most miserably for life.
But you are all deceiv'd — Here I pronounce
The great work done that cancels all my debts,
I have had access unto the fair Eugenia,
Your princely daughter, stay'd, discours'd, with
her,
More, she has entertain'd me for her servant.

Per Sir, do you believe him?

Duke Thou hast profan'd a name will strike thee dead.

Rol It cannot be ; for if you mean your daughter,
 'Tis that is my preserver, blest Eugenia,
 To whose memory my heart does dedicate
 Itself an altar, in whose very mention
 My lips are hallow'd, and the place a temple
 Whence the divine sound came ; it is a voice
 Which should our holy churchmen use, it might,
 Without addition of more exorcism,
 Disenchant houses, tie up nightly spirits
 Which fright the solitary groves. Eugenia
 When I have nam'd, I needs must love my breath
 The better after it

Duke Thou hast undone
 Thyself in the repetition, and in this
 Wherein thou cunningly wouldst beg our pity,
 Thou hast destroy'd it, and not left a thought
 To plead against our anger, where, before,^{*}
 Thy life should have been gently invited forth,
 Now with a horrid circumstance death shall
 Make thy soul tremble, and forsaking all
 The noble parts, it shall retire into
 Some angle of thy body, and be afraid
 To inform thy eyes, lest they let in a horror
 They would not look on.

Rol. I am still the same ; and let me be so bold
 To plead your royal word ; 'twas my security,
 Nor shall you take mine, to induce your faith
 To what is done . I have more pregnant evidence,
 Your highness knows that character

[*Presents a paper.*]

Duke Ha ! 'tis not so, I'll not believe my eyes
 Come hither, Fulvio, Perenotto, read,
 But not too loud, does she not write to me,
It is unjust you let Rolliardo die,
Unless Eugenia bear him company ?
 Give me the paper

^{*} where, *before*,] i. e. whereas.

Per. 'Tis counterfeit, my lord ; cut off my head
If this be not a jig of his invention³

Duke. My soul is in a sweat. I feel my blood
Heave in my veins,—he looks as he had seen her
More, my prophetic thoughts do whisper to me—

Fulv. Believe it not, sir.

Duke. I will not.—Perenotto—

[*Takes him aside*

Dond. I know not what to think

Grut. The duke's perplex'd ; observe

Rol. Will either of you speak for me, gentlemen, if the justice of my cause should fail me ? I'll pay you for't, I know courtiers that live upon countenance must sell their tongues, what is the price of your's, pray ?

Grut. Humble yourself, you coxcomb

Duke. Away, [*exit Per*]—and let him not stir,
I charge you

This does intrench too much upon her person
Have my endeavours to preserve Eugenia,
Of whom I thought so many men unworthy,
Ruin'd themselves ? Human invention
Could not instruct me to dispose her where
She could be more defenced from all men's eyes,
An anchorite lives not prison'd in a wall
With more security 'Tis not possible
Why am I troubled thus ? My fear abuses me,
In such a cause I would check [*at*] an oracle
And shall his dexterous forgery unsettle
My confidence ? I will not shew a guilt
Of so much weakness in me.—Fulvio—
And gentlemen, we'll speak to you anon.

Rol. I have spoke too much already, it seems
Sure he has sent for her. I dare repose

³ a jig of his invention,] i. e. an idle trick ; a farce, a piece of mummery, to create mirth. For *countenance*, in Rolliardo's next speech, see Jonson, vol. II. p. 111.

My life on her, to whose trust I gave my heart
She is a thousand witnesses in her self [Aside

Fulv It will be mirth, sir

Rol I like not this consulting ; they break off
pleasantly.

Now, in the name of Mercury, what crotchet ?

Duke I see it is in vain

To interrupt our fate , what is decreed

Above, becomes not mortals to dispute.

Sit there,—nay, be not modest, you were born to't,

And therefore take your place , nay, nay, be cover'd,

Imagine that a crown, and these your subjects,

As, when I die, you know 'twill come to that,

In right of my sole daughter—so ! does he not

Look like a prince indeed ? appears he not

A pretty lump of majesty ?

Dond. He's studying some speech, I'll lay my life—

Duke Against his coronation, to thank all
His loving subjects, that as low as earth
Thus offer him their duties

[*They draw their swords*

Re-enter PERENOTTO, with EUGENIA

Eug. Hold, I beseech you ,

Let not my duty suffer misconstruction

If, while my kneec doth beg your blessing, here

I throw my arms, and circle, next to heaven,

What must be dearest to me [*Embraces Rol*

Duke Ha !

Eug. My joy of life

Duke Destroy me not

Eug Alas !

I would preserve all , am so far from killing,

That I would die myself, rather than see

One drop of blood forc'd from his crimson fountain,

Or but one tear rack'd from your eye , oh, hear me,

And after let your anger strike two dead,

So you would let us dwell both in one grave ,

And did you know how near we were in life
 You would not think it fitting that in death
 Our ashes were divided ; you have heard
 When the poor turtle's ravish'd from her mate,
 The orphan dove doth groan away her life
 In widow's solitude , let me call him husband,
 And tell yourself the rest

Duke Kill not thy father with one word, Eugene-
 nia.—

Thy husband ?

Eug. I do beseech you, hear me.

Duke Beg thou may'st be forgotten ; 'tis [a] sin
 'Bove my forgiveness : this a match for thee?
 What man can bring me a certificate
 He had a father, or was christen'd ? He ?
 We all are in a dream , awake me, thunder !

Rol Temper your passion, sir.

Duke Some tortures, to enforce confession from
 him,

How he procur'd access.

Rol. They shall not need , you sent me, sir,
 yourself

Duke. We ?

Rol The cage was my conveyance.

Per That was presented lately with the birds
 You gave command

Duke Be dumb, I dare not hear you.

Dond. This was a BIRD IN A CAGE indeed

Duke. Search for the traitor Bonamico presently,
 [Exit Gruth.

He has betray'd me , they shall suffer both,
 Before the noise be spread to our dishonour

Eug Yet will you hear me ?

Duke I hear too much ; thou hast forgot thy
 birth,

Thy fortunes, and thy father ; were my cares
 So wonder'd at abroad, censur'd at home,
 Worthy of nothing but contempt from thee,

For whom they were begotten · thou hast plough'd
 Upon my face, canst thou undo a wrinkle?
 Or change but the complexion of one hair?
 Yet thou hast gray'd a thousand : taken from me,
 Not added to my comforts, more than what,
 Like an indulgent parent, I have flattered
 Myself into.

Re-enter GRUTTI with BONAMICO

Grut Here is the other traitor, sir.

Duke Away with them to death.

Eug. Let me go too

Duke It needs not, thou art dead already, girl,
 And in thy shame, I and the dukedom suffer ;
 Thou may'st remember, (false to thy own vow,)
 Philenzo, whom I banish'd, for thy sake.—
 The title of my subject, and thy love
 To him, pull'd our displeasure on him ; since,
 (We, studying to add more height to thee,)
 Thou hast made thyself less, and, for aught we
 know,
 Clasp'd with this son of earth, * to cool the fever
 Of hot sin in thy veins, ungrateful to
 Philenzo, cold already in thy memory.

Rol 'Tis happiness enough that you have men-
 tioned him,
 And whether to your mercy, or your justice,
 See that Philenzo kneel. [*Discovers himself.*]

Omnes. Lord Philenzo !

Fulv My noble cousin, so near me, and con-
 ceal'd !

Eug Your daughter's knees join with his bended
 heart
 To beg your pardon. [*Kneels.*]

* son of earth] A latinism, *terræ filius*, one of mean birth

Duke. Philenzo!—

Were not you banish'd, sir?

Phil. It was your sentence.

Duke. On pain of death not to return?—Blest fate,

Thou hast reliev'd me.—Hadst thou died before
By our command, it would have been thought
tyranny,

Though none durst tell us so, now we have argu-
ment

Of justice, and our every breath is law,
To speak thee dead at once We shall not need
To study a divorce, thy second exile
Shall be eternal—Death

Phil. You do me honour.

Duke. [*to Bonamico.*—Be it your punishment,
as you preferr'd him

By art to her, now by another art
For ever to divide them, be his executioner,
And after make him higher by the head,
To cure's ambition, see't advanc'd.

Phil. Ere I go, dread sir,
I have an humble suit, it is not life
I ask, for that I give up willingly,
And call it mercy in you to immortalize
The affection I shall owe Eugenia
Your other banishment is only death,
You new create me now, it was my aim,
And my attempt you thought so bold, I made
To serve this end, that since I could not live,
I might die, for her pray relieve my breath
But till I take my leave, one minute does it,
It shall be a very short and silent farewell.

Enter Ambassador

Duke. 'Tis granted

Fulv. My lord ambassador

Duke Not the least whisper of Philenzo, as you value our regard [*aside to Fulvio.*]*—O my good lord, welcome.*

Amb Letters to your grace

Duke They are grateful as my comfort.—**Perenotto**, let them withdraw, her vein^s will be discovered—**Fulvio**, follow and part them, give order for his execution; off with his head instantly.—*[reads]*—*I can read no more for joy—Perenotto, use your best oratory on my daughter to forget that traitor, and prepare to marry Florence, 'tis concluded to be solemnized by proxy*

[Exit Perenotto, leading off Eugenia and Rollardo, Bonamico and Fulvio following]

Dond I'll see the execution. *[Exit.*

Duke Now to the rest *[Reads]*

Your last letters were acceptable, and our son before had intention to finish the marriage in his person, but lately receiving intelligence, that one Philenzo of noble birth, now in exile, though without your consent, had long since interest in your daughter's affection, we thought meet rather to advise for his repeal, than proceed to our dishonour; where the hearts meet, there only marriages are sacred, and princes should be exemplary in all justice although we disclaim in this design, on our parts, we will continue all other princely correspondence

*I am justly punish'd, and have run myself
Into a labyrinth, from whence no art
Can bring me off with safety.—My lord, you may
Please to retire yourself—A thousand wheels
Do move preposterous in my brain—What cure?
I lose myself—Run with a haste thou would'st
Preserve my life, and stay the execution
I will not have a drop of blood fall from*

^s her vein] i. e. her humour, the current of her affection

Philenzo for my dukedom —Fly, I say ;
 Thou should'st be there already
 [Exit an Attendant.

Re-enter DONDOLO.

How now ? has Philenzo still a head on ?

Dond Yes, my lord

Duke Follow him, and with that nimbleness
 thou would'st

Leap from thy chamber when the roof's a-fire,
 Proclaim aloud our pardon to Philenzo,
 And bring him back to us. [Exit Grutti.

Dond 'Tis too late, sir, Philenzo's dead already ,
 He sav'd the executioner that trouble.
 The voice is, he is poison'd.

Re-enter FULVIO

Duke. Poison'd ? how ?—

Where is Philenzo ?

This fool reports him poison'd ; what[’s the] cir-
 cumstance ?

Fulv. He had no sooner parted from Eugenia,
 But suddenly he fainted , at which fall
 Of his own spirit, he seem'd griev'd with shame
 To shew so little courage near his death,
 Which he call'd martyrdom , and presently,
 Whether supplied by other, or prepar'd
 By himself, we know not, he had a vial
 Of water, sovereign, as was pretended,
 To enliven his dull heart , he drank it up,
 And soon shew'd cheerful in his eyes : we led
 Him smiling forward, but before we could
 Approach the place of death, he sunk again,
 But irrecoverably, for in vain we applied
 Our help, by which we did conclude he had
 Drunk poison.

Duke All this talk is such, and through
 My ear I take it in, with as much danger,
 I feel it active in my brain already
 Call our physicians, I will hang them all,
 Unless they can recover him; it shall be
 Death to save any man hereafter, if
 They suffer him to perish.

Re-enter PERENOTTO and EUGENIA, followed by the ladies.

Fulv. Sir, your daughter :
 It seems the accident has arriv'd at her
Duke. Arriv'd at her ? Fame will soon spread
 it, Fulvio,
 About the world, and we shall be their mockery.—
 He's dead, they tell me, girl, poison'd, they say, too.
Eug. Oh my Philenzo

Re-enter GRUTTI and BONAMICO, followed by officers bringing in PHILENZO's body, which is laid upon a carpet.

Duke Eugenia, 'shalt not marry Florence now,
 Nor any other, since Philenzo's dead,
 But thou wilt not believe me,—had he liv'd.
 He had been thine; that minute took him hence,
 Wherein I first resolv'd to have given thee to him

Eug. Oh, do not mock me, sir, to add to my
 Affliction, you ne'er would give me to him

Duke May heaven forgive me never then, but
 what

Avails too late compunction ?—Noble gentleman,
 Thou shalt have princely funeral, and carry
 On thy cold marble the inscription of
 Our son in death, and my Eugenia's husband.

Fulv. Madam, this sorrow for his loss is real.
 We met the Florentine ambassador,
 Who told me the expectation of that prince

Was now dissolv'd, and messengers were sent
To stay the execution

Duke Who now
Shall marry my Eugenia? I have undone
The hope of our posterity.

Eug Not so, sir,
If yet you'll give me leave to make my choice,
I'll not despair to find a husband.

Duke Where?

Eug Here, royal sir Philenzo is not dead,
But made, by virtue of a drink, to seem so;
Thus to prevent his suffering, that I might,
Or other friend, by my confederacy,
By begging of his body fit for burial,
Preserve him from your anger

Duke Dost not mock me?

Eug Let me beg your pardon,
Confident of your change to mercy, I have
Confess'd what terror could not force me to

Enter MORELLO.

Grut. This is pretty, Dondolo.

Duke Blessings fall doubly on thee!

Eug He expects not
Such a full stream of happiness; heaven dispose him
To meet it quickly!

Per. Here are strange turnings, see! he stirs

Phil [*awaking*] Where am I, now? no matter
where I be,

'Tis heaven if my Eugenia meet me here;
She made some promise, sure, to such a purpose
This music sounds divinely; ha! Eugenia!
'Tis so, let us dwell here for eternity,
If I be dead, I will not live again,
If living—ha! [*seeing the duke*]—I'm lost, lost for
ever

Duke Not found till now; take her, a gift from
me,
And call me father.

Phil. I am not yet awake.

Eug. Thou art, Philenzo, and all this is truth,
My father is converted

Phil. [*rising*]—"Tis a miracle.

Duke. You must believe it
In sign how we are pleas'd, proclaim this day,
Through Mantua, a pardon to all offenders,
As amply as when we took our crown.

Mor. Then my petticoat is discharg'd.

Dond. Now, lady, you are free.

Grut. Make me happy to renew my suit.

Mor. And mine, shall we to barley-break? I
was in hell last, 'tis little less to be in a petticoat,
sometimes

Phil. Madam, vouchsafe him kiss your hand,
We owe him much

Duke. We'll take him to our service.

Bon. I am too much honour'd.*

Duke. And you into our bosom, this day shall
Be consecrate to triumph, and may time,
When 'tis decreed the world shall have an end,
By revolution of the year make this
The day that shall conclude all memories. [*Exeunt.*

* The quarto has Dondolo's name prefixed to this short speech; and is followed by Dodsley. It must assuredly be as it stands in the text, as he is evidently referred to by Philenzo

HYDE PARK.

HIDE PARK] This pleasant comedy was licensed in April, 1632. It was first printed in 1637. The title of the old copy is "*Hide Park, a Comedie, as it was presented by her Majesty's Servants, at the private house in Drury Lane. Written by James Shirley.*" It appears to have been a great favourite with the public

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY EARL OF HOLLAND,¹

KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER,
ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S MOST HONOURABLE PRIVY
COUNCIL, CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF
CAMBRIDGE, &c.

MY LORD,

THE comedy, in the title, is a part of your lordship's command, which heretofore graced and made happy by your smile, when it was presented, after a long silence, upon first opening of the Park, is come abroad to kiss your lordship's hand. The applause it once received in the action, is not considerable with that honour your lordship may give it in your acceptance, that was too large, and might with some narrow and stoical judgment render it suspected but this, depending upon your censure (to me above many theatres) is able to impart a merit to the poem, and prescribe opinion. If your lordship, retired from business into a calm, and at truce with those high affairs wherein your counsel and spirit is fortunately active, vouchsafe to peruse these unworthy papers, you not only give a life to the otherwise languishing numbers, but quicken and exalt the genius of the author, whose heart pointeth at no greater ambition, than to be known,

My Lord,

to your name and honour,

the most humbly devoted,

JAMES SHIRLEY

¹ *Henry earl of Holland*] This was Henry Rich, the first earl of Holland, he was created in the 23d of James the First, and was beheaded with the duke of Hamilton and the lord Capel, in 1648-9, "dying a martyr," as Langbaine says, "to retrieve his former forfeited loyalty to his prince." "To this earl," he adds, "I presume, Hyde Park once might belong, since the title was occasioned by his command to the author."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Bonvile

Fairfield, }
Rider, } *amorous servants to mistress Carol*
Venture, }

Lacy, suitor to mistress Bonavent.

Trier, suitor to Julietta.

*Bonavent, a merchant, supposed to have been lost
at sea.*

Jarvis, servant to mistress Bonavent

Page to Bonvile

Gentlemen

Jockey

Officers

Runners.

Bagpipers

Park-keepers, Servants, &c

Mistress Carol

Mistress Bonavent, supposed a widow.

Julietta, sister to Fairfield.

Waiting-woman.

Milkmaid, &c.

SCENE, London, and Hyde Park.

HYDE PARK.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter TRIER and LACY

Tri And how, and how ?

Lacy The cause depends—

Tri No mistress ?

Lacy Yes, but no wife.

Tri For now she is a widow

Lacy But I resolve—

Tri What does she say to thee ?

Lacy She says—I know not what she says,—
but I

Must take another course, and yet she is—

Tri A creature of much sweetness, if all tongues
Be just in her report, and yet 'tis strange,
Having seven years expected, and so much
Remonstrance of her husband's loss at sea,
She should continue thus.

Lacy What if she should
Renew the bond of her devotion
For seven years more ?

Tri You will have time enough
To pay in your affection.

Lacy. I would make
A voyage to Cassandra's temple first,
And marry a deform'd maid, yet I must
Confess, she gives me a fair respect.

Tri. Has she
A hope her husband may be living yet?

Lacy. I cannot tell; she may have a conceit
Some dolphin has preserv'd him in the storm,
Or that he may be tenant to some whale,
Within whose belly he may practise Lent,
And feed on fish till he be vomited
Upon some coast or, having 'scap'd the seas,
And bills of exchange failing, he might purpose
To foot it o'er the Alps in his return,
And by mischance is fallen among the mice,
With whom, perhaps, he battens upon sleep,
Beneath the snow

Tri. This were a vagary

Lacy. I know not what to think, or, is she not
The wise for the coy lady that lives with her?

Tri. Her kinswoman?

Lacy. Such a malicious piece,
(I mean to love,) 'tis pity any place
But a cold nunnery should be troubled with her
If all maids were but her disciples, we
Should have no generation, and the world,
For want of children, in few years undone by't:
Here's one can tell you more. Is not that Jarvis,
The widow's servant?

Enter VENTURE and JARVIS, meeting.

Vent. Whither in such haste, man?

Jar. I am commanded, sir, to fetch a gentleman.

Vent. To thy mistress? to give her a heat this
morning?

Jar. I have spied him.—With your pardon—

[*Goes to Lacy.*]

Tri. Good morrow, master Venture.

Vent Frank Trier ?

Tri. You

Look high and jocund, Venus has been propitious ,
I dreamt last night thou wert a bridegroom.

Vent Such a thing may be , the wind blows now
From a more happy coast.

Lacy. I must leave you ; I am sent for.

Tri To thy mistress ?

Lacy Without more ceremony, gentlemen, my
service.

Farewell.

[*Exit.*

Vent I'll tell thee, I have a mistress.

Tri I believe it.

Vent And yet I have her not.

Tri But you have hope.

Vent Or rather certainty.

Tri. Why, I hear she is

A very tyrant over men.

Vent Worse, worse,

The needle of a dial never had
So many waverings , but she is touch'd,
And she points only this way now, true north ,
I am her pole

Tri And she your *Ursa minor*.

Vent. I laugh to think how other of her rivals
Will look, when I enjoy her.

Tri. You are not yet contracted ?

Vent No, she chang'd

Some amorous tokens , do you see this diamond ?
A toy she gave me

Tri 'Cause she saw you a spark

Vent Her flame of love is here , and in exchange
She took a chain of pearl

Tri You'll see it hang'd

Vent These to the wise are arguments of love,
And mutual promises

Enter lord BONVILLE and Page.

Tri. Your lordship's welcome to town .
I am blest to see your honour in good health.

Lord B. Prithce visit my lodgings.

Tri I shall presume to tender my humble service
[*Exeunt lord B. and Page.*

Vent. What's he ?

Tri. A sprig of the nobility,
That has a spirit equal to his fortunes ;
A gentleman that loves clean napery.

Vent. I guess your meaning

Tri A lady of pleasure ; 'tis no shame for men
Of his high birth to love a wench , his honour
May privilege more sins : next to a woman,
He loves a running horse —
Setting aside these recreations,
He has a noble nature, valiant, bountiful.

Vent I was of his humour till I fell in love,
I mean for wenching ; you may guess a little,
By my legs , but I will now be very honest,
And when I am married—

Tri Then you are confident
To carry away your mistress from them all ?

Vent From Jove himself, though he should
practise all
His shapes to court her , 'tis impossible
She should put any trick upon me, I
Have won her very soul.

Tri. Her body must
Needs be your own then.

Vent I have a brace of rivals,
Would they were here, that I might jeer them !
And see how opportunely one is come !

Enter RIDER.

I'll make you a little sport.

Tri I have been melancholy,
You will express a favour in't.

Rid. Master Venture ! the first man in my wish ,
What gentleman is that ?

Vent. A friend of mine.

Rid. I am his servant ; look you, we are friends,
And't shall appear, however things succeed,
'That I have lov'd you ; and you cannot take
My counsel in ill part.

Vent. What is the business ?

Rid. For my part, I have
Us'd no enchantment, philter, no devices
That are unlawful, to direct the stream
Of her affection , it flows naturally.

Vent. How's this ?—Prithee observe.

[*Aside to Trier.*

Tri I do, and shall laugh presently.

Rid. For your anger,
I wear a sword, though I have no desire
It should be guilty of defacing any
Part of your body , yet upon a just
And noble provocation, wherein
My mistress' love and honour is engaged,
I dare draw blood.

Tri. Ha, ha, ha !

Vent. *A mistress' love and honour !* this is pretty

Rid. I know you cannot
But understand me , yet, I say I love you,
And with a generous breast, and in the confidence
You will take it kindly, I return to that
I promis'd you, good counsel , come, leave off
The prosecution

Vent. Of what, I prithee ?

Rid. There will be less affront than to expect
VOL. II H h

Till the last minute, and behold the victory
 Another's ; you may guess why I declare this.
 I am studious to preserve an honest friendship ;
 For though it be my glory, to be adorn'd
 With trophies of her vanquish'd love—

Vent. Whose love ?

Tri. This sounds as if he jeer'd you.

[*Aside to Venture*

Vent Mushroom !

[*Draws.*

Tri. What do you mean, gentlemen ? friends,
 and fall out

About good counsel !

Vent. I'll put up again,
 Now I think better on't.

Tri 'Tis done discreetly
 Cover the nakedness of your tool, I pray.

Vent Why, look you, sir ; if you bestow this
 counsel

Out of your love, I thank you , yet there is
 No great necessity, why you should be at
 The cost of so much breath ; things well consi-
 dered :

A lady's love is mortal, I know that,
 And if a thousand men should love a woman,
 The dice must carry her ; but one of all
 Can wear the garland.

Tri Now you come to him

Vent For my own part, I loved the lady well,
 But you must pardon me, if I demonstrate
 There's no such thing as you pretend, and therefore,
 In quitance of your loving, honest counsel,
 I would not have you build an airy castle ,
 Her stars have pointed her another way,
 This instrument will take her height

[*Shews the diamond ring.*

Rul. Ha !

Vent And you may guess what cause you have
 to triumph ;

I would not tell you this, but that I love you,
And hope you will not run yourself into
The cure of Bedlam. He that wears this favour,
Hath sense to apprehend.

Rid. That diamond?

Vent. Observe it perfectly, there are no trophies
Of vanquish'd love, I take it, coming toward you,
*It will be less affront, than to expect
Till the last minute, and behold the victory*
Another's

Rid. That ring I gave her.

Tri Ha, ha, ha!

Vent This was his gift to her, ha, ha, ha!
Have patience, spleen, ha, ha!

Tri The scene is chang'd!

Rid. She will not use me thus, she did receive it
With all the circumstance of love

Vent. I pity him, my eyes run o'er Dost hear?—
I cannot choose but laugh, and yet I pity thee.
She has a jeering wit, and I shall love her
More heartily for this. What dost [thou] think?
Poor gentleman, how he has fool'd himself!

Rid. I'll to her again.

Vent. Nay, be not passionate!
I' faith, thou wert too confident, I knew
It could not hold; dost think I'd say so much,
else?

I can tell thee more, but lose her memory.

Rid. Were it more rich

[*He shews a chain of pearl.*
Than that which Cleopatra gave to Antony,
With scorn I would return it.

Tri She give you this chain?

Rid She shall be hang'd in chains ere I will
keep it

Vent Stay, stay, let my eye
Examine that—this chain?

Rid. Who would trust woman after this?

Vent. The very same
She took of me, when I receiv'd this diamond!

Rid. Ha, ha! you do but jest; she will not
fool

You o' this fashion, look a little better,
One may be like another.

Vent. 'Tis the same.

Rid. Ha, ha! I would it were, that we might
laugh

At one another, by this hand I will
Forgive her: prithee tell me—ha, ha, ha!

Tri You will *carry her*
From Jove himself, though he should practise all
His shapes to court her.

Rid. By this pearl,—O rogue,
How I do love her for't!—be not dejected;
A lady's love is mortal, one of all
Must wear the garland, do not fool yourself
Beyond the cure of Bedlam.

Tri She has fitted you
With a pair of fools coats, [and] as handsomely
As any tailor, that had taken measure.

Vent. Give me thy hand

Tri Nay, lay your heads together
How to revenge it; and so, gentlemen,
I take my leave.

[*Exit.*]

Vent. She has abus'd us.

Rid. Let us take his counsel;
We can be but what we are

Ven. A pair of credulous fools.

Rid. This other fellow, Fairfield, has prevail'd.

Vent. Which if he have—

Rid. What shall we do?

Vent. I think we were best let him alone

Rid. Do you hear? We'll to her again; (you will
Be rul'd by me,) and tell her what we think of her.

Vent. She may come to herself, and be asham'd
on't.

Rid. If she would affect one of us, for my part
I am indifferent

Vent So say I too, but to give us both the
canvas!¹—

Let's walk, and think how to behave ourselves.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.

A Room in Bonavent's House.

Enter mistress BONAVENT and mistress CAROL.

Car. What do you mean to do with him?

Mrs B Thou art

Too much a tyrant, the seven years are past,
That did oblige me to expect my husband,
Engag'd to sea, and though within those limits
Frequent intelligence hath reported him
Lost, both to me, and his own life, I have
Been careful of my vow, and were there hope
Yet to embrace him, I would think another
Seven years no penance: but I should thus
Be held a cruel woman, in his certain
Loss, to despise the love of all mankind.
And therefore I resolve, upon so large
A trial of his constancy, at last
To give him the reward of his respects
To me, and—

Car Marry him

Mrs. B. You have apprehended.

Car No marvel if men rail upon you then,
And doubt whether a widow may be saved.
We maids are thought the worse on, for your easi-
ness

How are poor women overseen! We must
Cast away ourselves upon a whining lover,
In charity: I hope my cousin's ghost

¹ See vol. i. p. 207.

Will meet [you] as you go to church, or if
You 'scape it then, upon the wedding night—

Mrs B Fie! fie!

Car When you are both abed, and candles out.

Mrs B Nay, put not out the candles.

Car May they burn blue then, at his second kiss,
And fright him from—well, I could say something,
But take your course—He's come already

Enter LACY.

Put him off but another twelvemonth. [*Mrs. B.*
walks aside with Lacy]—So, so.

Oh love, into what foolish labyrinths

Dost thou lead us! I would all women were
But of my mind, we would have a new world

Quickly I will go study poetry

On purpose to write verses in the praise

Of th' Amazonian ladies, in whom only

Appears true valour, (for the instruction
Of all posterity,) to beat their husbands

Lacy How you endear your servant!

Car. I will not

Be guilty of more stay

Enter FAIRFIELD

Fair. Sweet lady!

Car. You're come in time, sir, to redeem me.

Fair Why, lady?

Car. You will be as comfortable as strong waters,
There's a gentleman—

Fair. So uncivil to affront you?

Car I had no patience to hear him longer,
Take his offence, before you question him.

Fair. And be most happy if, by any service,
You teach me to deserve your fair opinion.

Car It is not civil to eavesdrop him, but
I'm sure he talks on't now.

Fair. Of what?

Car Of love, is any thing more ridiculous?
You know I never cherish that condition.*
In you 'tis the most harsh, unpleasing discord;
But I hope you will be instructed better,
Knowing how much my fancy goes against it.
Talk not of that, and welcome

Fair. You retain,
I see, your unkind temper, will no thought
Soften your heart? disdain agrees but ill
With so much beauty, if you would persuade
Me not to love you, strive to be less fair;
Undo that face, and so become a rebel
To heaven and nature

Car You do love my face then?

Fair. As heavenly prologue to your mind; I do
not
Doat, like Pygmalion, on the colours.

Car No, you cannot, his was a painted mistress.
Or, if it be the mind you so pretend
To affect, you encrease my wonder of your folly,
For I have told you that so often

Fair. What?

Car. My mind, so opposite to all your courtship,
That I had rather hear the tedious tales
Of Hollingshed, than any thing that trenches
On love. If you come fraught with any o'
Cupid's devices, keep them for his whirligigs;
Or load the next edition of his messenger,
Or post, with a mad packet, I shall but laugh
At them, and pity you

Fair. That pity—

Car. Do not mistake me, it shall be a very
Miserable pity, without love?

* *That condition.*] i. e. (in the old sense of the word) humour, disposition.

Were I a man, and had but half that handsomeness,

(For though I have not love, I hate detraction,) Ere I would put my invention to the sweat Of complement, to court my mistress' hand, And call her smile blessing beyond a sun-beam, Entreat to wait upon her, give her rings With wanton, or most lamentable poesies, I would turn thrasher

Fair This is a new doctrine,
From women

Car 'Twill concern your peace, to have
Some faith in it

Fair. You would not be neglected ?

Car. You neglect
Yourselves, the nobleness of your birth and nature,
By servile flattery of this juggling,
And that coy mistress, keep your privilege,
Your masculine property.

Fair Is there so great
A happiness in nature ?

Car There is one [Points to Lacy]
Just of your mind, *can there be such happiness*
In nature ? Fie upon t, if it were possible,
That ever I should be so mad to love,
To which, I thank my stars, I am not inclin'd,
I should not hold such servants worth my garters,
Though they would put me in security
To hang themselves, and ease me of their visits.

Fair You are a strange gentlewoman, why,
look you, lady :

I am not so enchanted with your virtues,
But I do know myself, and at what distance
To look upon such mistresses ; I can
Be scurvily conditioned, you are—

Car As thou dost hope for any good, rail now
But a little

Fair. I could provoke you.

Car. To laugh, but not to lie down. Why, prithee do

Fair. Go, you are a foolish creature, and not worth My services.

Car. Aloud, that they may hear ,
The more the merrier, I'll take't as kindly
As if thou hadst given me the Exchange What,
all this cloud

Without a shower?

Fair. You are most ingrateful.

Car. Good !

Abominable peevish, and a wench
That would be beaten, beaten black and blue,
And then, perhaps, she may have colour for't.
Come, come, you cannot scold
With confidence, nor with grace , you should look
big,

And swear you are no gamester , practise dice
And cards a little better, you will get
Many confusions and fine curses by't

Fair. Is not she mad?

Car. To shew I have my reason,
I'll give you some good counsel, and be plain with you ,
None that have eyes will follow the direction
Of a blud guide, and what do you think of Cupid?
Women are either fools, or very wise,
Take that from me , the foolish women are
Not worth your love, and if a woman know
How to be wise, she will not care for you.

Fair. Do you give all this counsel without a fee ?
Come, be less wild I know you cannot be
So hard of soul. [*Offers to take her hand,*

Car. Prithee let my body alone !

Fair. Why are you thus peremptory? Had
Your mother been so cruel to mankind,
This heresy to love, with you had been
Unborn

Car. My mother was no maid.

Fair. How, lady ?

Car. She was married long ere I was born, I
 take it,
 Which I shall never be, that rule's infallible ,
 I would not have you fool'd in the expectation,
 A favour all my suitors cannot boast of.
 Go home, and say your prayers, I will not look
 For thanks till seven year hence.

Fair I know not what
 To say , yes, I will home, and think a satire.—
 Was ever man jeer'd thus for his good will!
[Exit.

Mrs. B The license will be soon dispatch'd.

Lacy Leave that
 To my care, lady, and let him presume,
 Whom you intend to bless with such a gift,
 Seal on your lips the assurance of his heart.
[Kisses her.

I have more wings than Mercury ; expect
 Your servant in three minutes.

Car Take more time
 You'll overheat yourself, and catch a surfeit

Lacy My nimble lady, I have business ; we
 Will have a dialogue another time [Exit.

Car. You do intend to marry him, then ?

Mrs B I have promised
 To be his wife , and, for his more security,
 This morning—

Car. How ! this morning ?

Mrs B What should one,
 That has resolv'd, lose time ? I do not love
 Much ceremony ; suits in love should not,
 Like suits in law, be rack'd from term to term.

Car. You will join issue presently, without your
 council,
 You may be o'erthrown , take heed, I have known
 wives
 That have been o'erthrown in their own case, and
 after
 Nonsuited too, that's twice to be undone.

But take your course ; some widows have been mortified.

Mrs. B. And maids do now and then meet with their match

Car. What is in your condition makes you weary ?

You are sick of plenty and command , you have
Too, too much liberty, too many servants ;
Your jewels are your own, and you would see
How they will shew upon your husband's wagtail.
You have a coach now, and a christian livery
To wait on you to church, and are not catechis'd
When you come home , you have a waiting-woman,
A monkey, squirrel, and a brace of islands,³
Which may be thought superfluous in your family.
When husbands come to rule A pretty wardrobe,
A tailor of your own, a doctor too,
That knows your body, and can make you sick
I' the spring, or fall, or when you have a mind to't,
Without control , you have the benefit
Of talking loud and idle at your table,
May sing a wanton ditty, and not be chid,
Dance, and go late to bed, say your own prayers,
Or go to heaven by your chaplain

Mrs. B. Very fine

Car. And will you lose all this, for
I, Cicely, take thee, John, to be my husband ?
Keep him still to be your servant ;
Imitate me , a hundred suitors cannot
Be half the trouble of one husband. I
Dispose my frowns and favours like a princess ,
Deject, advance, undo, create again ,
It keeps the subjects in obedience,
And teaches 'em to look at me with distance

³ *And a brace of islands,*] 1 c. shock-dogs They are noticed by all the dramatists of those days, and seem to have been the favourites of the ladies *Island* is the old way of writing *Iceland*.

Enter VENTURE and RIDER.

Mrs. B. But you encourage some.

Car. 'Tis when I have nothing else to do, for sport,
As, for example—

Mrs. B. But I am not now in tune to hear 'em ;
prithee

Let's withdraw [*Exeunt.*

Vent. Nay, nay, lady, we must follow you.
[*Exeunt Vent. and Rid.*

ACT II. SCENE I

An outer Room in Bonavent's House.

Enter BONAVENT in disguise, listening

Bona. Music and revels ! they are very merry

Enter a Servant.

By your favour, sir.

Ser. You are welcome

Bona Pray, is this a dancing school ?

Ser No dancing school

Bona And yet some voices sound like women

Ser. Wilt please you

To taste a cup of wine ? 'tis this day free

As at a coronation , you seem

A gentleman

Bona. Prithee, who dwells here ?

Ser. The house this morning was a widow's, sir,
But now her husband's, without circumstance,
She is married.

Bona. Prithee, her name ?

Ser. Her name was mistress Bonavent.

Bona How long [is't,] since her husband died ?

Ser. 'Tis two years since she had intelligence
He was cast away ; at his departure, he
Engag'd her to a seven years expectation,
Which full expir'd, this morning she became
A bride

Bona What's the gentleman she has married ?

Ser. A man of pretty fortune, that has been
Her servant many years.

Bona How do you mean ?

Wantonly ? or does he serve for wages ?

Ser Neither, I mean a suitor

Bona Cry mercy, may I be acquainted with
his name ?

Ser And his person too, if you have a mind to't ;
Master Lacy, I'll bring you to him.

Bona Master Lacy, may be 'tis he, would thou
could'st help me to

A sight of this gentleman ! I have business with
One of his name, and cannot meet with him

Ser. Please you walk in.

Bona. I would not be [an] intruder
In such a day, if I might only see him.—

Ser. Follow me, and I'll do you that favour

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter LACY, mistress BONAVENT, RIDER, CAROL,
and VENTURE, dancing ; followed at a distance
by BONAVENT.

Vent. Who is that peeps ?

Lacy Peeps !—Who is that ? [*bringing forward*
Bonavent]—Faith, you shall dance

Bona. Good sir, you must excuse me, I am a stranger.

Lacy. Your tongue does walk our language, and your feet

Shall do as we do : take away his cloke
And sword.—By this hand, you shall dance, Mon-

sieur,
No *pardonnez moi.*

Car. Well said, master bridegroom,
The gentleman may perhaps want exercise.

Mrs B. He will not take it well.

Vent The bridegroom's merry.

Lacy Take me no takes ;
Come, choose your firk,⁴ for dance you shall.

Bona I cannot ,
You'll not compel me ?

Lacy. I have sworn.

Bona 'Tis an affront , as I am a gentleman,
I know not how to foot your chamber jigs

Lacy No remedy ; here's a lady longs for one
vagary.—

Fill a bowl of sack, and then to the Canaries.

Bona You are circled with your friends, and do
not well

To use this privilege to a gentleman's
Dishonour.

Lacy. You shall shake your heels.

Bona. I shall ?

Ladies, it is this gentleman's desire
That I should make you mirth , I cannot dance,
I tell you that afore.

Mrs. B. He seems to be a gentleman and a soldier.

Car Good Mars be not so sullen , you'll do more
With Venus privately.

⁴ Come, choose your *firk*.] Either you *dance*, or your *partner*, at the reader's choice

Bona. Because this gentleman is engag'd, I'll try. [*A Dance.*]

Will you excuse me yet?

Lacy. Play *excuse me*; yes, any thing you'll call for

Car. 'This motion every morning will be wholesome

And beneficial to your body, sir.

Bona So, so.

Car Your pretty lump requires it

Bona. Where's my sword, sir? I have been your hobby-horse

Car. You danced something like one.

Bona Jeer on, my whimsy lady

Mrs. B Pray impute it

No trespass studied to affront you, sir,

But to the merry passion of a bridegroom.

Lacy. Prithce stay: we'll to Hyde Park together.

Bona There you [may] meet with morris-dancers: for

You, lady, I wish you more joy, so farewell. [*Exit*

Lacy. Come, let's have t'other whirl, lustily, boys! [*They dance in*]

SCENE III.

A Room in Fairfield's House.

Enter FAIRFIELD, JULIETTA, and *Waiting-woman.*

Jul You are resolv'd then?

Fair. I have no other cure left,

And if I do it not quickly, my affection

May be too far spent, and all physic will

Be cast away

Jul. You will shew a manly fortitude.

Fair When saw you master Trier ?

Jul. Not since yesterday.

Fair Are not his visits frequent ?

Jul He does see me sometimes.

Fair. Come, I know thou lov'st him, and he will
Deserve it ; he's a pretty gentleman.

Jul. It was your character, that first commended
Him to my thoughts

Fair. If he be slow to answer it,
He loses me again , his mind, more than
His fortune, gain'd me to his praise : but I
Trifle my precious time
Farewell ! all my good wishes stay with thee.

[*I x*

Enter TRIER

Jul. And mine attend you !—Master Trier !

Tri I come to kiss your hand

Jul. And take your leave ?

Tri. Only to kiss't again !

Jul. You begin to be a stranger , in two mornings
Not one visit, where you profess affection !

Tri I should be surfeited with happiness
If I should dwell here.

Jul. Surfeits in the spring
Are dangerous, and yet I never heard,
A lover would absent him from his mistress
Through fear to be more happy ; but I allow
That for a complement, and dispute not with you
A reason of your actions. You are now welcome,
And though you should be guilty of neglect,
My love would overcome any suspicion.

Tri. You are all goodness.—

Enter a Servant, and whispers Trier.

With me ? prithee admit him

[*Exit Ser.*

Enter Page.

Page Sir, my lord saw you enter, and desires
To speak with you

Tri. His lordship shall command, where is he?

Page. Below, sir.

Tri. Say, I instantly wait on him — [*Exit Page.*
Shall I presume upon your favour, lady?

Jul. In what?

Tri. That I may entreat him hither? you will
honour me

To bid him welcome, he is a gentleman
To whom I owe all services, and in
Himself is worthy of your entertainment.

Jul. If he be your's, command me.

Enter lord BONVILLE, and Page.

Tri. My lord, excuse—

Lord B. Nay, I prevent your trouble.—Lady, I am
Your humble servant — Pardon my intrusion,
I have no business, only I saw you enter.

Tri. Your lordship honours me.

Lord B. What gentlewoman's this?

Tri. Why—

[*Whispers him.*

Lord B. A lady of pleasure! I like her eye, it has
A pretty twirl with't, will she bid one welcome?

Tri. Be confident, my lord — Sweet lady, pray
Assure his lordship he is welcome.

Jul. I want words

Lord B. Oh, sweet lady, your lip in silence
Speaks the best language

Jul. Your lordship's welcome to this humble
roof

Lord B. I am confirm'd

[*Aside*

Tri. If you knew, lady, what
Perfection of honour dwells in him,

You would be studious, with all ceremony
To entertain him ! besides, to me
His lordship's goodness hath so flow'd, you cannot
Study, what will oblige [me] more than in
His welcome

Lord B Come, you complement.

Jul Though I want both ability and language,
My wishes shall be zealous to express me
Your humble servant

Lord B Come, that *humble* was
But complement in you, too.

Jul. I would not
Be guilty of dissembling with your lordship ;
I know words [that] have more proportion
With my distance to your [noble] birth and fortune,
Than humble servant.

Lord B I do not love these distances.

Tri You would have her be more humble.—

This will try her,

If she resist his siege, she is a brave one,
I know he'll put her to't He that doth love
Wisely, will see the trial of his mistress,
And what I want in impudence myself,
Another may supply for my advantage ,
I'll frame excuse [Aside.]

Lord B. Frank, thou art melancholy

Tri. My lord, I now reflected on a business
Concerns me equal with my fortune, and
It is the more unhappy that I must
So rudely take my leave.

Lord B. What ! not so soon ?

Tri. Your honour's pardon.

Jul. Are you, sir, in earnest ?

Tri. Love will instruct you to interpret fairly ,
They are affairs that cannot be dispensed with.—
I leave this noble gentleman.

Jul. He's a stranger ;

You will not use me well, and shew no care
Of me, nor of my honour; I pray stay.

Tri. Thou hast virtue to secure all; I am confident,

Temptations will shake thy innocence
No more than waves that climb a rock, which soon
Betray their weakness,—and discover thee
More clear and more impregnable

Jul How is this?

Tri. Farewell.

I will not sin against your honour's clemency,
To doubt your pardon.

Lord B. Well, an there be no remedy, I shall
see you
Anon in the Park, the match holds.—[*Exit Trier.*]

I am not willing
To leave you alone, lady.

Jul I have a servant.

Lord B. You have many; in their number pray
write me,
I shall be very dutiful

Jul Oh, my lord.

Lord B. And when I have done a fault, I shall
be instructed,
But with a smile, to mend it.

Jul. Done what fault?

Lord B. Faith, none at all, if you but think so.

Jul I think your lordship would not willingly
Offend a woman.

Lord B. I would never hurt 'em,
It has been my study still to please those
women,

That fell within my conversation.
I am very tender-hearted to a lady,
I can deny them nothing.

Jul. The whole sex
Is bound to you.

Lord B. If they well consider'd things,
I i 2

And what a stickler I am in their cause,
 The common cause, but most especially
 How zealous I am in a virgin's honour,
 As all true knights should be, no woman could
 Deny me hospitality. and let down,
 When I desire access, the rude portcullice :
 I have a natural sympathy with fair ones,
 As they do, I do, there's no handsome woman
 Complains, that she has lost her maidenhead,
 But I wish mine had been lost with it.

Jul Your lordship's merry.

Lord B 'Tis because you look pleasant.—
 A very handsome lodging, is there any
 Accommodations that way.

Jul There's a garden,
 Wilt please your lordship taste the air on't.

Lord B. I meant other conveniency; but if
 You please, I'll wait upon you thither.

[*Exeunt lord B. and Jul*

Page. You and I had better stay, and in their
 absence

Exercise one another

Wait. How mean you, page?

Page. I'll teach you a way that we may follow
 'em,

And not remove from hence.

Wait. How, prithee?

Page. Shall I beg your lip?

Wait. I cannot spare it

Page. I'll give you both mine.

Wait. What means the child?

Page Because I have no upper lip, do you
 scorn me?

I have kiss'd ladies before now, and have
 Been sent for to their chambers.

Wait. You sent for!

Page. Yes, and been trusted with their closets
 too!

We are such pretty things, we can play at
All hid under a fardingale ; how long
Have you been a waiting creature ?

Wait Not a month yet

Page. Nay then, I cannot blame your ignorance .
You have perhaps your maidenhead.

Wait. I hope so.

Page Oh, lamentable ! away with it, for shame
Chaffer it with the coachman, for the credit
Of your profession , do not keep it long,
'Tis fineable in court

Wait Good master page,
How long have you been skill'd in those affairs ?

Page. E'er since I was in breeches , and you'll
find

Your honesty so troublesome

Wait How so ?

Page. When you have truck'd away your maid-
enhead,

You have excuse lawful to put off gamesters,
For you may swear, and give 'em satisfaction,
You have not what they look'd for , beside the
benefit

Of being impudent as occasion serves,
A thing much in request with waiting creatures .

We pages can instruct you in that quality,
So you be tractable.

Wait The boy is wild

Page. An you will lead me a chase, I'll follow
you. *[Exeunt*

SCENE IV

A Room in Bonavent's House.

Enter CAROL, RIDER, and VENTURE.

Car. Why, did you ever think I could affect,
Of all men living, such a thing as you are?
What hope, or what encouragement did I give you?
Because I took your diamond, must you presently
Bound like a ston'd-horse?

Rid She's a very colt!

Car 'Cause you can put your hat off like a
dancer,

And make a better leg than you were born to,
For, to say truth, your calf is well amended,
Must this so overtake me, that I must
Straight fall in love with you? one step to church,
Another into the sheets? more to a bargain,
You are wide a bow, and something overshot

Vent Then this is all that I must trust to, you
Will never have me?

Car In my right mind, I think so
Why, prithee tell me, what I should do with thee?

Vent Can you find nothing to do with me?

Car. To find my monkey spiders, were an office,
Perhaps, you would not execute?

Vent You are a gipsy,
And none of the twelve Sybils in a tavern,
Have such a tann'd complexion, there be dogs
And horses in the world.

Car. They'll keep you company

Vent. Tell me of spiders!
I'll wring your monkey's neck off.

Car. And then puzzle
Your brain to make an elegy, which shall be sung

To the tune of the *Devil and the Baker* ; good !
You have a pretty ambling wit in summer ;
Do you let[*it*] out, or keep[*t*] for your own riding ?
Who holds your stirrup, while you jump
Into a jest, to the endangering
Of your ingenious quodlibets ?

Rid Come, thou hast said enough.

Car. To him , you would have some ?

Rid. Some testimony of your love, if it please you

Car. Indeed I have heard you are a precious
gentleman,

And in your younger [days] could play at trap well.

Rid Fare you well, gentlewoman ! by this light
a devil ,

I'll follow my old game of horse-racing.

Vent. I could tear her ruff ! I would thou wert
A whore, then I'd be reveng'd, and bring the
'prentices

To arraign thee on Shrovetuesday, a pox upon you !

Enter FAIRFIELD.

Car A third man, a third man ! two fair games-
ters !

Rid. For shame ! let's go

Car. Will you stay, gentlemen ? you have no
more wit [Exeunt *Vent.* and *Rid.*

To vent ! keep your heads warm in any case,
There may be dregs in the bottom o' the brain pan.
Which may turn to somewhat in seven years , and
set

You up again.—Now, sir.

Fair Lady, I am come to you.

Car. It does appear so.

Fair. To take my leave.

Car. 'Tis granted, sir ; good bye.

Fair. But you must stay and hear a little more

I promise not to trouble you with courtship,
I am as weary as you can be displeased with't

Car. On these conditions, I would have the patience

To hear the brazen head speak

Fair. Whether, or how I purpose to dispose
Myself hereafter, as I know you have
No purpose to enquire, I have no great
Ambition to discourse ; but how I have
Studied your fair opinion, I remit
To time, and come now only to request
That you would grant, in lieu of my true service,
One boon at parting

Car. *Fort bon !* proceed

Fair. But you must swear to perform truly
what

I shall desire , and that you may not think
I come with any cunning to deceive you,
You shall except whate'er you would deny me ;
And after all, I'll make request.

Car. How's this ?

Fair. But it concerns my life, or what can else
Be nearer to me, that you swear

Car. To what ?

Fair. When you have made exceptions, and
thought

What things in all the world you will exempt
From my petition, I'll be confident
To tell you my desire

Car. This is fair play.

Fair. I would not for an empire, by a trick
Oblige you to perform what should displease you.

Car. 'Tis a very strange request , are you in
earnest ?

Ere you begin, shall I except ? 'tis odds
But I may include, what you have a mind to, then
Where's your petition ?

Fair. I will run that hazard.

Car. You will? why, look you; for a little mirth's sake,
And since you come so honestly, because
You shall not say, I am compos'd of marble,
I do consent

Fair Swear.

Car. I am not come to that;
I'll first set bounds to your request, and when
I have left nothing for you worth my grant,
I'll take a zealous oath to grant you any thing.

Fair. You have me at your mercy.

Car. First, you shall not
Desire that I should love you.

Fair. That's first; proceed.

Car. No more but *proceed*? Do you know
what I say?

Fair. Your first exception forbids to ask
That you should love me

Car. And you are contented?

Fair. I must be so.

Car. What, in the name of wonder, will he ask
me? *[Aside*

You shall not desire me to marry you.

Fair. That's the second

Car. You shall neither directly, nor indirectly,
wish me to lie with you.

Have I not clipt the wings of your conceit?

Fair. That's the third.

Car. *That's the third*! is there any thing a
young man would
Desire of his mistress, when he must neither love,
marry, nor lie with her?

Fair. My suit is still untouch'd.

Car. Suit! if you have another 'tis out of
fashion,

You cannot beg my state, yet I would willingly
Give part of that, to be rid of thee

Fair. Not one jewel.

Car. You would not have me spoil my face,
drink poison,
Or kill any body?

Fair. Goodness forbid, that I should wish your danger!

Car. Then you would not have me ride through
the city naked,
As once a princess of England did through
Coventry?

Fair. All my desires are modest.

Car. You shall not beg my parrot, nor entreat me
To fast, or wear a hairy smock

Fair. None of these

Car. I will not be confin'd to make me ready
At ten, and pray till dinner, I will play
At gleek as often as I please, and see
Plays when I have a mind to't, and the races,
Though men should run Adamites before me

Fair. None of these trench on what I have to ask.

Car. Why, then I swear——stay,
You shall not ask me before company
How old I am, a question most untoothsome.
I know not what to say more; I'll not be
Bound from Spring-garden, and the 'Sparagus.
I will not have my tongue tied up, when I've
A mind to jeer my suitors, among which
Your worship shall not doubt to be remember'd,
For I must have my humour, I am sick else;
I will not be compell'd to hear your sonnets,
A thing before I thought to advise you of,
Your words of hard concoction, [your] rude poetry,
Have much impaired my health, try sense another
while

And calculate some prose according to
The elevation of our pole at London,
As says the learned almanack—but, come on,
And speak your mind, I have done, I know not
what

More to except; if it be none of these,
And, as you say, feasible on my part,
I swear

Fair. By what?

Car. For once, a kiss, it may be a parting blow
By that I will perform what you desire. [*Kisses him.*]

Fair. In few words thus receive it: by that oath
I bind you never to desire my company
Hereafter, for no reason to affect me,
This, I am sure, was none of your exceptions.

Car. What has the man said?

Fair. 'Tis clear, I am confident,
To your understanding

Car. You have made me swear
That I must never love you, nor desire
Your company.

Fair. I know you will not violate
What you have sworn, so all good thoughts possess
you

Car. Was all this circumstance for this? I never
Found any inclination to trouble him
With too much love, why should he bind me
from it,

And make me swear² an oath that, for the present,
I had no affection to him, had been reasonable,
But for the time to come, never to love,
For any cause or reason, that may move me
Hereafter, very strange¹ I know not what to think
on't,

Although I never meant, to think well of him,
Yet to be limited, and be prescrib'd,
I must not do it,—'twas a poor trick in him,
But I'll go practise something to forget it [*Exit.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Part of Hyde Park.**Enter lord BONVILLE and JULIETTA.*

Lord B. Lady, you are welcome to the spring ;
the Park
Looks fresher to salute you : how the birds
On every tree sing, with more cheerfulness
At your access, as if they prophesied
Nature would die, and resign her providence
To you, fit only to succeed her !

Jul You express
A master of all complement , I have
Nothing but plain humility, my lord,
To answer you

Lord B. But I'll speak our own English,
Hang these affected strains, which we sometimes
Practise, to please the curiosity
Of talking ladies , by this lip thou'rt welcome,
[*Kisses her.*

I'll swear a hundred oaths upon that book,
An't please you.

Enter TRIER, behind

Tri. They are at it.

Jul. You shall not need, my lord, I'm not incredulous,
I do believe your honour, and dare trust
For more than this.

Lord B. I will not break my credit
With any lady that dares trust me.

Jul. She had a cruel heart, that would not venture
Upon the engagement of your honour.

Lord B. What?

What durst thou venture now, and be plain with
me?

Jul. There's nothing in the verge of my com-
mand,
That should not serve your lordship

Lord B. Speak, speak truth,
And flatter not, on what security?

Jul. On that which you propounded, sir, your
honour

It is above all other obligation,
And he that's truly noble, will not stain it.

Lord B. Upon my honour will you lend me then
But a night's lodging?

Jul. How, sir?

Lord B. She is angry;
I shall obtain, I know the trick on't; had
She yielded at the first, it had been fatal. [*Aside.*

Jul. It seems your lordship speaks to one you
know not

Lord B. But I desire to know you better, lady

Jul. Better I should desire, my lord.

Lord B. Better or worse, if you dare venture
one,
I'll hazard t' other.

Jul. 'Tis your lordship's mirth.

Lord B. You're in the right, 'tis the best mirth
of all.

Jul. I'll not believe, my lord, you mean so wan-
tonly
As you profess.

Lord B. Refuse me, if I do not.
Not mean? I hope you have more charity
Than to suspect, I'll not perform as much,
And more than I have said, I knew my fault,

I am too modest when I undertake,
But when I am to act, let me alone.

Tri. You shall be alone no longer.—

[*Comes forward.*]

My good lord

Lord B. Frank Trier !

Tri. Which side holds your honour

Lord B. I am o' thy side, Frank.

Tri. I think so,

For all the Park's against me ; but six to four
Is odds enough.

Jul. Is it so much against you ?

Tri. Lady, I think 'tis two to one.

Lord B. We were on even terms till you came
hither —

I find her yielding — And when do they run ?

Tri. They say presently.

Lord B. Will you venture any thing, lady ?

Tri. Perhaps she reserves herself for the horse-
race.

Jul. There I may venture somewhat with his
lordship

Lord B. That was a witty one.

[*Aside.*]

Tri. You will be doing.

Lord B. You are for the footmen.

Tri. I run with the company

Enter RIDER and VENTURE

Vent. I'll go your half.

Rid. No, thank you, Jack, would I had ten
pieces more on't !

Lord B. Which side ?

Rid. On the Irishman

Lord B. Done ; I'll maintain the English.

As many more with you ;
I love to cherish our own countrymen.

Vent. 'Tis done, my lord.

Tri. I'll rook for once ; my lord,
I'll hold you twenty more.

Lord B. Done with you, too.

Jul. Your lordship is very confident.

Lord B. I'll lay with you, too.

Tri. Lie with her, he means. [*Aside*

Lord B. Come , you shall venture something.
What gold against a kiss ? but if you lose,
You shall pay it formally down upon my lip

Tri. Though she should win, it would be held
extortion

To take your money

Jul. Rather want of modesty,
A greater sin, if you observe the circumstance.
I see his lordship has a disposition
To be merry, but proclaim not this free lay
To every one ; some women in the world
Would hold you all day

Lord B. But not all night, sweet lady

Vent. Will you not see them, my lord ?

Lord B. Frank Trier, you'll wait upon this
gentlewoman ,

I must among the gamesters, I shall quickly
Return to kiss your hand. [*Exit.*

Tri. How do you like this gallant ?

Jul. He's one it becomes not me to censure.

Tri. Do you not find him coming ? a wild gen-
tleman ,

You may in time convert him.

Jul. You made me acquainted with him to that
purpose,

It was your confidence , I'll do what I can,
Because he is your noble friend, and one
In whom was hid so much perfection
Of honour, for at first 'twas most invisible.

But it begins to appear, and I do perceive
A glimmering, it may break out a flame,
I shall know all his thoughts at our next conference ,
He has a secret to impart, he says,
Only to me.

Tri. And will you hear it ?

Jul Yes, sir ;

If it be honourable, there is no harm in't,
If otherwise, you do not doubt my innocence.

Tri But do not tempt a danger.

Jul From his lordship ?

Tri. I do not say from him.

Jul. From mine own frailty ?

Tri I dare not conclude that, but from the
matter

Of his discourse, on which there may depend
A circumstance, that may not prove so happy.

Jul Now I must tell you, sir, I see your heart
Is not so just as I deserve , you have
Engag'd me to his conversation,
Provok'd by jealous thoughts, and now your fear
Betrays your want of goodness, for he never
Was right at home, that dare suspect his mistress.
Can love degenerate in noble breasts ?
Collect the arguments, that could invite you
To this unworthy trial, bring them to
My forehead, where you shall inscribe their names
For virgins to blush at me, if I do not
Fairly acquit myself

Tri. Nay, be not passionate.

Jul I am not, sir, so guilty to be angry ,
But you shall give me leave, unless you will
Declare, you dare not trust me any further,
Not to break off so rudely with his lordship.
I will hear what he means to say to me,
And if my counsel may prevail with you,
You shall not interrupt us , have but patience,
I'll keep the story for you, and assure

My ends have no base mixture, nor my love
To you could bribe me to the least dishonour,
Much less a stranger ; since I have gone so far
By your commission, I will proceed
A little further, at my peril, sir

Tri. I know thou art proof against a thousand
engines.

Pursue what ways you please [*They walk aside.*]

Enter LACY, *mistress* BONAVENT, *mistress* CAROL,
and *Servant*

Jul. This morning married ? —

Tri. That [*s*] your brother's mistress

Jul. She that jeers

All within gun-shot ?

Tri. In the way of suitors,
She is reported such a tyrant.

Jul. My brother.

Enter FAIRFIELD.

Fair. Frank Trier.

Jul. Brother, do you know that gentlewoman ?

Fair. 'Tis she ; then you and I must seem more
familiar,

And you—[*to Lacy*]—shall not be angry.

Lacy. What gentlewoman's that ?

Tri. She does not know thee.

Car. [*seeing Fair. and Jul.*]—Was this his rea-
son ? [*aside.*]—Pray, if you love me, let's
Walk by that gentleman.

Lacy. Master Fairfield.

Car. Is that well-truss'd gentleman one of them
that run ?

Mrs. B. Your sweetheart.

Car. Ha, ha ! I'd laugh at that.

If you allow a bushel of salt to acquaintance,

Pray vouchsafe two words to a bargain, while you live.

I scarce remember him.—Keep in, great heart.

[*Aside*]

Enter BONAVENT.

Lacy Oh sir, you are very well met here.

Bona. We are met indeed, sir, thank you for
your music

Lacy It is not so much worth.

Bona I made you merry, master bridegroom.

Lacy I could not choose but laugh.

Bona Be there any races here?

Lacy Yes, sir, horse and foot

Bona You'll give me leave to take my course,
then

Car. This is the captain that did dance.

Bona. Not so nimbly as your wit, pray let me
ask you a question, [*Takes Car. aside*
I hear that gentlewoman's married.

Car Married! without question, sir

Bona. Do you think he has been aforehand?

Car. How do you mean?

Bona In English, has he play'd the forward
gamester,
And turn'd up trump?

Car. Before the cards be shuffled?—
I lay my life you mean a coat card

Deal again, you gave one too many
In the last trick, yet I'll tell you what I think.

Bona. What?

Car. I think she and you might have shewn
more wit

Bona. Why she and I?

Car. She to have kept herself a widow, and you
Not to have asked me such a foolish question;
But if she had been half so wise, as in

My conscience she is honest, you had miss'd
That excellent occasion, to shew
Your notable skill in dancing, but it pleas'd
The learned Destinies to put things together,
And so we separate [They come forward.

Bona. Fare you well, mistress

Car. [to *Rider*] — Come hither; go to that
gentleman, master Fairfield—

[Whispers him.

Mrs. B. Prithee, sweetheart, who runs?

Lacy. An Irish and an English footman

Mrs. B. Will they run this way?

Lacy. Just before you, I must have a bet [Exit

Mrs. B. Nay, nay, you shall not leave me

Car. Do it discreetly; [Exit *Rider*] I must
speak to him,

To ease my heart, I shall burst else, [Aside

We'll expect 'em here — Cousin, do they run
naked?

Mrs. B. That were a most immodest sight.

Car. Here have been such fellows, cousin

Mrs. B. It would fright the women.

Car. Some are of opinion it brings us hither.

[Noise within.

Hark, what a confusion of tongues there is!

Let you and I venture a pair of gloves

Upon their feet; I'll take the Irish.

Mrs. B. 'Tis done, but you shall pay, if you
lose.

Car. Here's my hand, you shall have the gloves,
if you win.

[A cry within] *A Teague! a Teague! Make
way, for shame!*

Mrs. B. I think they are started.

*The two Runners cross the stage, followed by lord
BONVILE, VENTURE, and others*

Lord B. I hold any man forty pieces, yet.

Vent A hundred pounds to ten ! a hundred pieces to ten ! will no man take me ?

Bona I hold you, sir

Vent. Well, you shall see —

[Within] — *A Teague ! a Teague ! hey !*

Tri Ha ! well run Irish !

[*Exeunt all but Carol and Mrs. B.*]

Mrs. B. He may be in a bog anon.

Car. Can they tell what they do in this noise ?
Pray heaven it do not break into the tombs
At Westminster, and wake the dead.

Re-enter FAIRFIELD and JULIETTA

Fair. She's yonder still, she thinks thee a new mistress.

Jul I observe her.

Re-enter TRIER.

Fair. How go things, Frank ?
Prithee observe that creature

Tri She leers this way.

Fair. I have done such a strange cure upon her !
She has sent for me, and I will entreat thee, Frank,
To be a witness of my triumph ; 'tis
Now in my power to punish all her jeers ,
But I'll go to her : thou shalt keep at distance,
Only to hear how miraculously
I have brought things about.

Tri The cry returns [*Exeunt Fair. and Tri*]
[Within] — *Make way there ! a Teague ! a*
Teague ! a Teague !

The two Runners recross the stage, followed by
lord BONVILLE, VENTURE, BONAVENT, &c.

Vent. Forty, fifty, a hundred pieces to ten !

Bona. I hold you.

Vent. Well, you shall see, you shall see.

Bona. This gentleman does nothing but talk ;
he makes good no bet

Ven. Talk ? you prate ; I'll make good what I
please, sir.

Bona. Make the best you can of that.

[*They switch, and then draw.*]

Mrs B. For heaven's sake, let's remove.

Car. What ! for a naked weapon ?

[*Exeunt Mrs. B. and Carol.*]

Lord B. Fight, gentlemen,

You are fine fellows, 'tis a noble cause —

[*Exeunt Venture and Bonavent.*]

Come, lady, I'll discharge your fears

A cup of sack, and Anthony at the Rose,

Will reconcile their furies.

[*Exeunt Bonvile and Julietta.*]

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Park

Enter FAIRFIELD and TRIER.

Fair. I make a doubt whether I should go to her,
Upon a single summons.

Tri. By any means

Fair. What women are forbidden
They're mad to execute ; she's here, be you
In the reach of her voice, and see how I will hum-
ble her.

Enter CAROL and RIDER.

Car. But keep at some fit distance.

Rid You honour me, and shall
Command me any service. [Exit.]

Car. He has gone a strange way to work with
me [Aside.]

Fair. Well advised ; observe and laugh, with-
out a noise [Trier drops behind.]

Car. I am ashamed to think what I must say
now. [Aside.]

Fair. By your leave, lady ! I take it you sent for
me ?

Car. You will not be so impudent ? I send for
you !

By whom, or when ?

Fair. Your servant^s—

Car. Was a villain, if he mention'd
I had any such desire, he told me, indeed.
You courted him to entreat me, that I would
Be pleas'd to give you another audience,
And that you swore, I know not what confound you,
You would not trouble me above six words.

Fair. You are prettily dispos'd

Car. With much ado, you see, I have consented
What is it you would say ?

Fair. Nay, what is't you would say ?

Car. [Have] you no prompter, to insinuate
The first word of your studied oration ?—
He's out on's part.—Come, come, I will imagine it,
Was it not something to this purpose—*Lady,*
Or *mistress*, or what you will, *although*
I must confess, you may with justice laugh at
My most ridiculous suit, and you will say
I am a fool—

Fair. You may say any thing.

Car. To come again, whom you have so tor-
mented,

For ne'er was simple camomile so trod on,
Yet still I grow in love, but since there is

^s Your servant.] i e. your lover, he means *Ridei*.

*No hope to thaw your heart, I now am desperate ;
Oh give me, lend me but the silken tie
About your leg, which some do call a garter,
To hang myself, and I am satisfied.
Am not I a witch ?*

Fair I think thou art past it.
Which of the Furies art thou made already ?
I shall depart the world, ne'er fear it, lady,
Without a necklace. Did not you send for me ?

Tri. I shall laugh aloud sure⁶

Car What madness has possess'd you ? have I
not sworn,
You know by what, never to think well of you,
Of all men living, not to desire your company ?
And will you still intrude ? Shall I be haunted
For ever ? no place give me privilege ?
Oh man, what art thou come to ?

Fair Oh woman !
How far thy tongue and heart do live asunder !
Come, I have found you out , off with this veil,
It hides not your complexion , I do tell thee,
I see thy heart, and every thought within it ,
A little peevishness, to save your credit,
Had not been much amiss, but this over-
Over-doing the business,—it appears
Ridiculous, like my suit, as you inferred ;
But I forgive thee, and forget thy tricks
And trillabubs, and will swear to love thee heart-
tily ;

Wenches must have their ways.

Car. Pardon me, sir, if I have seem'd too light ;
It was not rudeness from my heart, but a
Disguise to save my honour, if I found
You still incredulous.

Fair I love thee better
For thy vagaries

Car In vain, I see, I should dissemble with you,

⁶ *I shall laugh aloud sure*] The old copy reads *sir* but
Trier speaks apart from Fairfield and his mistress.

I must confess you have caught me ; had you still
Pursued the common path, I had fled from you ;
You found the constitution of women
In me, whose will, not reason, is their law ;
Most apt to do, what most they are forbidden,
Impatient of curbs in their desires.

Fair. Thou say'st right.

Car. Oh love, I am thy captive ;—
But I am forsworn, am I not, sir ?

Fair. Ne'er think of that.

Car. Ne'er think on't !

Fair. 'Twas a vain oath, and well may be dispens'd with

Car. Oh, sir, be more religious ; I never
Did violate an oath in all my life ;
Though I have been wild, I had a care of that.
An oath's a holy obligation,
And never dreaming of this chance, I took it
With true intention to perform your wishes.

Fair. 'Twas but a kiss, I'll give it thee again.

Car. But 'tis enroll'd in that High Court already.
I must confess, I could look on you now
With other eyes, for my rebellious heart
Is soft and capable of love's impression,
Which may prove dangerous, if I cherish it,
Having forsworn your love.

Fair. Now I am fitted !

I have made twigs to jerk myself. [*aside.*]—Well
thought on !

You shall absolve yourself, your oath does not
Oblige you to perform what you excepted,
And among them, if you remember, you
Said you must have your humour, you'd be sick
else ;

Now, if your humour be to break your oath,
Your obligation's void.

Car. You have reliev'd me !

But do not triumph in your conquest, sir,
Be modest in your victory.

Fair. Will not you
Fly off again, now you're at large?

Car. If you
Suspect it, call some witness of my vows,
I will contract myself.

Fair. And I am provided.—
Frank Trier, appear, and shew thy physuomy.—
He is a friend of mine, and you may trust him.

[*Trier comes forward.*]

Car. What sum of money is it you would
borrow?

Tri. I borrow?

Car. This gentleman, your friend, has fully
Possess'd me with your wants; nay, do not blush,
Debt is no sin. though my own monies, sir,
Are all abroad, yet, upon good security,
Which he answers you can put in, I will speak
To a friend of mine.

Fair. What security?

Car. Yourselves, and two sufficient aldermen,
For men are mortal, and may break.

Fair. What mean you?

Car. You shall have fifty pounds for forty weeks,
'To do you a pleasure

Fair. You'll not use me thus?

Tri. Fare you well;

You have miraculously brought things about [*Exit*]

Car. You work by stratagem and ambuscado.
Do you not think yourself a proper gentleman,
Whom by your want of hair some hold a wit too?
You know my heart, and every thought within it!
How I am caught! do I not melt like honey
I' the dog-days? Why do you look so staring?

Fair. Do not you love me for all this?

Car. Would I had art enough to draw your
picture,
It would shew rarely at the Exchange; you have
A medley in your face of many nations:

Your nose is Roman, which your next debauchment
At tavern, with the help of pot or candlestick,
May turn to Indian, flat, your lip is Austrian,
And you do well to bite it, for your chin,
It does incline to the Bavarian poke,
But seven years may disguise it with a beard,
And make it—more ill favoured, you have eyes,
Especially when you goggle thus, not much
Unlike a Jew's, and yet some men might take 'em
For Turk s, by the two half moons that rise about
'em.—

I am an infidel to use him thus [Aside.

Fair. Till now, I never was myself, farewell
For ever, woman, not worth love or anger.

Car. Do you hear? one word.— I'd fain speak
kindly to him. [Aside

Why dost not rail at me?

Fair. No, I will laugh at thee, and at myself,
To have been so much a fool; you are a fine may-
game.

Car. I shall fool too much [aside]—But one
word more,
By all the faith and love of womankind,
Believe me now—it will not out. [Aside.

Fair. Farewell,

When next I doat upon thee, be a monster

Car. Hark, sir, the nightingale, there is better
luck

Coming towards us.

Fair. When you are out of breath,
You will give over; and for better luck,
I do believe the bird, for I can leave thee,
And not be in love with my own torment.

Car. How, sir?

Fair. I have said; stay you and practise with
the bird,
'Twas Philomel, they say; an thou wert one,
I should new ravish thee. [Exit.

Car. I must to the coach and weep, my heart
will break else ,
I'm glad he does not see me. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I

Another Part of the Park.

Enter lord BONVILE, and JULIETTA

Jul. Whither will you walk, my lord ? you may
engage
Yourself too far, and lose your sport.

Lord B I would
Go farther for a little sport , you mean
The horse-race , they're not come into the Park yet,
I might do something else, and return time
Enough to win five hundred pieces

Jul. Your lordship had no fortune in the last
match ,
I wish'd your confidence a happier success

Lord B. We must lose sometimes.—Hark, the
nightingale !

Jul You win, my lord, I dare engage myself

Lord B You make the omen fortunate , this bird
Doth prophesy good luck

Jul. Tis the first time I heard it

Lord B And I, this spring , let's walk a little
further.

Jul I am not weary, but—

Lord B You may trust your person, lady.

Jul I were too much wicked to suspect your
honour,
And in this place.

Lord B. This place! the place were good enough,
If you were bad enough, and as prepar'd
As I. There have been stories, that some have
Struck many deer within the Park.

Jul Foul play.
If I did think your honour had a thought
To venture at unlawful game, I should
Have brought less confidence.

Enter TRIER, at a distance.

Lord B. Ha Trier?
What, does he follow us?

Jul To shew I dare
Be bold upon your virtue, take no notice,
I'll waft him back again, my lord, walk forward.
[*Waves her hand, and exit with lord B.*]

Tri Thus far alone? yet why do I suspect?
Hang jealousy, 'tis naught, it breeds too many
Worms in our brains; and yet she might have
suffer'd me—

Enter LACY and mistress BONAVENT.

Master Lacy, and his bride!

Mrs B I was wont to have one always in my
chamber.

Lacy Thou shalt have a whole quire of night-
ingales.

Mrs. B. I heard it yesterday warble so prettily!

Lacy They say 'tis lucky, when it is the first
Bird that salutes our ear.

Mrs. B Do you believe it?

Tri. I am of his mind, and love a happy augury.

Lacy. Observe the first note always—

[*Within*]—*Cuckoo!*

Lacy. Is this the nightingale?

Mrs. B. Why do you look so?

Lacy Are not we married?
I would not have been a bachelor to have heard it.

Mrs B To them they say 'tis fatal.

Tri And to married men
Cuckoo is no delightful note ; I shall
Be superstitious

Mrs. B Let's walk a little further.

Lacy I wait upon thee [*Cuckoo again.*] Hark,
still, ha, ha, ha ! [*Exeunt Mrs. B. and Lacy.*]

Tri I am not much in love with the broad ditty.

Enter FAIRFIELD.

Fair Frank Trier, I have been seeking thee
About the Park.

Tri What to do ?

Fair To be merry for half an hour ; I find
A scurvy melancholy creep upon me,
I'll try what sack will do , I have sent my footman
To the Maurice¹ for a bottle, we shall meet him.
I'll tell thee t'other story of my lady

Tri I'll wait on you.

Fair. But that she is my sister,
I'd have thee forswear women , but let's walk.
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.

The Same

Enter BONAVENT

Bona. This way they march'd ; I hope they
will not leap
The pale ; I do not know the disposition

¹ *To the Maurice*] To the lodge, with the sign of Grave
Maurice's head

Of my capering gentleman, and therefore 'twill not
Be indiscretion to observe him ; things
Must be a little better reconciled.—
The nightingale !— this can presage no hurt,
But I shall lose my pigeons ;—they are in view,
Fair and far off. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Another part of the Same.

Enter VENTURE, and RIDER.

Vent. He must be a Pegasus that beats me.

Rid. Yet your confidence may deceive you ,
you will ride

Against a jockey, that has horsemanship

Vent. A jockey ! a jackanapes on horseback
rather ,

A monkey or a masty dog would shew

A giant to him , an I were Alexander,

I would lay the world upon my mare ; she shall

Run with the devil for a hundred pieces,

Make the match who will.

Rid. Not I, you shall excuse me,
Nor would I win his money.

Vent. Whose ?

Rid. The devil's ;

My gold has burnt this twelve months in my pocket ;

A little of his amongst, would scorch my thighs,

And make such tinder of my linings, that

My breeches never after would hold money ,

But let this pass ; where's Lacy and his bride ?

Vent. They are walk'd to hear the nightingale.

Rid. The nightingale ! I have not heard one
this year.

Vent. Listen, and we shall hear one presently.

[Within.]—*Cuckoo!*

Vent The bird speaks to you.

Rid No, 'tis to you.

Vent Now do I suspect
I shall lose the race

Rid Despair for a cuckoo!

Vent A cuckoo will not flatter,
His word will go before a gentleman's,
In the city; 'tis an understanding bird,
And seldom fails, a cuckoo! I'll hedge in
My money presently

Rid For shame, be confident

Vent Will you go half?

Rid I'll go it all, or any thing.

Vent Hang cuckoos then²

*Enter lord BONVILLE, JULIETTA, LACY, and mistress
BONAVENT.*

Lord B How now, gentlemen?

Vent Your honour's servants.

Rid Ladies, I kiss your hands.

Lord B You are the man will run away with all
The gold anon

Vent. Your jockey must fly else

Rid I'll hold your honour thirty pieces more.

Lord B. 'Tis done

Jul Do you ride yourself?

Vent. I shall have the reins in my own hand, lady.

Mrs. B. Master Rider, saw you not my cousin?

Enter CAROL

Cry mercy, she is here. — I thought you'd follow'd us.

Lord B. Your kinswoman?—

I shall be honoured to be your servant, lady.

Car Alas, my lord, you'll lose by't!

Lord B. What?

² *Vent.* *Hang cuckoos then*] In the quarto copy the stage direction seems to have crept into the text, after the above line.

Car. Honour, by³ being my servant; here's a brace
Of gentlemen will tell you as much

Vent But will
Say nothing, for our credits.

Mrs. B You look as you had wept

Car I weep! For what?

Come toward the lodge, and drink a syllabub.

Mrs. B A match!

Lacy And as we walk, Jack Venture, thou
shalt sing

The song thou mad'st o' the horses.

Vent You shall pardon me.

Rid. What, among friends? my lord, if you'd
speak to him.

Lord B A song by all means,
Prithee let me entreat it, what's the subject?

Lacy. Of all the running horses.

Vent Horses and mares, put them together

Lord B Let's have it; come, I hear you can
sing rarely.

Rid. An excellent voice.

Lacy. A ravishing tone.

Vent. 'Tis a very ballad, my lord, and a coarse
tune.

Lord B. The better; why, does any tune become
A gentleman so well as a ballad? hang
Curiosity in music, leave those crotchets
To men that get their living with a song —
Come, come, begin. [*Vent. sings*

SONG.

*Come, Muses all, that dwell nigh the fountain,
Made by the winged horse's heel,
Which fir'd with his rider over each mountain;
Let me your galloping raptures feel*

³ Honour, by being, &c] The old copy reads, Honour me, being my servant. The speakers in this scene are miserably blundered, I have endeavoured to set them right

*I do not sing of fleas, or frogs,
Nor of the well-mouth'd hunting dogs.
Let me be just, all praises must
Be given to well-breath'd Julian Thrust*

2.

*Young Constable and Kill Deer's famous,
The Cat, the Mouse, and Neddy Gray;
With nimble Peggybrig, you cannot shame us
With Spaniard nor with Spino'a
Hill-climbing White Rose praise doth not lack,
Handsome Dunbar, and Yellow Jack;
But if I be just, all praises must
Be given to well-breathed Julian Thrust*

3

*Sure-spurr'd Sloven, true-running Robin,
Of Young Shaver I do not say less,
Strawberry Soam, and let Spuler pop in,
Fine Brackly, and brave Lurching Bess.
Victorious too was Herring Shotten,
And Spit-in's-urse is not forgotten;
But if I be just, all honour must
Be given to well-breathed Julian Thrust.*

4.

*Lusty George, and, gentlemen, hark yet,
To winning Mackarel, fine-mouth'd Freak,
Bay Tarrall, that won the cup at Newmarket,
Thundering Tempest, Black Dragon eke.
Precious Sweet Lips, I do not lose,
Nor Toby with his golden shoes;
But if I be just, all honour must
Be given to well breath'd Julian Thrust.*

Lord B Excellent! how think you, lady?
Jul I like it very well.

Car I never thought you were a poet, sir.

Vent. No, no, I do but dabble.

Car. You can sing rarely too, how were these parts

Unobserv'd, invisible?

Vent. You may see, lady.

Jul. Good sir, your pardon.

Vent. Do you love singing? hum, *la, la* [*Sings*

Car. Who would have thought these qualities were in you?

Vent. Now or never.

Car. Why, I was cozen'd

Vent. You are not the first I have cozen'd, shall I wash

Your faces with the drops of Helicon?

I have lancies in my head.

Car Like Jupiter, you want a Vulcan but

To cleave your skull, and out peeps bright Minerva

Jul. When you return I'll tell you more, my lord.

Vent. Give me a subject.

Mrs. B Prithce coz, do.

Car. Let it be—How much you dare suffer for me

Vent Enough—hum, *fa, la, la*

Enter Page.

Page. Master Venture, you are expected.

Lord B Are they come?

Page This half hour, my lord

Lord B. I must see the mare you will excuse this rudeness.—

Sirrah, stay you, and wait upon these ladies.

[*Exit lord B.*

Vent 'Tis time to make me ready.—

Ladies, I take this leave in prose,

You shall see me next in other feet.

[*Exit.*

Rid. I wish your syllabub were nectar, lady.

Mrs. B. We thank you, sir, and here it comes already.

Enter Milkmaid with a bowl.

Jul. So, so, is it good milk?

Mrs. B. Of a red cow?

Car. You talk as you inclin'd to a consumption,
Is the wine good?

Milk. It comes from his Excellence' head.*

Car. My service to you, lady, and to him
Your thoughts prefer.

Mrs. B. A health!

Car. No deep one, 'tis lawful for gentlewomen
To wish well to their friends

Jul. You have obliged me—the wishes of all
happiness
To him your heart hath chosen!

Mrs. B. Duty now
Requires I should be willing to receive it.
As many joys to you both, when you are married!

Car. Married?

Jul. You have not vow'd to die a virgin,
I know an humble servant of your's, lady.

Car. Mine!

Jul. Would be sorry you should be a nun.

Car. Do you think he loves me, then?

Jul. I do not think
He can dissemble where he does profess
Affection, I know his heart by mine.
Fairfield is my brother!

Car. Your brother? then the danger's not
so great,
But let us change our argument With your pardon,
Come hither, pretty one, how old are you?

* Excellence' head] *Grave Maurice's*, p. 509.

Page. I am young, lady,
I hope you do not take me for a dwarf.

Mrs B. How young, I pray then?

Page. Four summers since my life was question'd,
And then a jury of years did pass upon me.

Car. He is upon the matter, then, fifteen.

Page. A game at Noddy.

Car. You can play your cards already, it seems :
Come, drink of this syllabub.

Page. I shall spoil your game, ladies,
For if there be sack in it, it may make
You flush a three

Jul. The boy would seem witty

Page. I hope, ladies, you will pardon me, my
lord commanded me to wait upon you, and I can
do you no better service than to make you laugh

Enter FAIRFIELD and TRIER.

Fair. They're here, bless you !

Mrs B. Master Fairfield, you are welcome

Fair. I presume so, but howsoever it skills^s not.

Tri. I do not come to borrow money.

Car. And yet all they that do so are no fools ;
Money or lands make not a man the wiser,
I know handsome gentlemen have pawn'd their
clothes

Tri. I'll pawn my skin too, with a woman.

Car. Wipe your mouth, here's to you, sir !

Tri. I'll pledge you, quicksilver. Where is your
lord ?

Page. He has left Virgo, sir, to go to Libra,
To see the horsemen weigh'd.

Tri. Lady, my service !

Jul. Brother, you interpose too far ; my lord

^s it skills not] It matters not See Massinger, vol. 1. p. 239

Has us'd me honourably, and I must tell you,
Some body has made a fault.

Mrs. B Master Fairfield !

Fair I kiss your hand.

Tri My lord and you have walk'd

Jul Yes, sir.

Fair. My sister shall excuse ; here's to thee and
thy cream bowl.

Milk. I thank your worship.

Fair There is more honesty in thy petticoat,
Than twenty satin ones.

Mrs. B Do you know that ?

Fair I know by her pail , an she were other-
wise,

T' would turn her milk — Come hither, let me kiss
thee

[*Kisses the Milkmaid*

Now I am confirm'd, he that shall marry thee
Shall take thee a virgin at my peril

Mrs. B Have you such skill in maidenheads ?

Fair. I'll know't by a kiss,
Better than any doctor by her urine —
Be merry with thy cow, farewell ! — Come,
Frank :

That wit and good clothes should infect a woman !
Jul I'll tell you more hereafter , pray let's hear
Who wins.

Tri. Your servant, ladies

[*Exeunt Fair. and Trier*

Enter Jockey and Gentlemen.

1 *Gent* What dost think, Jockey ?

2 *Gent* The crack o' the field[']s] against you.

Jock. Let 'em crack nuts.

1 *Gent* What weight ?

2 *Gent.* I think he has the heels

3 *Gent.* Get but the start.

Jock. However, if I get within his quarters
Let me alone

3 Gent. *Montez à cheval.* ⁴ [Exeunt.
[Confused noise of betting within, after that
a shout

Car. They are started !

Re-enter lord BONVILE, RIDER, TRIER, and FAIR-
FIELD

Rid. Twenty pounds to fifteen !

Lord B 'Tis done wi' ye !

Fair Forty pounds to thirty !

Lord B. Done ! done ! I'll take all odds

Tri. My lord, I hold as much.

Lord B Not so.

Tri. Forty pounds to twenty

Lord B Done, done !

Re-enter LACY.

Lacy You have lost all, my lord, an it were a
million.

Lord B In your imagination, who can help it ?

Lacy. Venture had the start, and keeps it.

Lord B Gentlemen, you have a fine time to
triumph,

'Tis not your odds that makes you win.

[Within] Venture ! Venture !

[Exeunt all but the ladies

Jul. Shall we venture nothing o' the horses ?

What odds against my lord !

Car Silk stockings.

Jul To a pair of perfum'd gloves ? I take it

Car. Done !

Mrs B And I as much.

Jul. Done, with you both !

Car. I'll have 'em Spanish scent.

Jul. The stockings shall be scarlet ; if you choose
Your scent, I'll choose my colour.

♦ *Montez à cheval*] Old copy, *Mounts Chevall*

Car. 'Tis done ; if Venture
Knew but my lay, it would half break his neck now.

[*A shout within, and crying a Jockey* !

Jul Ha ! is the wind in that coast ? hark ! the
noise

Is *Jockey* now

Car. 'Tis but a pair of gloves.

[*Within*] A jockey !

Jul. Still it holds.—

Re-enter lord BONVILLE.

How have you sped, my lord ?

Lord B. Won, won ! I knew by instinct
The mare would put some trick upon him

Mrs. B. Then we have lost ; but, good my lord,
the circumstance

Lord B. Great John-at-all-adventure, and grave
Jockey,

Mounted their several mares — I shall not tell
The story out for laughing, ha, ha, ha !—
But this in brief—Jockey was left behind,
The pity and the scorn of all , the odds
Play'd 'bout my ears like cannon, but less dangerous
I took all still, the acclamations were
For Venture, whose disdainful mare threw dirt
In my old Jockey's face, all hopes forsaking us,
Two hundred pieces desperate, and two thousand
Oaths sent after them, upon the sudden,
When we expected no such trick, we saw
My rider, that was domineering ripe,
Vault o'er his mare into a tender slough,
Where he was much beholding to one shoulder,
For saving of his neck , his beast recovered,
And he by this time somewhat mortified,
Besides mortified,⁵ hath left the triumph
To his Olympic adversary, who shall

⁵ *Besides mortified,*] So I venture to read by conjecture.
The old copy has, *mortified*

Ride hither in full pomp on his Bucephalus,
With his victorious bagpipe.

Car I would fain see
How Venture locks.

Lord B He's here, ha, ha!

Enter VENTURE, covered with mud, and RIDER.

Vent I told you as much before;
You would not believe the cuckoo.

Car Why, how now, sir?

Vent An I had broke my neck in a clean way,
'Twould ne'er have griev'd me — Lady, I am your's,
Thus Cæsar fell

Lord B Not in a slough, dear Jack

Vent You shall hear further from me

Rid. Come to Knightsbridge

Vent That cuckoo was a witch, I'll take my
death on't [Exit.

Lord B. Here comes the conqueror

*Enter a Bagpiper, and Jockey in triumph, followed
by BONAVENT, TRILR, and FAIRFIELD*

Lo, from the conquest of Jerusalem

Returns Vespasian! — Ha, ha! mer—mercy, Jockey

Jock I told you, if I came within his quarters

Omnes A jockey, a jockey!

[Exit all but Lacy, his Brude, and mis-
tress Carol

Re-enter BONAVENT and Bagpiper.

Bona This shall be but your earnest, [gives
him money] — follow me

At pretty distance, and when I say Draw,
Play me a galliard — By your favour, sir,
Shall I speak a cool word with you?

Lacy With all my heart.

Bona. You do owe me a dance, if you remember,
And I will have it now, no dispute.—Draw!

[*Bagpiper plays* *Lacy draws his sword.*
That will not serve your turn, come, shake your
heels,

You hear a tune, I will not change my tool
For a case of rapiers, keep off, at your perils,
I have sworn

Mrs. B For heaven's sake some to part 'em

Lacy. Dost hear?

Bona And you may hear the bagpipe is not
dumb:

Will you to this gear? or do you mean to try
[*Draws his sword*
How this will scower you? Come, come, I will
have it

Lacy Hold! I will

[*He dances, meantime enter lord BONVILE and
TRIER*

Bona So, now we are on equal terms, and if
You like it not, I'll use my t' other instrument

Lacy Thou art a brave fellow, come your ways

Lord B Hold!

You shall not fight, I'll understand your quarrel

Lacy Good my lord,

Let's have one pass

Mrs. B Your weapons shall run through me,
And I must tell you, sir, [you] have been injurious—

Bona. Good lady, why? in doing myself right?

Mrs. B In wronging me.

Bona I am not sensible of that

Mrs. B. Could any shame be fastened upon him,
Wherein I have no share?

Bona I was provok'd

By him, if you remember, and was not
Born so unequal to him, I should suffer
His poor affront

Mrs. B This was a day of peace,

The day wherein the holy priest hath tied
Our hearts together, Hymen's tapers yet
Are burning, and it cannot be a sin
Less than a sacrilege, to extinguish them
With blood, and in contempt of heaven's proceeding,

Thus to conspire our separation.

No Christian would profane the marriage day
And when all other wish us joys, could you
Intrude yourself to poison all our mirth,
Blast, in the very bud[ding,] all our happiness
Our hopes had laid up for us?

Bona I was a stranger

Mrs B That makes you more uncivil, we were
merry,

Which could not offend you

Bona. I had no thought

To violate your mirth

Mrs B What came you for?

With whom had you acquaintance? or what favour
Gave you access, at so unfit a time,
To interrupt our calm and free delights?
You cannot plead any abuse, where you
Were never known, that should incite you to
Revenge it there: I take it you were never
His rival.

Bona. 'Tis confess'd.

Mrs B. What malice then

Prevail'd above your reason to pursue us
With this injustice?

Bona. Lady, give me leave.

I were a villain to be guilty of

The baseness you accuse me: your servant
Shall quit me from intrusion, and my soul
Is my best witness, that I brought no malice
But unstain'd thoughts into your roof, but when
I was made the common laughter, I had been
Less than a man, to think of no return,

And had he been the only of my blood,
I would not be so much the shame of soldier,
To have been tam'd, and suffer'd, and you are
Too hasty in your judgment ; I could say more,
But 'tis dishonour to expostulate
These causes with a woman . I had reason
To call him to account, you know not all
My provocation ; things are not with me
As with another man.

Mrs B How is that ? the matter
May spread too far , some former quarrel,—'tis
My best to reconcile 'em [*aside.*—Sir, I may
Be ignorant , if any thing have pass'd
Before this morning, I pray pardon me ,
But as you are a gentleman, let me
Prevail, your differences may here conclude ,
'Las, I am part of him now, and between
A widow and his wife, if I be thus
Divorced—

Bona I'll be his servant

Mrs B Sir, you shew
A noble disposition —Good my lord,
Compose their differences — Prithee meet his
friendship

Bona. I have satisfaction, and desire his love.

Lacy Thou hast done but like a gentleman ;
thy hand,
I'll love thee while I live

Lord B Why so ' all friends.

Bona. I meet it with a heart , and for disturbing
Your mirth to day—

Lacy No, no disturbance

Bona Then give me but the favour
To shew I wish no sorrow to the bride
I have a small oblation, which she must
Accept, or I shall doubt we are not friends ,
'Tis all I have to offer at your wedding

[*Gives Mrs B. a paper*

Mrs. B. Ha!

Bona. There's my hand
To justify it at fit time.—Peruse it,
My lord, I shall be studious
How to deserve your favour

Lord B. I am your's.

Lacy. My lord, let me obtain you'll honour me
To night.

[*Mrs. B. walks aside with the paper, and reads.*
*I was taken by a Turkish pirate, and detain'd
many years a prisoner in an island, where I had
died his captive, had not a worthy merchant thence
redeemed and furnished me.—*

Mrs. B. Blessed delivery!

Enter a Servant and delivers a letter to Carol

Car. To me! from Venture² he is very mindful,
[*Reads*

Good, I shall make use of this

Mrs. B. [*reading*]—*Till then conceal me.*

Car. Excellent stuff,

But I must have another name subscrib'd

Lord B. Will you walk, ladies?

[*Gives money to the Keepers*

Car. Your servants wait upon you

Keepers We humbly thank your honour.

² *Keep.* A brave spark.

¹ *Keep.* Spark! he's the very Bonfire of nobility.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in Bonavent's House

Enter LACY, *mistress* BONAVENT, *lord* BONVILLE,
JULIETTA, *mistress* CAROL, and TRIER.

Lacy My lord, you honour us.

Mrs. B And what we want

In honourable entertainment, we beseech

Our duties may supply in your construction

Lord B What needs this ceremony?

Lacy Thou art welcome too, Frank Trier.

Tri I give you thanks, and wish you still more
joy, sir

Mrs. B We'll shew your lordship a poor gal-
lery.

Lacy But where's my new acquaintance?

Mrs B His nag outstripp'd the coaches,
He'll be your guest anon, fear not!

[Exeunt all but Car. and Jul.]

Car While they
Complement with my lord, let you and I
Change a few words

Jul. As many as you please

Car Then to the purpose. Touching your bro-
ther, lady,

'Twere tedious to repeat he has been pleas'd
To think well of me, and to trouble you
With the discourse how I have answered it,
'Twere vain; but thus—how'er he seem to carry it
While you were present, I do find him desperate.

Jul How!

Car Nay, I speak no conjecture;
I have more intelligence than you imagine.
You are his sister,

And nature binds you to affect his safety.
By some convenient messenger send for him ;
But, as you love his life, do not delay it :
Alas, I shall be sorry any gentleman
Should, for my sake, take any desperate course.

Jul. But are you serious ?

Car. Perhaps good counsel
Applied while his despair is green, may cure him,
If not—

Jul. You make me wonder.

Car. I know the inconsiderate will blame
Me for his death , I shall be rail'd upon,
And have a thousand cruelties thrown on me ,
But would you have me promise love, and flatter
him ?

I would do much to save his life : I could
Shew you a paper that would make you bleed
To see his resolution, and what
Strange and unimitable ways he has
Vow'd to pursue , I tremble to think on 'em.
There's not a punishment in fiction,
(And poets write enough of hell, if you
Have read their story,) but he'll try the worst
Were it not that I fear him every minute,
And that all haste were requisite to save him,
You should peruse his letter.

Jul. Letter ! Since
We saw him ?

Car. Since , I must confess, I wonder'd,
But you in this shall see I have no malice.
I pray send for him , as I am a gentlewoman,
I have pure intention to preserve his life ;
And 'cause I see the truth of his affliction,
Which may be your's, or mine, or any body's,
Whose passions are neglected, I will try
My best skill to reduce ' him. Here's master Trier

* *My best skill to reduce him.*] i e to bring him back to his former state, to recover him. See p. 106.

Re-enter TRIER.

He now depends upon your charity ,
Send for him, by the love you bear a brother.

Tri Will you not chide my want of manners,
gentlewomen,
To interrupt your dialogue ?

Jul We have done, sir.

Car. I shall be still your servant

Jul Here's a riddle !

But I will do't.—

Shall I presume upon you for a favour ?

Re-enter lord BONVILLE.

Tri You shall impose on me a greater trouble
My lord !

Jul Your ear [*Whispers Trier.*

Lord B We miss you above, lady

Jul My lord, I wait upon you , I beseech
Your pardon but a minute — Will you do this ?
It is an office he may thank you for,
Beside my acknowledgment.

Tri Yes, I'll go, —
And yet I do not like to be sent off,
This is the second time [*Aside, and exit*

Jul Now I am for your lordship. What's your
pleasure ?

Lord B. I would be your echo, lady, and return
Your last word—*pleasure*

Jul May you never want it !

Lord B. This will not serve my turn.

Jul What, my lord ?

Lord B This is the charity of some rich men,
That, passing by some monument that stoops
With age, whose ruins plead for a repair,
Pity the fall of such a goodly pile,

But will not spare from their superfluous wealth,
To be the benefactor.

Jul. I acknowledge
That empty wishes are their shame, that have
Ability to do a noble work,
And fly the action

Lord B. Come, you may apply it,
I would not have you a gentlewoman of your word
Alone, they're deeds that crown all, what you
wish me,

Is in your own ability to give ;
You understand me : will you at length consent
To multiply ? we'll 'point a place and time,
And all the world shall envy us

Jul. My lord !

Lord B. Lord me no lords ; shall we join lips
upon't ?

Why do you look as you still wondered at me ?
Do I not make a reasonable motion ?
Is't only in myself ? shall not you share
I' the delight ? or do I appear a monster
'Bove all mankind, you shun my embraces thus ?
There be some ladies in the world have drawn
Cuts for me ; I have been talk'd on and com-
mended,

Howe'er you please to value me

Jul. Did they
See you thus perfectly ?

Lord B. Not always , 'twas
Sometimes a little darker, when they prais'd me
I have the same activity.

Jul. You are
Something—I would not name, my lord

Lord B. And yet you do , you call me lord,
that's something,
And you consider all men are not born to't.

² *shall we join lips upon't ?*] The old copy reads, " Shall we
enjoy lips "

Jul. 'Twere better not to have been born to
honours,

Than forfeit them so poorly, he is truly
Noble, and [then] best justifies his blood,
When he can number the descents of virtue.

Lord B. You'll not degrade me?

Jul. 'Tis not in my power,
Or will, my lord, and yet you press me strangely.
As you are a person, separate and distinct,
By your high blood, above me and my fortunes,
Thus low I bend, you have no noble title
Which I not bow to, they are characters
Which we should read at distance, and there is
Not one that shall with more devotion
And honour of your birth, express her service:
It is my duty, where the king has seal'd
His favours, I should shew humility,
My best obedience, to his act.

Lord B. So should
All handsome women, that will be good subjects.

Jul. But if to all those honourable names,
That mark'd you for the people's reverence,
In such a vicious age, you dare rise up
Example too of goodness, they which teach
Their knees a complement, will give their heart,
And I among the number of the humblest,
Most proud to serve your lordship, and would
refuse

No office or command, that should engage me
To any noble trial, this addition
Of virtue is above all shine of state,
And will draw more admirers: but I must
Be bold to tell you, sir, unless you prove
A friend to virtue, were your honour centupled,
Could you pile titles till you reach the clouds,
Were every petty manor you possess
A kingdom, and the blood of many princes
United in your veins, with these had you

A person that had more attraction
Than poesy can furnish, love withal,
Yet I, I in such infinite distance, am
As much above you in my innocence.

Lord B. This becomes not.

Jul. 'Tis the first liberty
I ever took to speak myself, I have
Been bold in the comparison, but find not
Wherein I have wrong'd virtue, pleading for it.

Lord B. How long will you continue thus?

Jul. I wish
To have my last hour witness of these thoughts ;
And I will hope, before that time, to hear
Your lordship of another mind

Lord B. I know not,
'Tis time enough to think o' that hereafter :
I'll be a convertite within these two days,
Upon condition you and I may have
One bout to night, nobody hears.

Jul. Alas !
You plunge too far, and are within this minute,
Further from heaven than ever.

Lord B. I may live to
Requite the courtesy.

Jul. Live, my lord, to be
Your country's honour and support, and think not
Of these poor dreams

Lord B. I find not
Desire to sleep,—an I were abed with you—

Jul. 'Tis not improbable, my lord, but you
May live to be an old man, and fill up
A seat among the grave nobility,
When your cold blood shall starve your wanton
thoughts,
And your slow pulse beat like your body's knell,
When time hath snow'd upon your hair, oh then
Will it be any comfort to remember
The sins of your wild youth? how many wives,

Or virgins you have dishonour'd? in their number,
Would any memory of me (should I
Be sinful to consent,) not fetch a tear
From you, perhaps a sigh, to break your heart?
Will you not wish then you had never mix'd
With atheists, and those men whose wits are
vented

In oaths and blasphemy, (now the pride of gentlemen,)

That strike at heaven, and make a game of thunder?

Lord B. If this be true, what a wretched thing
should I

Appear now, if I were any thing but a lord?

I do not like myself.— [*Aside.*

Give me thy hand, since there's no remedy,

Be honest!—there's no harm in this, I hope.

I will not tell thee all my mind at once,

If I do turn Carthusian, and renounce

Flesh upon this, the devil is like to have

The worst on't. But I am expected [*Exit*

Jul. My lord, I'll follow you.—

Enter FAIRFIELD and TRIER

Brother, welcome!—

Sir, we are both obliged to you.

A friend of your's desires some private conference.

Fair. With me?

Jul. He does not look so desperate.— [*Aside*

How do you, brother?

Fair. Well:—dost not see me?—

Jul. I'll come to you presently [*Exit*

Fair. What's the meaning?

Tri. Nay, I know not,
She is full of mysteries of late.

Re-enter JULIETTA with CAROL.

She's here again, there is some trick in it.

Jul. Brother, I sent for you, and I think 'twas time ;

Pray hearken to this gentlewoman, she will
Give you good counsel — You and I withdraw, sir

Tri Whither you please [*Exeunt Jul. and Tri.*

Car. You are a strange gentleman,
Alas ! what do you mean ? is it because
I have dealt justly with you, without flattery
Told you my heart, you'll take these wicked courses ?
But I am loath to chide, yet I must tell you,
You are to blame, alas ! you know affection
Is not to be compell'd, I have been as kind
To you as other men, nay, I still thought
A little better of you, and will you
Give such example to the rest ?
Because, forsooth, I do not love you, will you
Be desperate ?

Fair. Will I be desperate ?

Car. 'Twere a fine credit for you, but perhaps
You'll go to hell to be reveng'd on me,
And teach the other gentlemen to follow you,
That men may say, 'twas long of me, and rail at
My unkindness, is this all your christianity ?
Or could you not prosecute your impious purpose,
But you must send me word on't, and perplex
My conscience with your devilish devices ?
Is this a letter to be sent a mistress ?

Fair. I send a letter ? [*Gives him the letter.*

Car. You were best deny your hand.

Fair. My name subscrib'd ! who has done this ?—
[*Reads.*

*Rivers of hell, I come ; Charon, thy oar
Is needless, I will swim unto the shore,*

*And beg of Pluto, and of Proserpine,
That all the damned torments may be mine ;
With Tantalus I'll stand up to the chin
In waves , upon Ixion's wheel I'll spin
The sister's thread , quail Cerberus with my groan,
And take no physic for the rolling stone
I'll drown myself a hundred times a day—*

Car There be short days in hell

Fair *And burn myself as often, if you say
The word —*

Car Alas ! not I

Fair *And if I ever chance to come
Within the confines of Elysium,
The amazed ghosts shall be aghast to see,
How I will hang myself on every tree,
Your's, till his neck be broke, FAIRFIELD
Here's a strange resolution !*

Car Is it not ?

Whither is fled your piety ? but, sir,
I have no meaning to exasperate
Thoughts that oppose your safety, and to shew
I have compassion, and delight in no
Man's ruin, I will frame myself to love you.

Fair. Will you ? why, thank you.

Car. Here's my hand, I will,
Be comforted , I have a stronger faith.

Fair. I see then you have charity for a need

Car I'll lose my humour to preserve a life.
You might have met with some hard-hearted mis-
tress,

That would have suffer'd you to hang or drown
Yourself.

Fair. I might indeed.

Car And carried news
To the distressed ghosts , but I am merciful
But do not you mistake me, for I do not
This out of any extraordinary
Former good will, only to save your life.

There be so many beams convenient,
And you may slip out of the world before
We are aware ; beside, you dwell too near
The river ; if you should be melancholy,
After some tides, you would come in, and be
More talk'd off than the pilchards, but I have
done

You shall not go to hell for me : I now
Am very serious, and if you please
To think well of me, instantly we'll marry,
I'll see how I can love you afterward.
Shall we to the priest ?

Fair. By your good favour, no ;
I am in no such tune

Car. You do suspect
I jeer still : by my troth, I am in earnest.

Fair. To save my life, you are content to marry
me ?

Car. Yes.

Fair. To save thy life, I'll not be troubled
with thee

Car. How ?

Fair. No, madam jeer-all, I am now resolv'd -
Talk, and talk out thy heart, I will not lose
Myself a scruple ; have you no more letters ?
They're pretty mirth, would I knew who subscrib'd
My name ! I am so far from hanging of myself,
'That I will live yet to be thy tormenter.
Virtue, I thank thee for't ! and for the more
Security, I'll never doat again,
Nor marry, nor endure the imagination
Of your frail sex : this very night I will
Be fitted for you all, I'll geld myself,
'Tis something less than hanging ; and when I
Have carv'd away all my concupiscence,
Observe but how I'll triumph ; nay, I'll do it,
An there were no more men in the world. [*Going*]

Car. Sir, sir ! as you love goodness,—

I'll tell you all , first hear me, and then execute ;
You will not be so foolish ; I do love you.

Fair. I hope so, that I may revenge thy peevishness

Car. My heart is full, and modesty forbids
I should use many words ; I see my folly,
You may be just, and use me with like cruelty,
But if you do, I can instruct myself,
And be as miserable in deed as I
Made you in supposition : my thoughts
Point on no sensuality , remit
What's past, and I will meet your best affection
I know you love me still ; do not refuse me.
If I go once more back, you ne'er recover me.

Fair. I am as ticklish

Car. Then let's clap it up wisely,
While we are both i' the humour , I do find
A grudging, and your last words stick in my stomach

Say, is't a match ? speak quickly, or for ever
Hereafter hold your peace.

Fair. Done !

Car. Why, done !

Fair. Seal and deliver.

Car. My hand and heart , this shall suffice till morning.

Fair. Each other's now by conquest, come let's to 'em

If you should fail now !—

Car. Hold me not worth the hanging. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter JULIETTA, lord BONVILE, and TRIER.

Lord B I knew not
She was thy mistress, which encouraged
All my discourses.

Tri My lord, you have richly satisfied me, and
Now I dare write myself the happiest lover
In all the world Know, lady, I have tried you.

Jul You have, it seems !

Tri And I have found thee right
And perfect gold, nor will I change thee for
A crown imperial.

Jul And I have tried you,
And found you dross, nor do I love my heart
So ill, to change it with you.

Tri. How's this ?

Jul Unworthily you have suspected me,
And cherish'd that bad humour, for which know
You never must have hope to gain my love.
He that shall doubt my virtue, out of fancy,
Merits my just suspicion and disdain

Lord B Oh fie, Frank ! practise jealousy so soon !
Distrust the truth of her thou lov'st ! suspect
Thy own heart sooner — What I have said I have
Thy pardon for ; thou wert a wife for him
Whose thoughts were ne'er corrupted

Tri. 'Twas but a trial, and may plead for pardon,

Jul. I pray deny me not that liberty :
I will have proof, too, of the man I choose
My husband, [and,] believe me, if men be

At such a loss of goodness, I will value
Myself, and think no honour equal to
Remain a virgin.

Tri. I have made a trespass,
Which if I cannot expiate, yet let me
Dwell in your charity.

Jul You shall not doubt that —

Enter FAIRFIELD, *mistress* CAROL, LACY, and *mis-*
tress BONAVENT.

Pray, my lord, know him for your servant.

Fair. I am much honour'd

Lord B You cannot but deserve more
By the title of her brother.

Lacy. Another couple !

Mrs. B. Master Fairfield and my cousin are con-
tracted.

Car. 'Tis time, I think, sister I'll shortly call you.

Jul. I ever wish'd it

Fair. Frank Trier is melancholy.—How hast
thou sped ?

Tri No, no, I am very merry.

Jul. Our banns, sir, are forbidden

Fair. On what terms ?

Lacy. My lord, you meet but a coarse enter-
tainment.

How chance the music speaks not ? Shall we dance ?

Enter VENTURE and RIDER.

Vent. *Rivers of hell, I come !*

Rid.—*Charon, thy oar*

Is needless.—*Save you, gallants !*

Vent. *I will swim unto thy shore.* Art not thou
Hero ?

Car. But you are not Leander, if you be
Not drown'd in the Hellespont.

Vent. I told thee I would *drown myself a hundred times a day*

Car. Your letter did.

Vent. Ah ha !

Car. It was a devilish good one.

Vent. Then I am come

To tickle the *confines of Elysium*.—

My lord,—I invite you to my wedding, and all this
good company.

Lord B. I am glad your shoulder is recovered,
When is the day ?

Vent. Do thou set the time.

Car. After to-morrow, name it.

This gentleman and I

Shall be married in the morning, and you know

We must have a time to dine, and dance to bed.

Vent. Married ?

Fair. Yes, you may be a guest, sir, and be welcome

Vent. I am bobb'd again !

I'll bob for no more eels ; let her take her course.

Lacy. Oh for some willow garlands !

[*Recorders within*]

Enter Page, followed by BONAVENT in another disguise, with willow garlands in his hand.

Lord B. This is my boy, how now, sirrah ?

Page. My lord, I am employ'd in a device.

*Room for the melancholy wight,
Some do call him willow knight,
Who this pains hath undertaken,
To find out lovers are forsaken,
Whose heads, because but little witted,
Shall with garlands straight be fitted*

*Speak, who are tost on Cupid's billows,
And receive the crown of willows,
This way, that way, round about,*

[*Bona. goes round the company with the
garlands.*

Keep your heads from breaking out.

Lacy. This is excellent ! Nay, nay, gentlemen,
You must obey the ceremony.

Vent. He took measure of my head.

Rid. And mine.

Tri It must be my fate too.

[*Bona. puts a garland on Trier's head.*

Vent. Now we be three

Bona And if you please to try, I do not think
But this would fit you excellently

Lacy Mine !

What does he mean ?

Mrs B. I prithee, master Lacy, try for once ,
Nay, he has some conceit.

Lacy. For thy sake, I'll do any thing , what now ?

[*Bona. puts a garland on Lacy's head.*

Bona You are now a mess of willow—gentle-
men.—

And now, my lord, [*throws off his disguise.*—I'll
presume to bid you welcome.

[*Mrs. B. takes Lord B aside.*

Fair Is not this the gentleman you made dance ?

Lacy My new acquaintance ! where's thy beard ?

Bona. I left it at the barber's , it grew rank,
And he has reap'd it.

Lacy. Here, take thy toy again

[*Takes off the garland*

Bona. It shall not need.

Lord B You tell me wonders, lady , is this
gentleman
Your husband ?

Lacy. Car. How ! her husband, my lord ?

Bona. Yes, indeed, lady ; if you please you may
Call me your kinsman : seven year and misfortune,
I confess, had much disguis'd me, but I was,
And by degrees may prove again, her husband.

Mrs B After a tedious absence, suppos'd death,
Arriv'd to make me happy.

Vent This is rare !

Bona. My lord, and gentlemen,
You are no less welcome than before.—Master
Lacy,

Droop not

Lord B This turn was above all expectation,
And full of wonder , I congratulate
Your mutual happiness.

Vent All of a brotherhood !

Lacy Master Bonavent ! on my conscience it
is he !

Did fortune owe me this ?

Car. A thousand welcomes

Mrs. B Equal joys to thee and master Fairfield.

Lord B Nay then, you but obey the ceremony.

Lacy. I was not ripe for such a blessing ; take
her,

And with an honest heart I wish you joys.

Welcome to life again ! I see a providence

In this, and I obey it

Vent. In such good company 'twould never grieve
A man to wear the willow.

Bona. You have but chang'd
Your host, whose heart proclaims a general wel-
come.

Mrs B He was discovered to me in the Park,
Though I conceal'd it

Bona. Every circumstance
Of my absence, after supper we'll discourse of
I will not doubt your lordship means to honour us

Lord B. I'll be your guest, and drink a jovial
health

To your new marriage, and the joys of your
Expected bride, hereafter you may do
As much for me —Fair lady, will you write
Me in your thoughts? if I desire to be
A servant to your virtue, will you not
Frown on me then?

Jul. Never in noble ways,
No virgin shall more honour you.

Lord B. By thy cure
I am now myself, yet dare call nothing mine,
Till I be perfect blest in being thine [Exeunt.